

NATIONAL

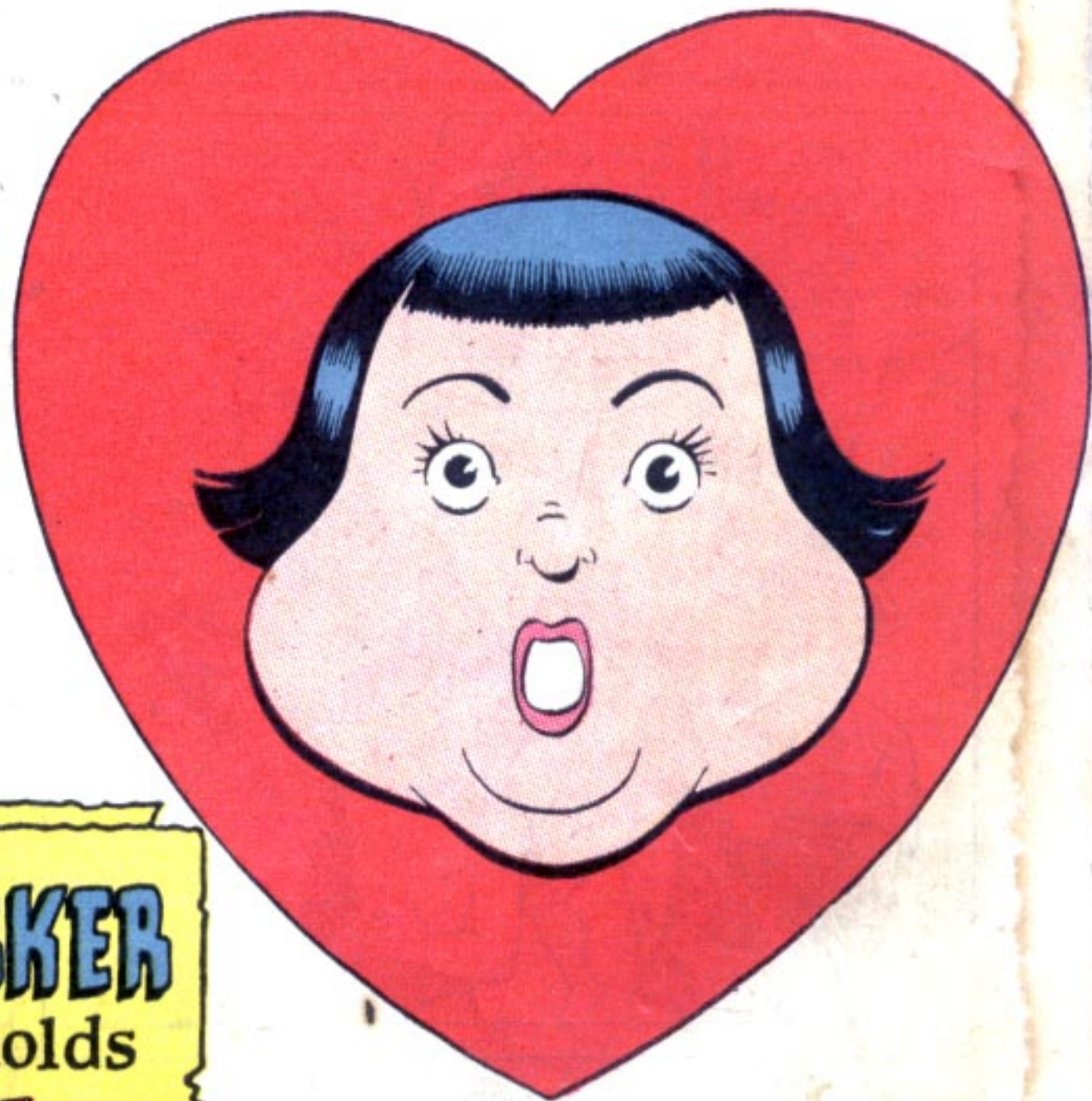
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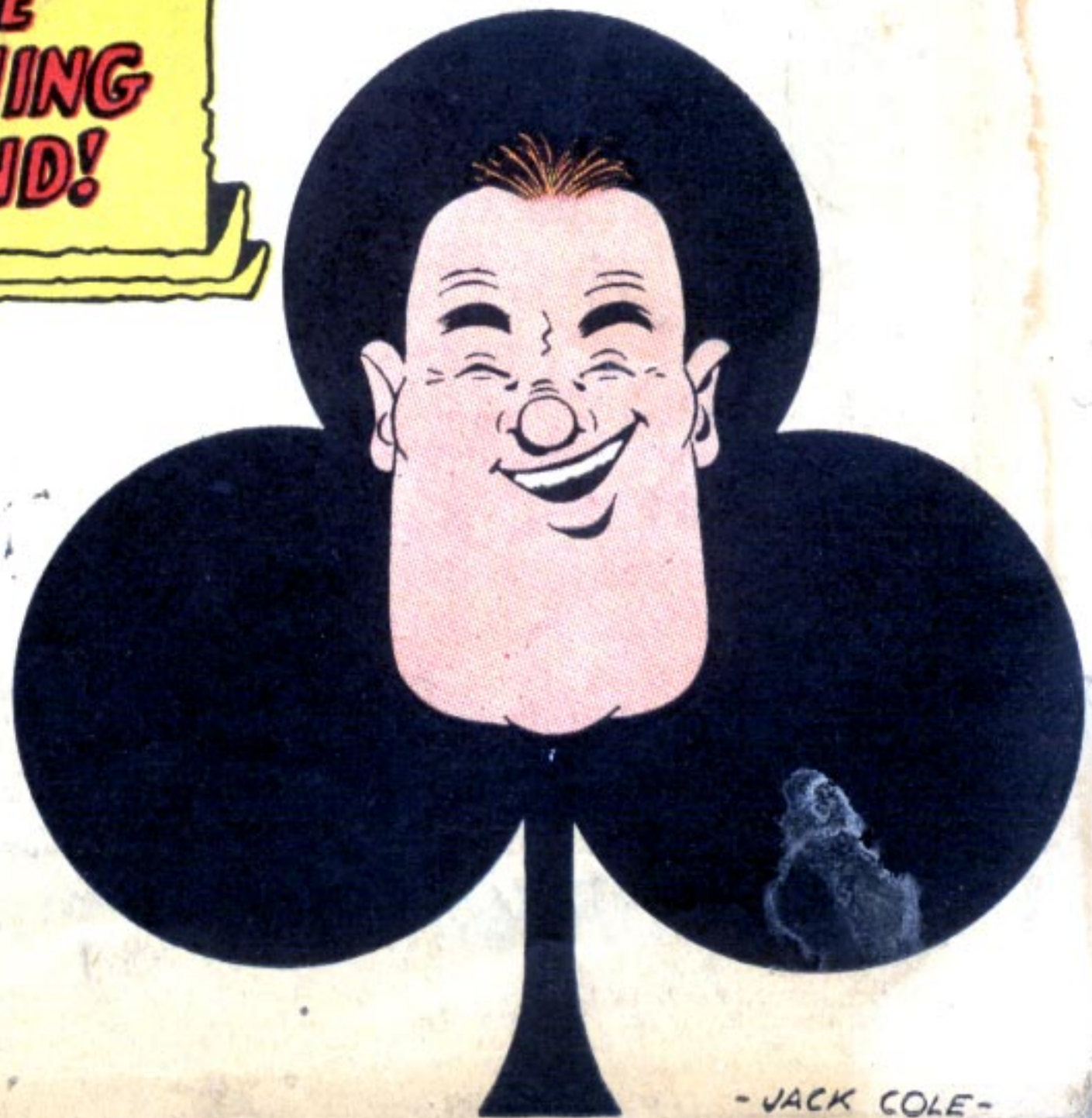
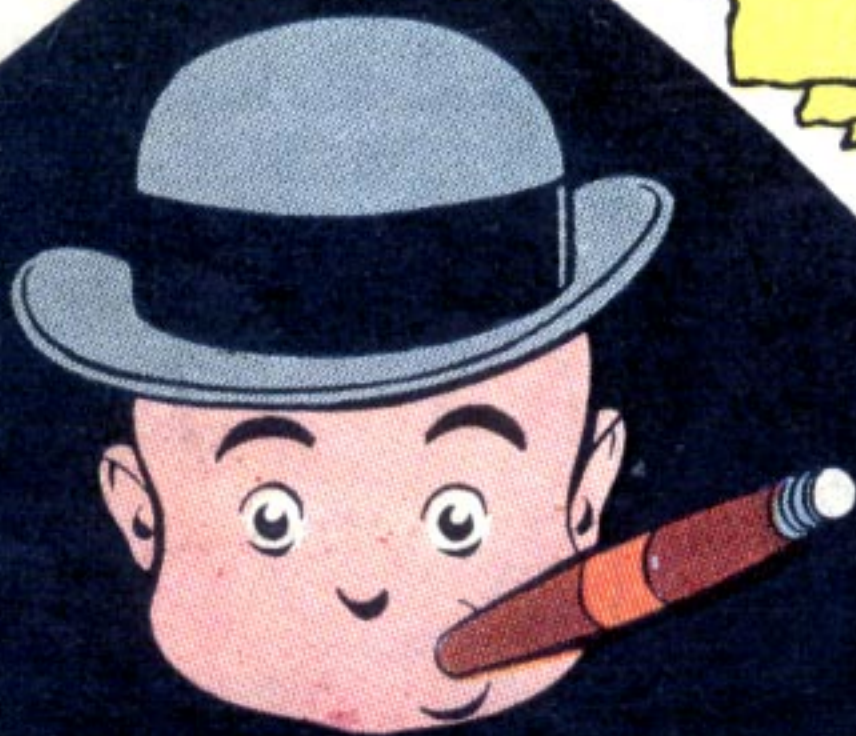
APRIL
No. 47

COMICS

10¢



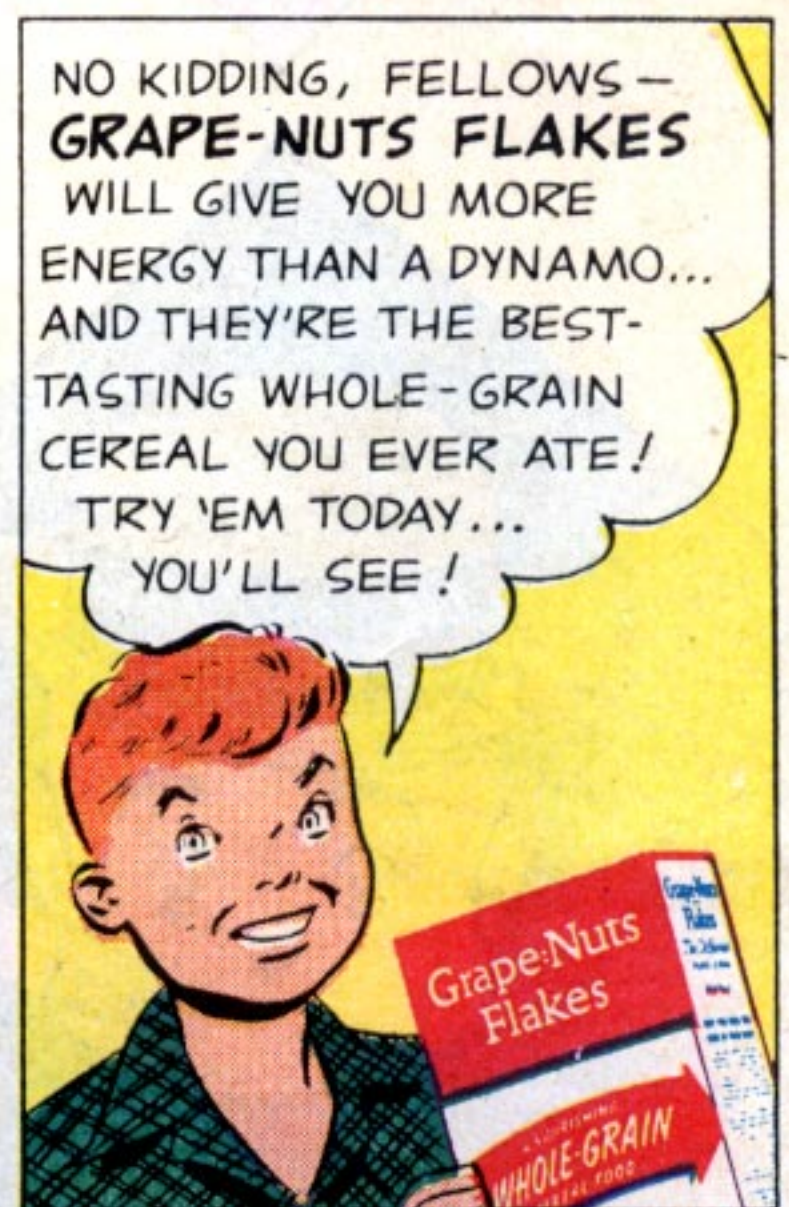
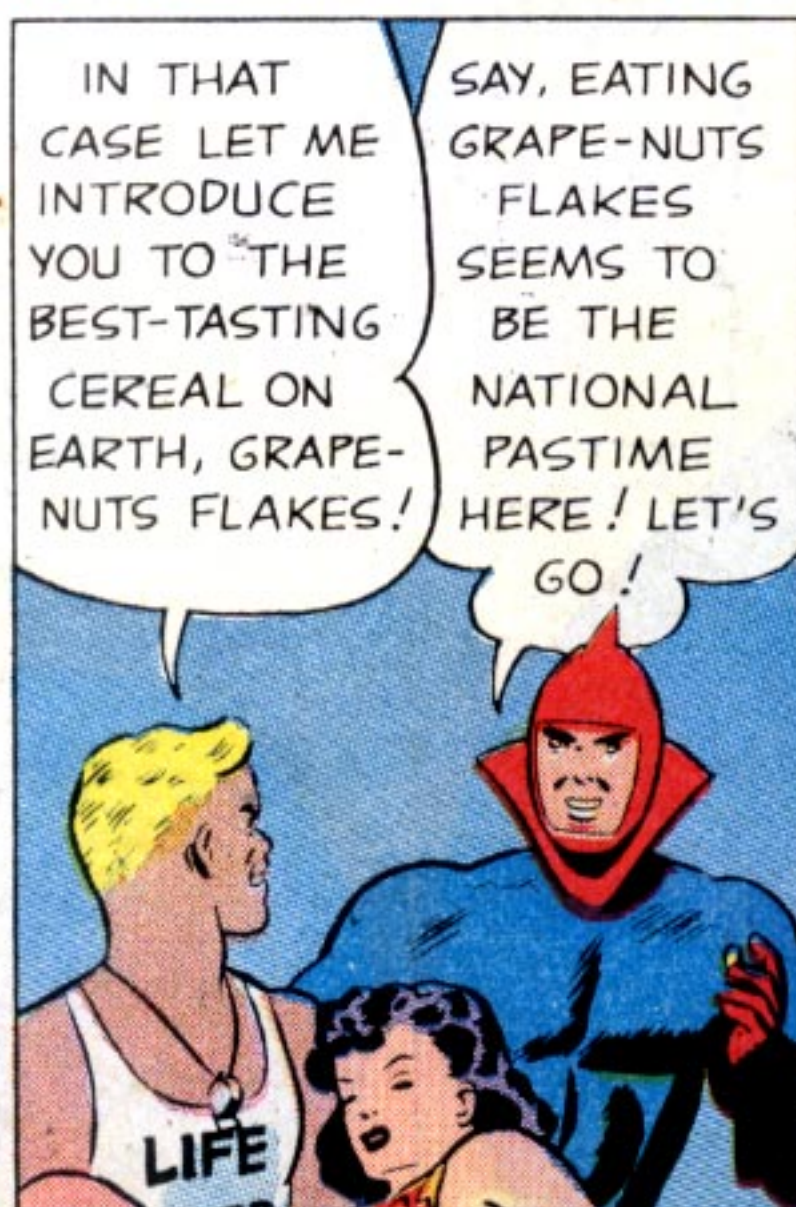
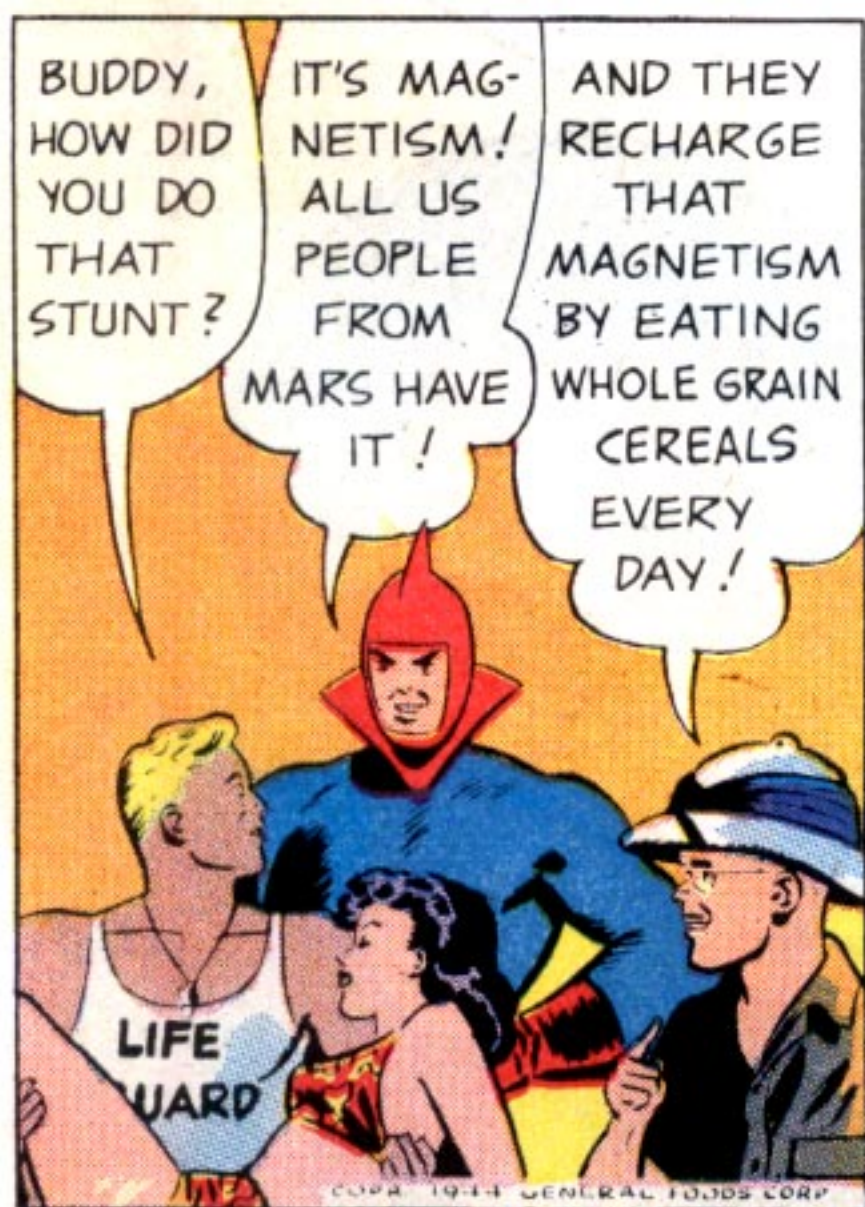
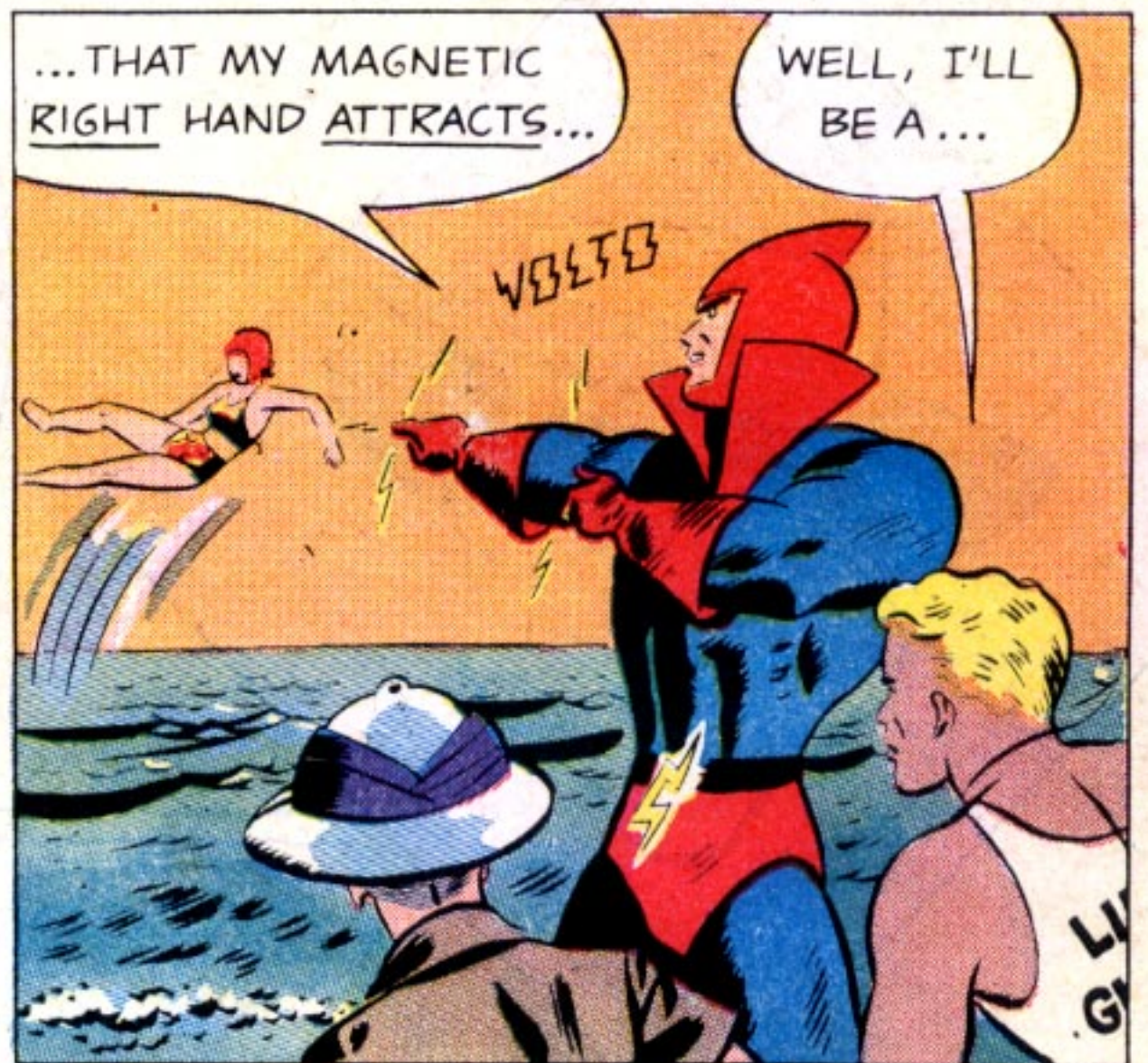
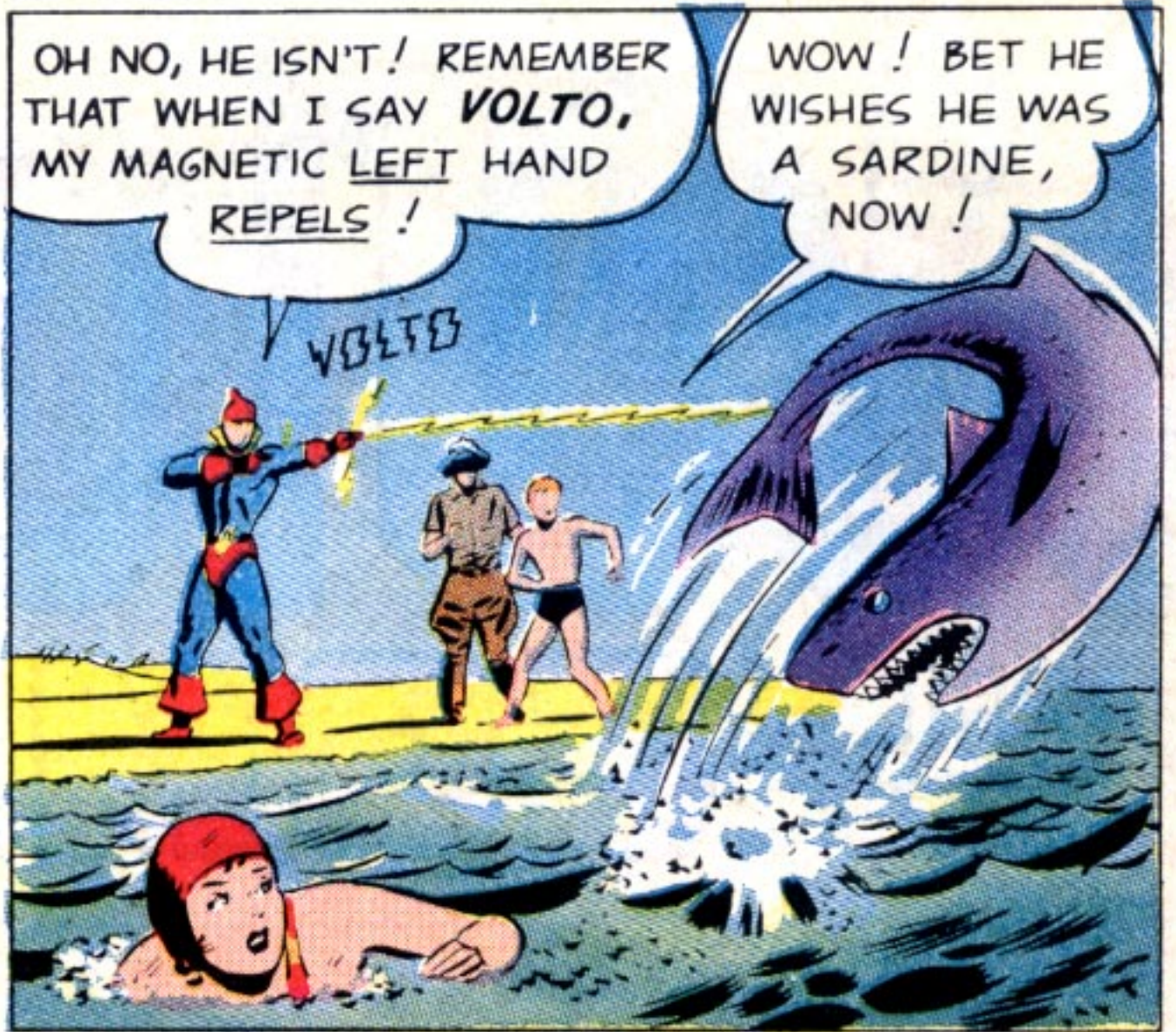
The **BARKER**
again holds
THE
WINNING
HAND!



- JACK COLE -



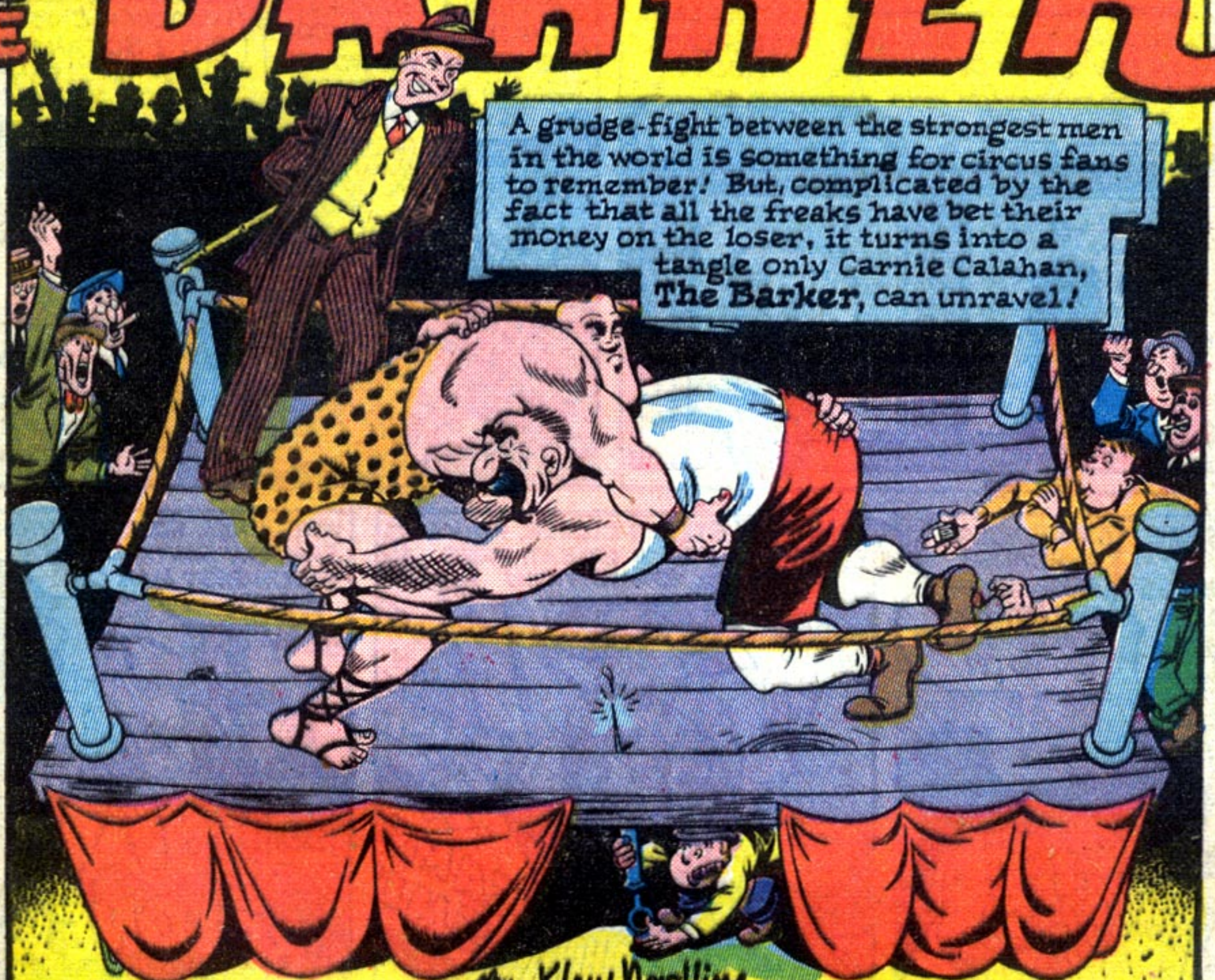
WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



TUNE IN **HOP HARRIGAN** BLUE NETWORK MON. THRU FRI.

THE BARKER

A grudge-fight between the strongest men in the world is something for circus fans to remember! But, complicated by the fact that all the freaks have bet their money on the loser, it turns into a tangle only Carnie Calahan, The Barker, can unravel!



By Klaus Nordling

TODAY!

Col. Lane's
Mammoth
CIRCUS

The Greatest
Show On Earth!

TOMORROW!

Cappy Kane's
Mammoth
CIRCUS

The Greatest
Show On Earth!

On two different circus lots... in two different towns, separated by only a few miles... two different moods prevail.....

The COLONEL LANE LOT...

BOY, COLONEL LANE -- BILLING US IN A DAY AHEAD OF KANE'S SHOW WAS A MASTERPIECE OF STRATEGY!

TYPICAL COLONEL LANE TACTICS, CARNIE, MY BOY!



The CAPPY KANE LOT...

THOSE LOUSY RATS -- GETTING A DAY AHEAD OF ME! THEY'LL CLEAN THE TOWN! WE WON'T MAKE A NICKEL THERE TOMORROW!

IT'S TOUGH, CAPPY -- BUT I GOT AN IDEA HOW TO CLEAN UP ON THEM!



LEMME TAKE MOOSE AND.. PSSS-BZZZ-ZZZ-BZZZ!

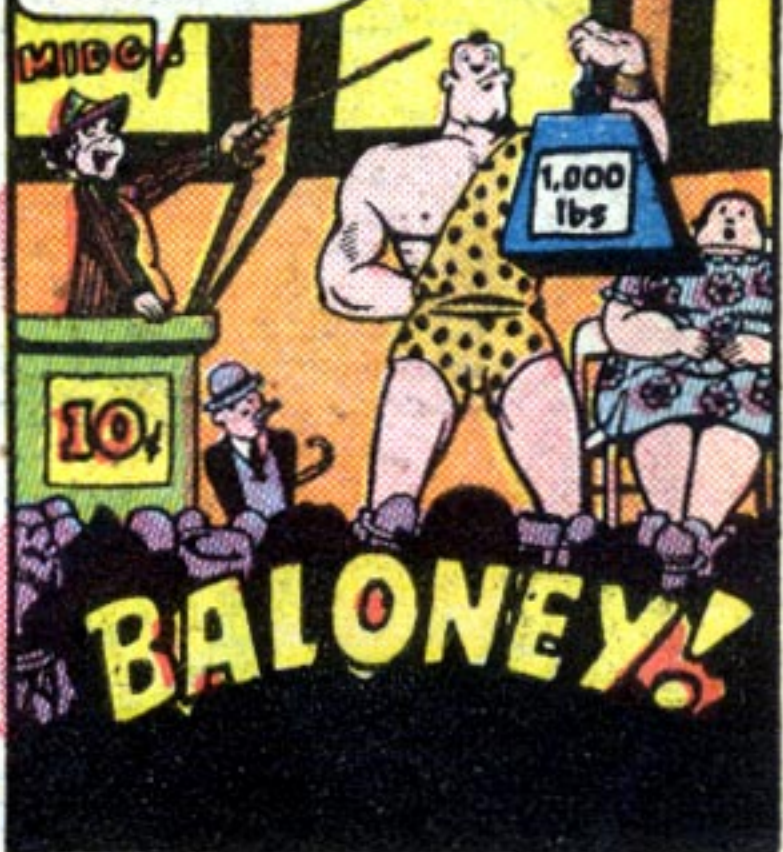
DUKE, YOU'RE A GENIUS! TAKE MOOSE AND ANY HELP YOU NEED AND GO TO IT!

A little later...

STEP IN CLOSER, FOLKS! SEE A GREAT, FREE EXHIBITION!



WATCH HIM, FOLKS! WATCH SAMSON SMITH -- THE STRONGEST MAN ON EARTH --



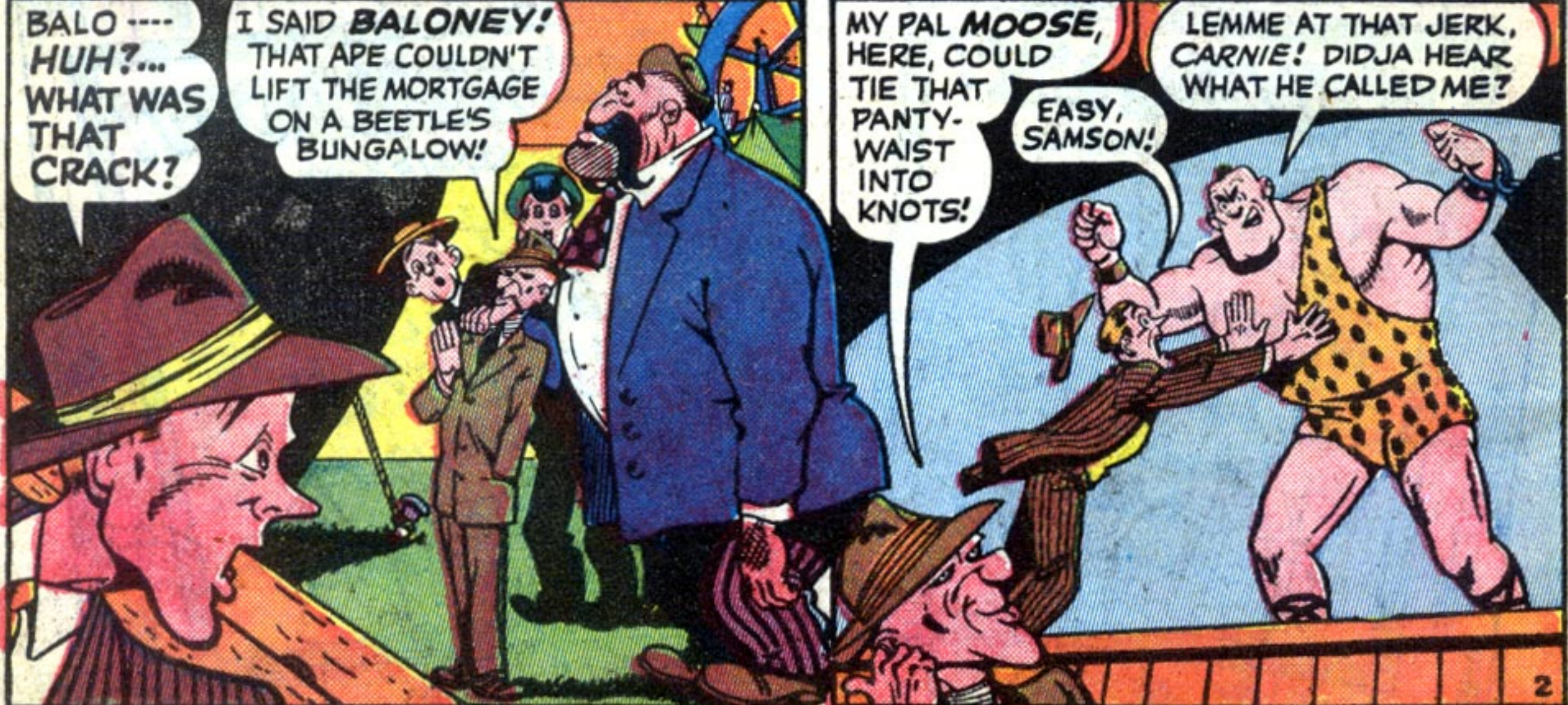
BALO ---- HUH?... WHAT WAS THAT CRACK?

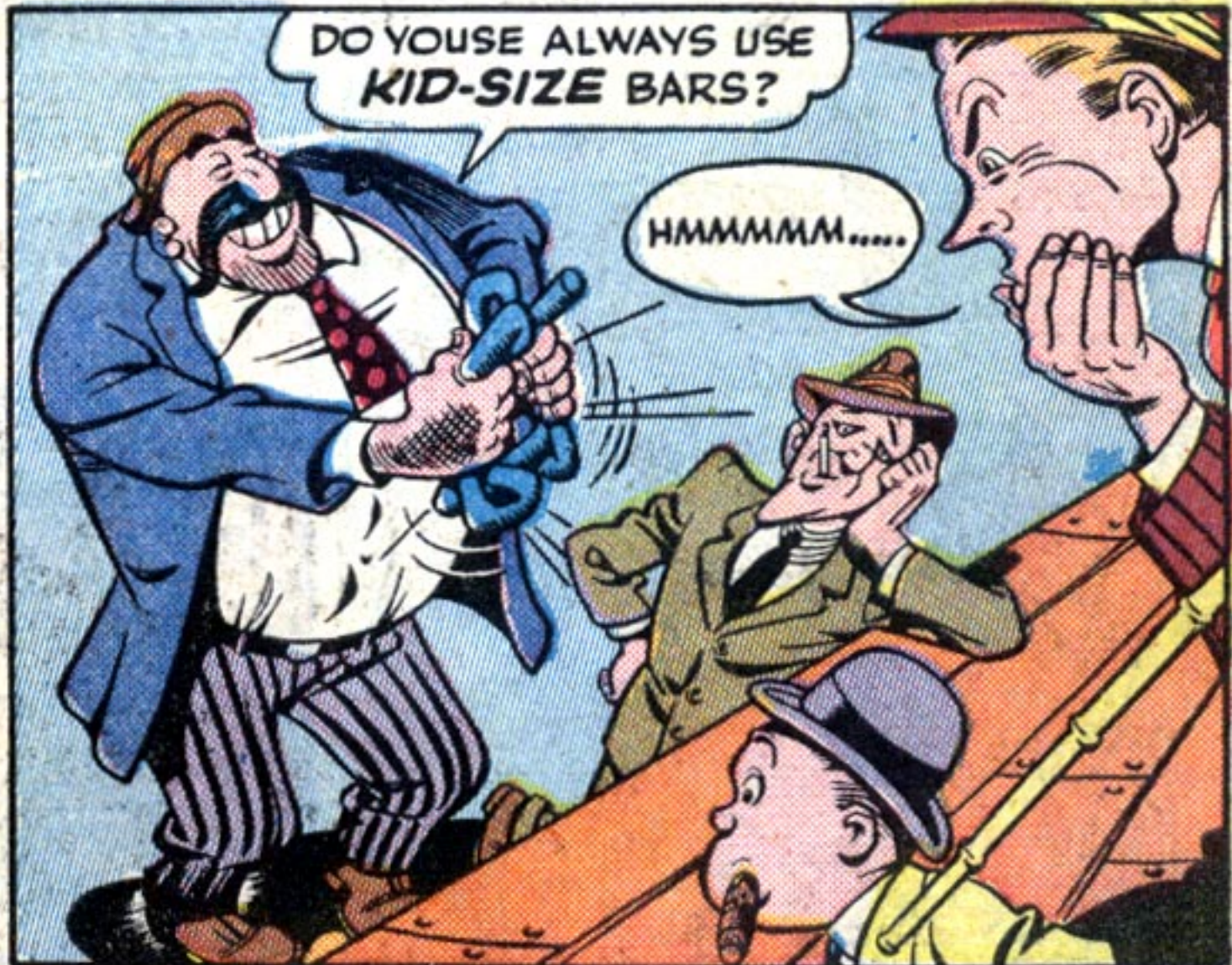
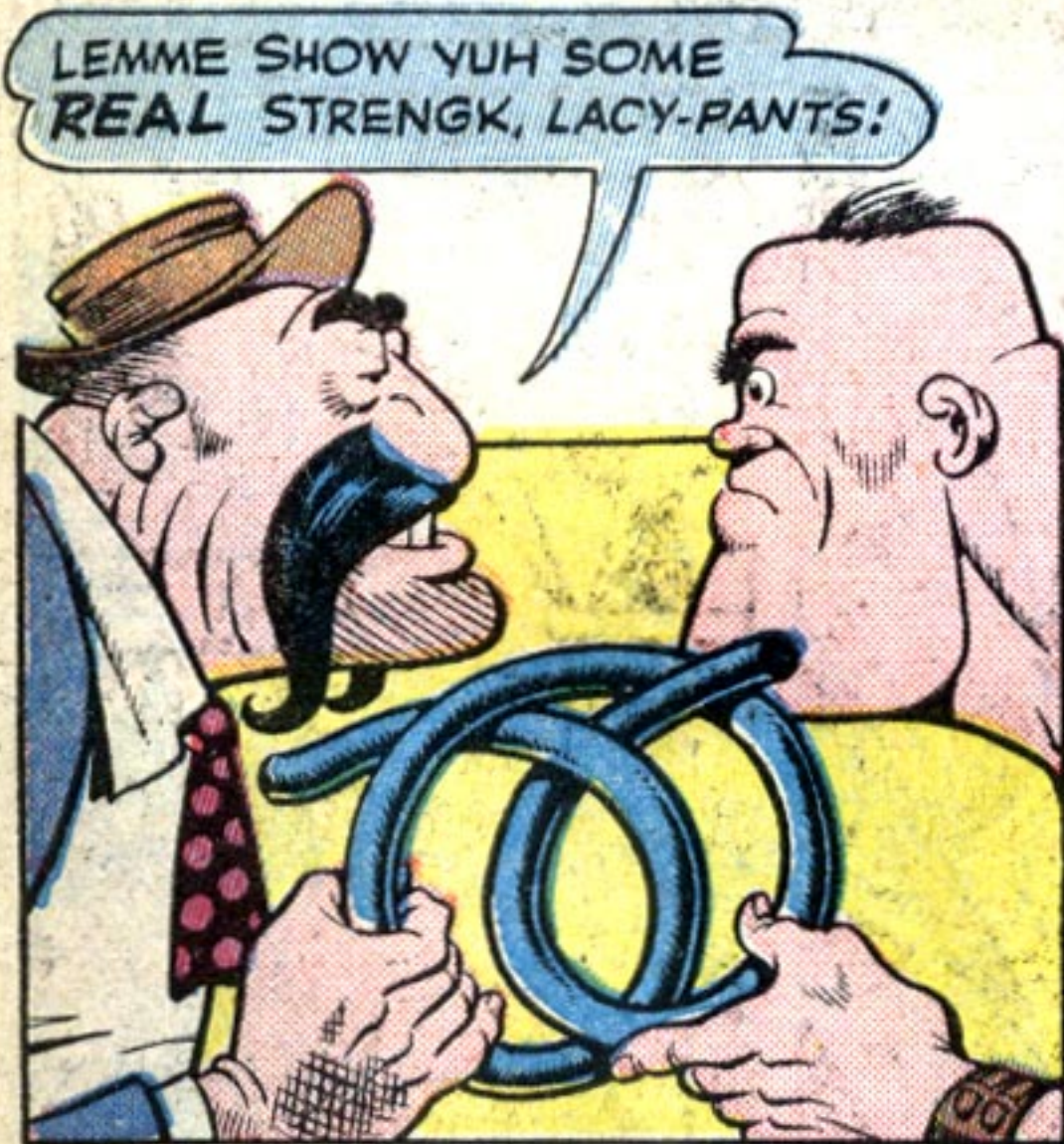
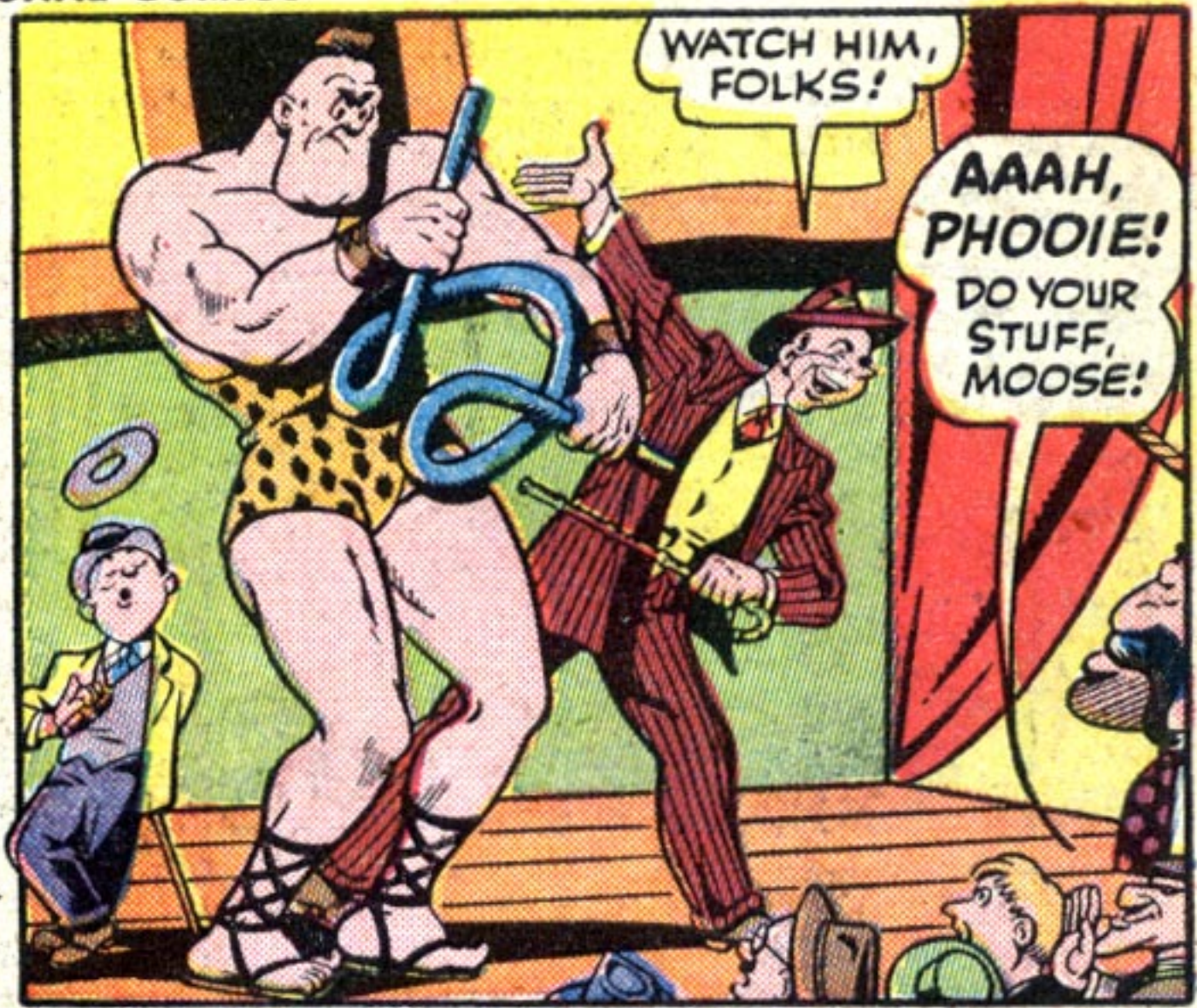
I SAID BALONEY! THAT APE COULDN'T LIFT THE MORTGAGE ON A BEETLE'S BUNGALOW!

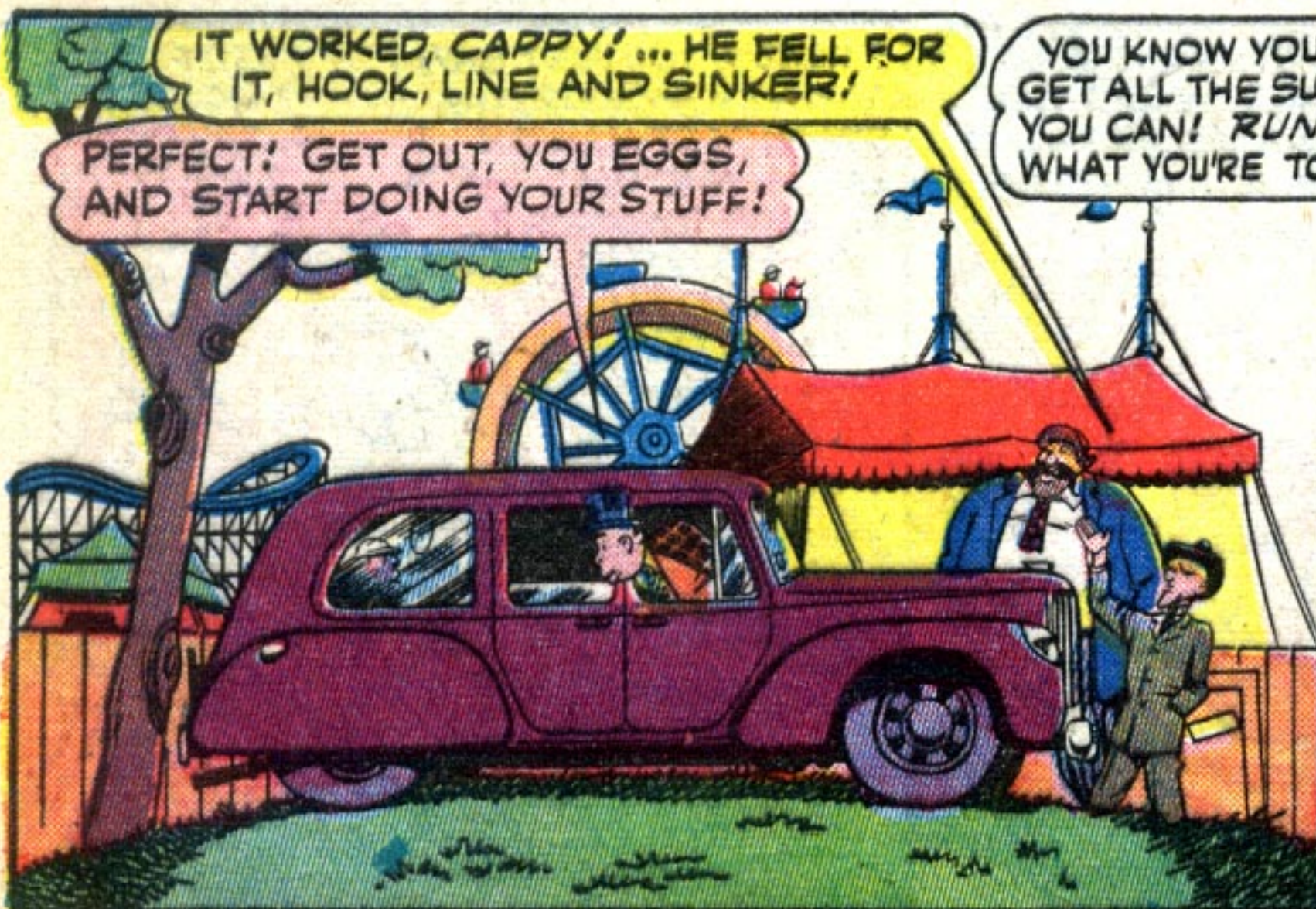
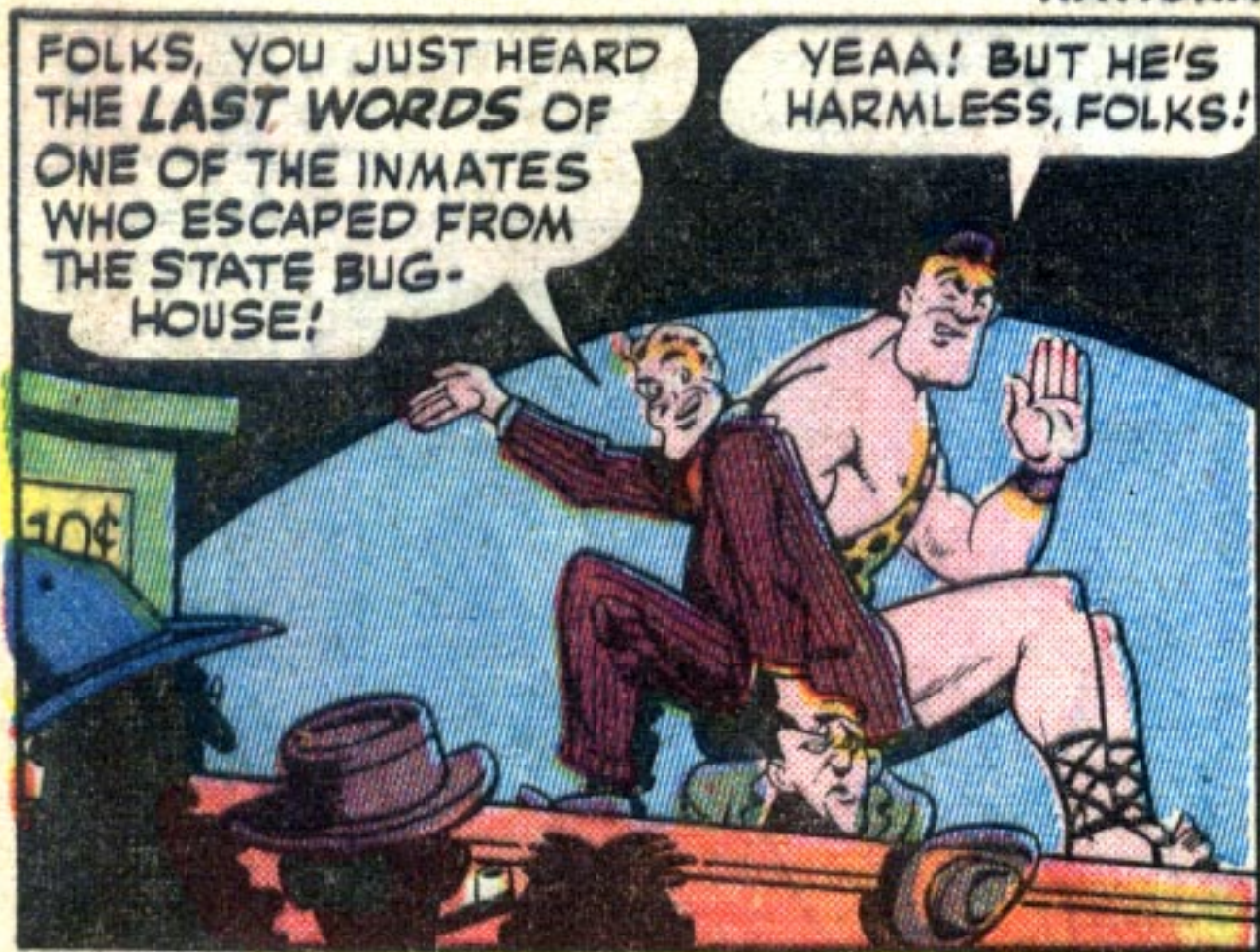
MY PAL MOOSE, HERE, COULD TIE THAT PANTY-WAIST INTO KNOTS!

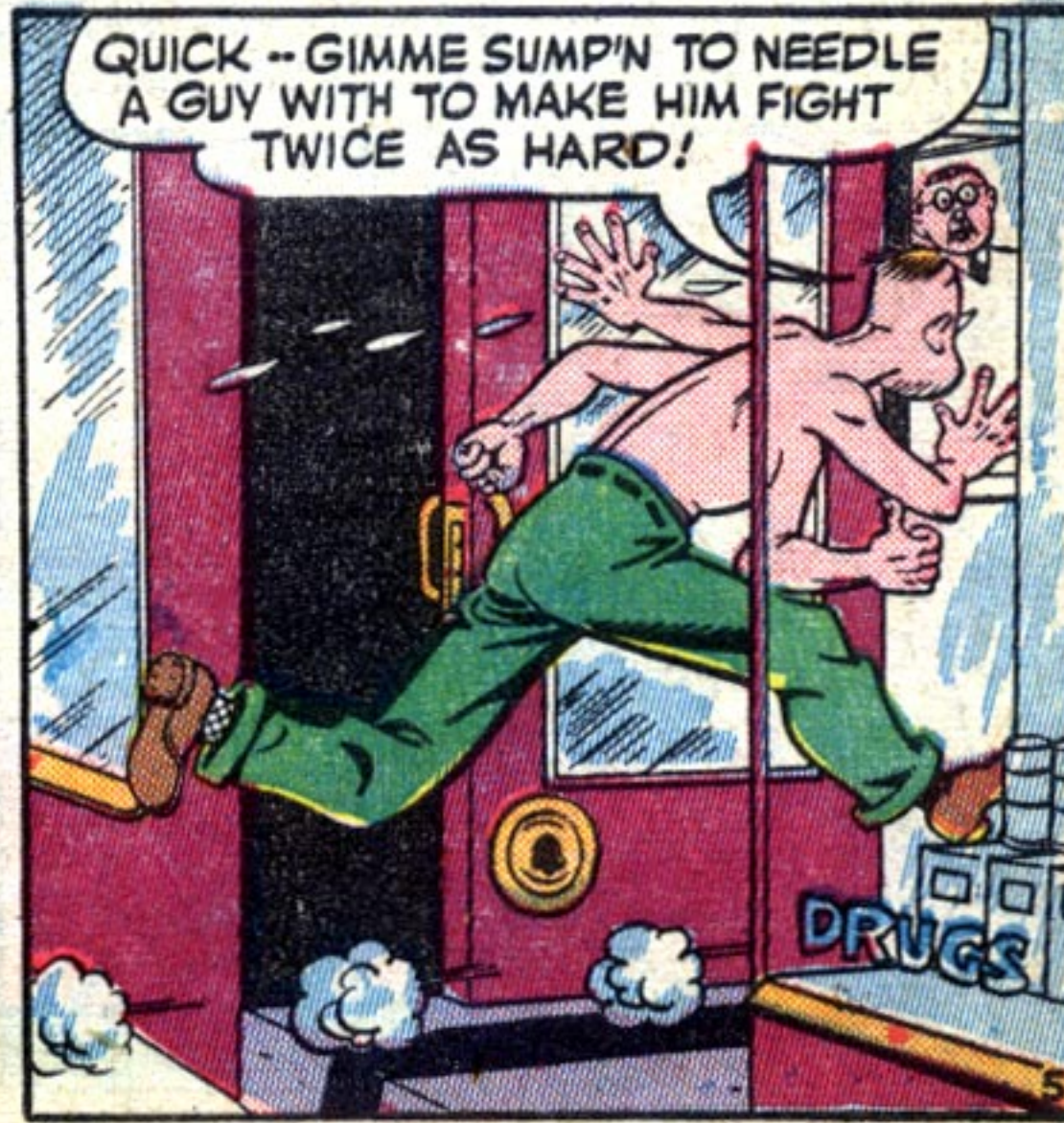
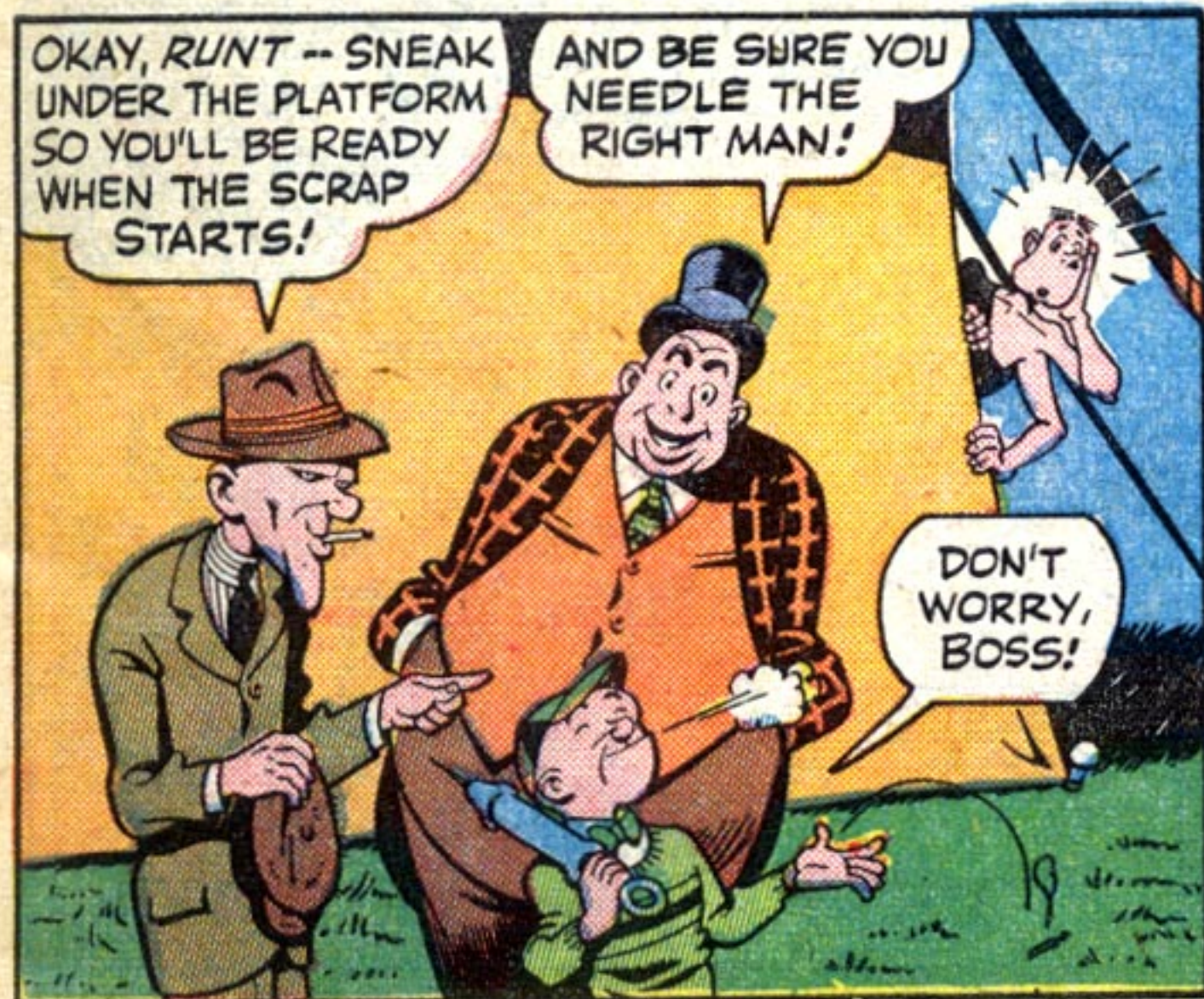
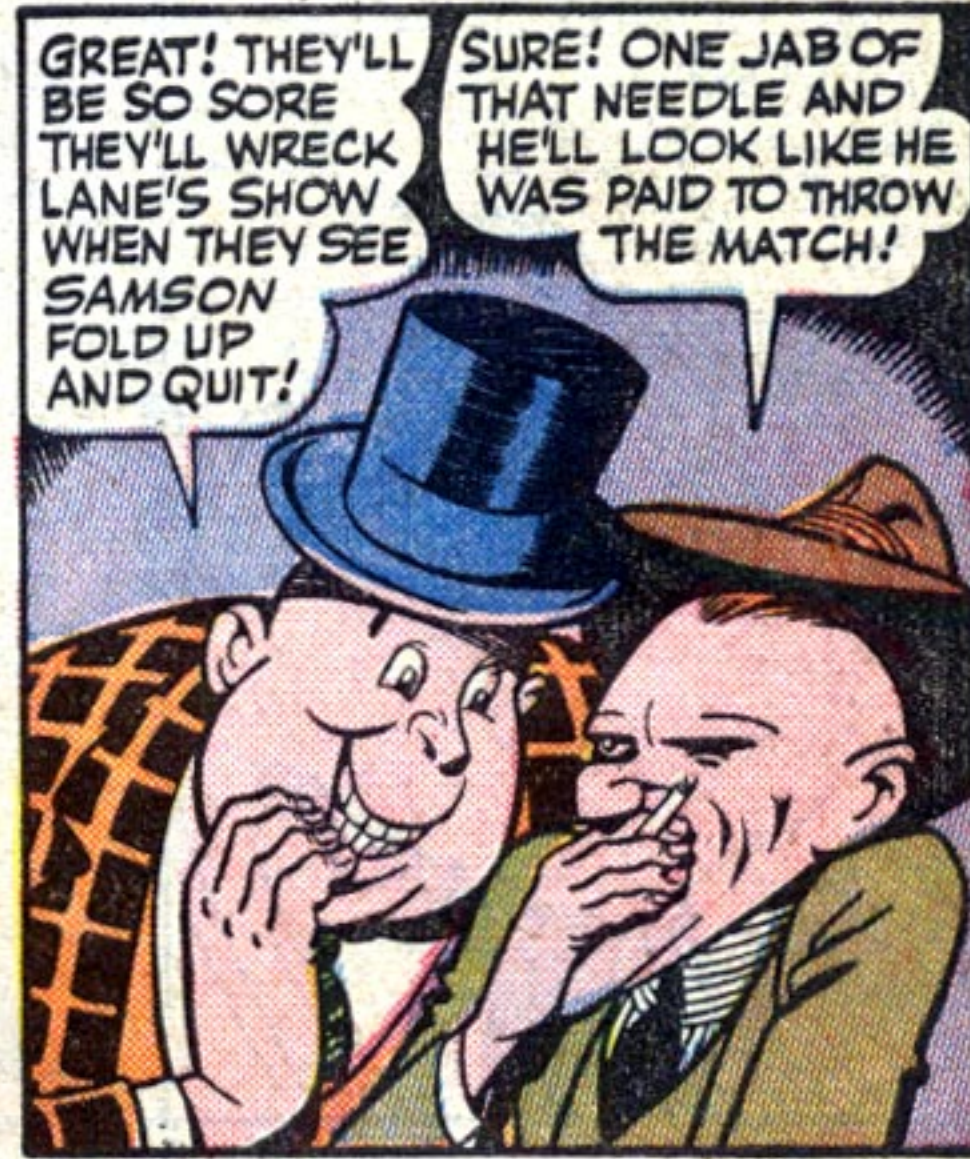
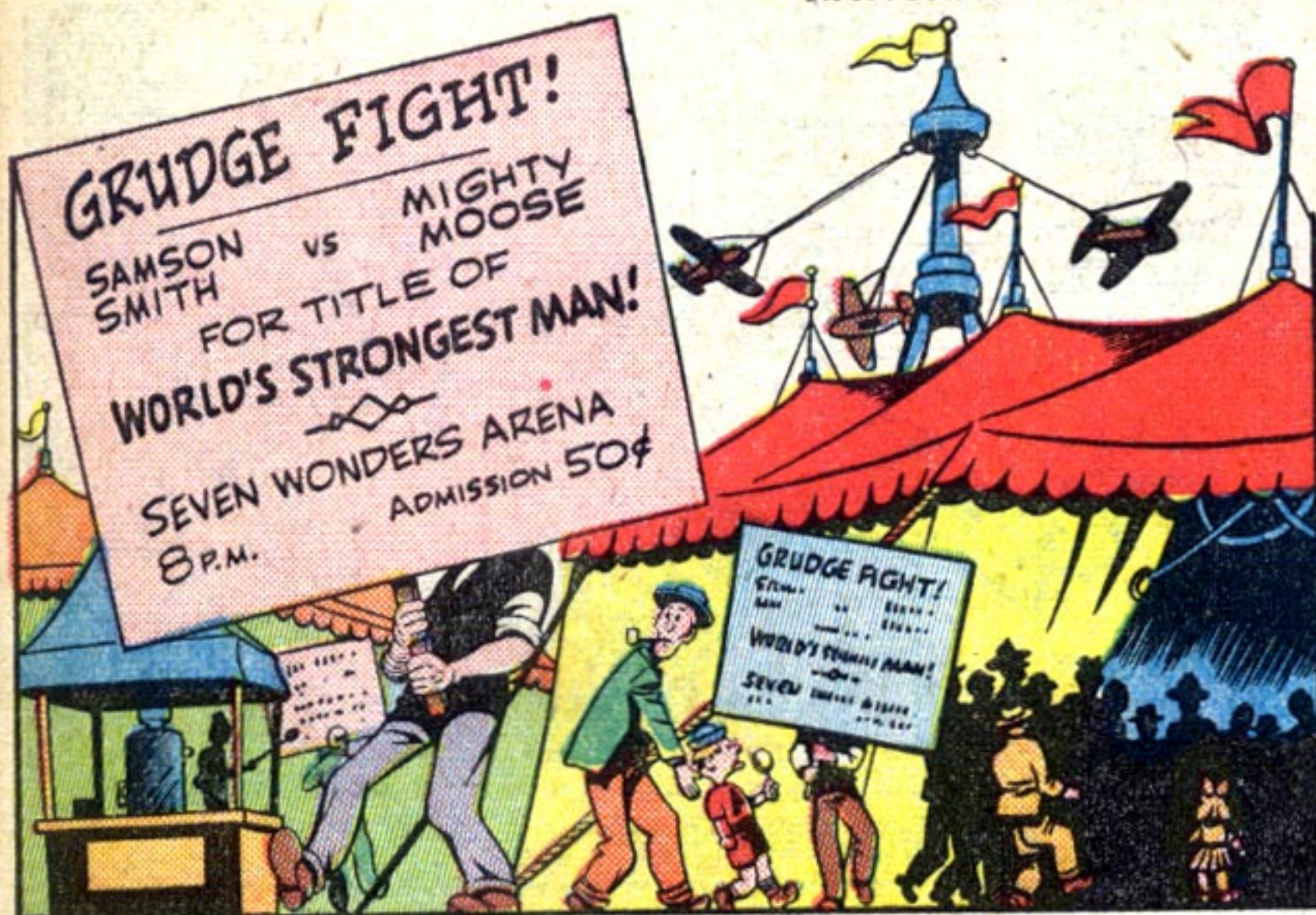
EASY, SAMSON!

LEMME AT THAT JERK, CARNIE! DIDJA HEAR WHAT HE CALLED ME?

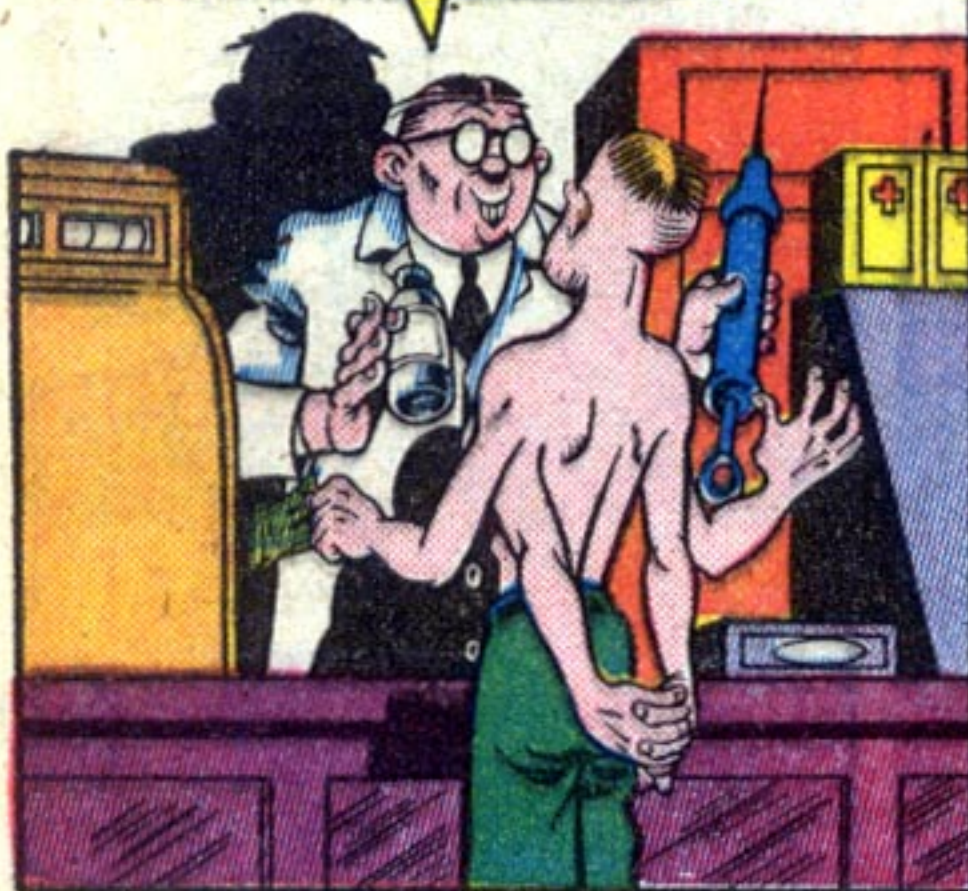








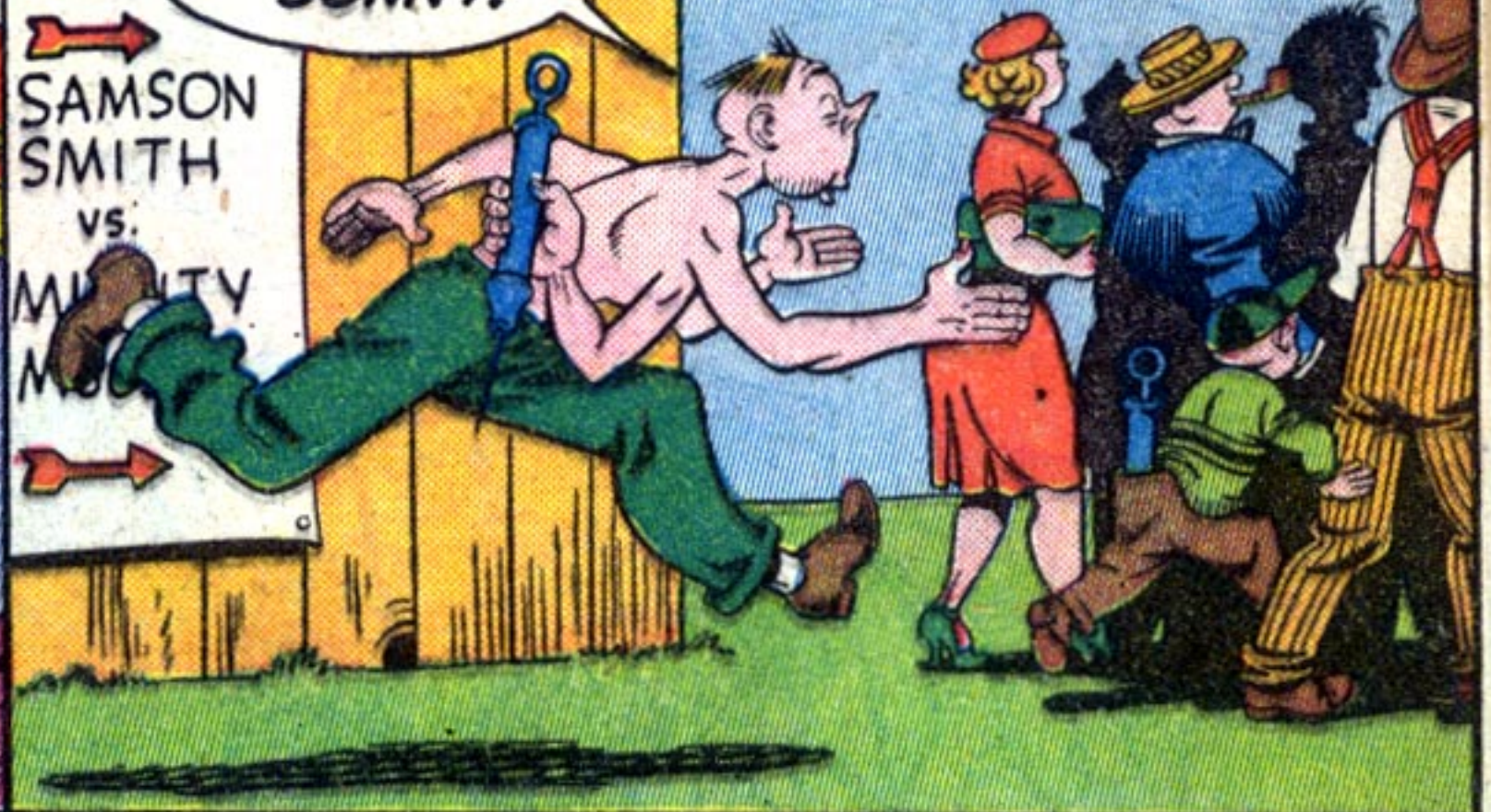
I GUARANTEE ONE SHOT OF THIS SUPER VITAMIN EXTRACT WILL MAKE A MOUSE SPIT IN A TOMCAT'S FACE!



AH, THERE HE IS -- PRETENDING TO BE A LITTLE KID SO CARNIE WON'T SUSPECT WHEN HE CLIMBS AROUND THE PLATFORM...

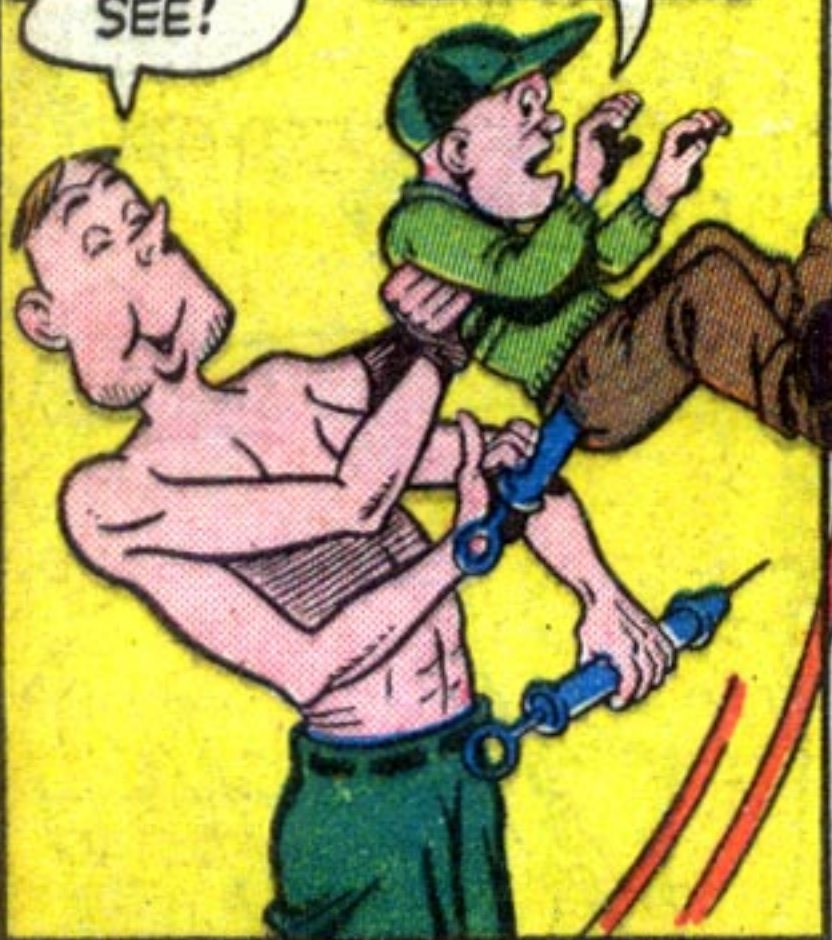
HELLO, THERE, SONNY!

SAMSON SMITH VS. MINUTY MIGHTY

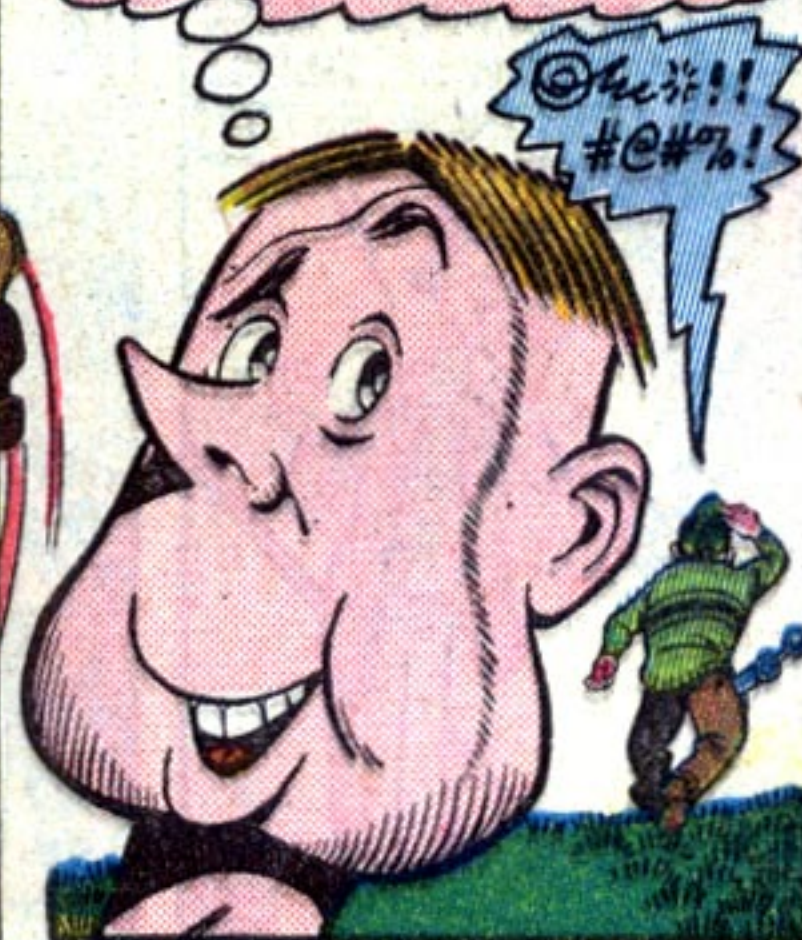


LEMME PICK YOU UP SO YOU CAN SEE!

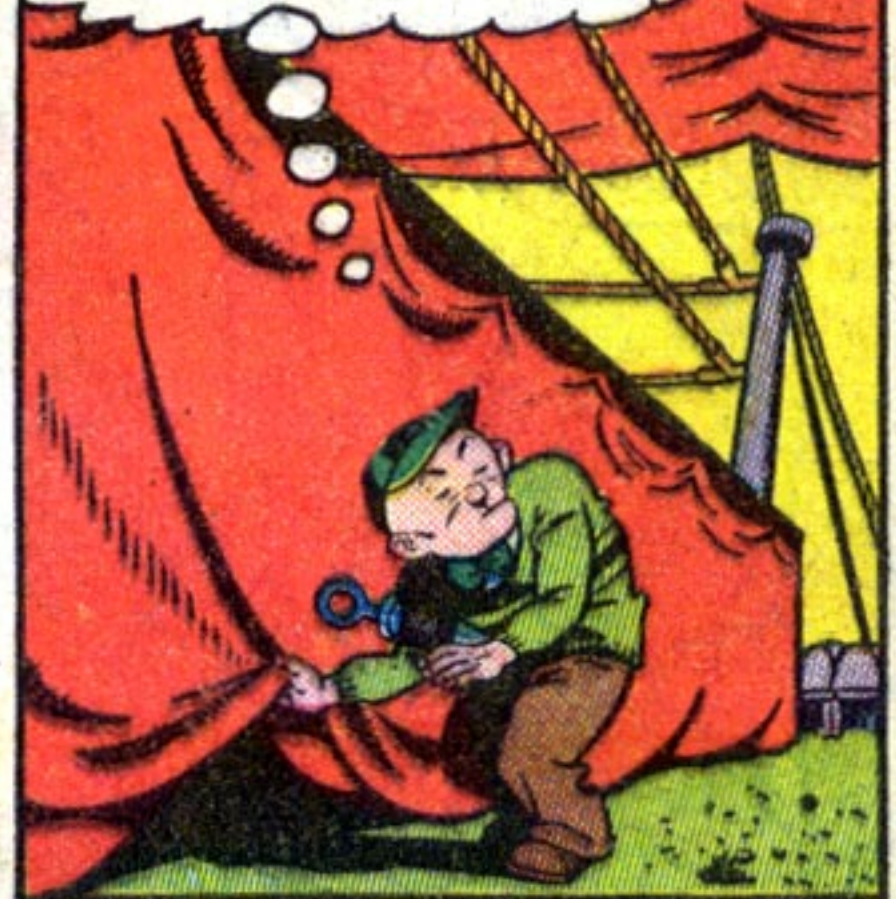
Put me down, ya big ape! Leggo!



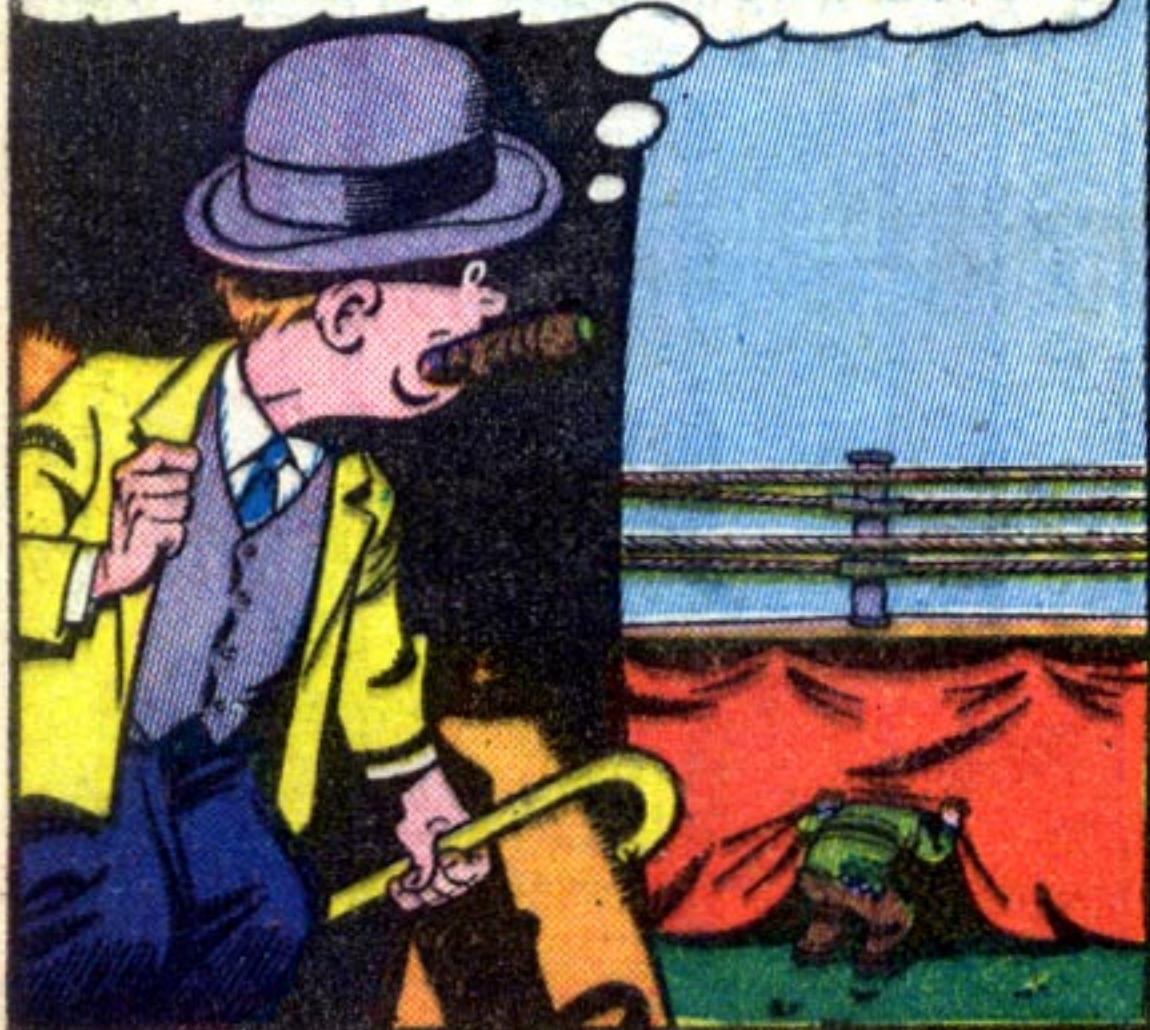
THAT FIXES THAT! NOW LET HIM NEEDLE SAMSON AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS...



NOBODY'S LOOKING! I'LL SLIP UNDER THE WRESTLING PLATFORM AND WAIT FOR THE CROWD TO COME...

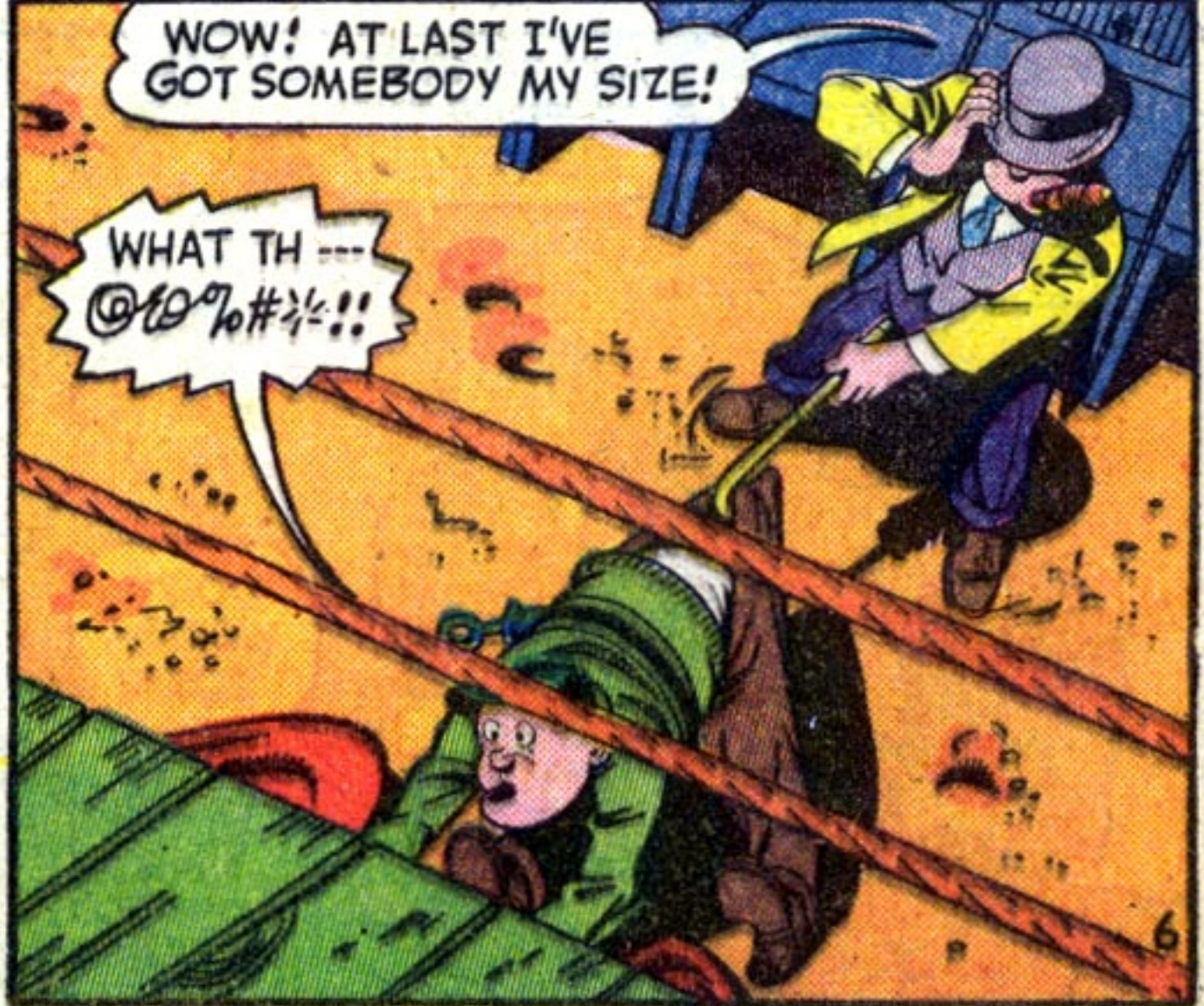


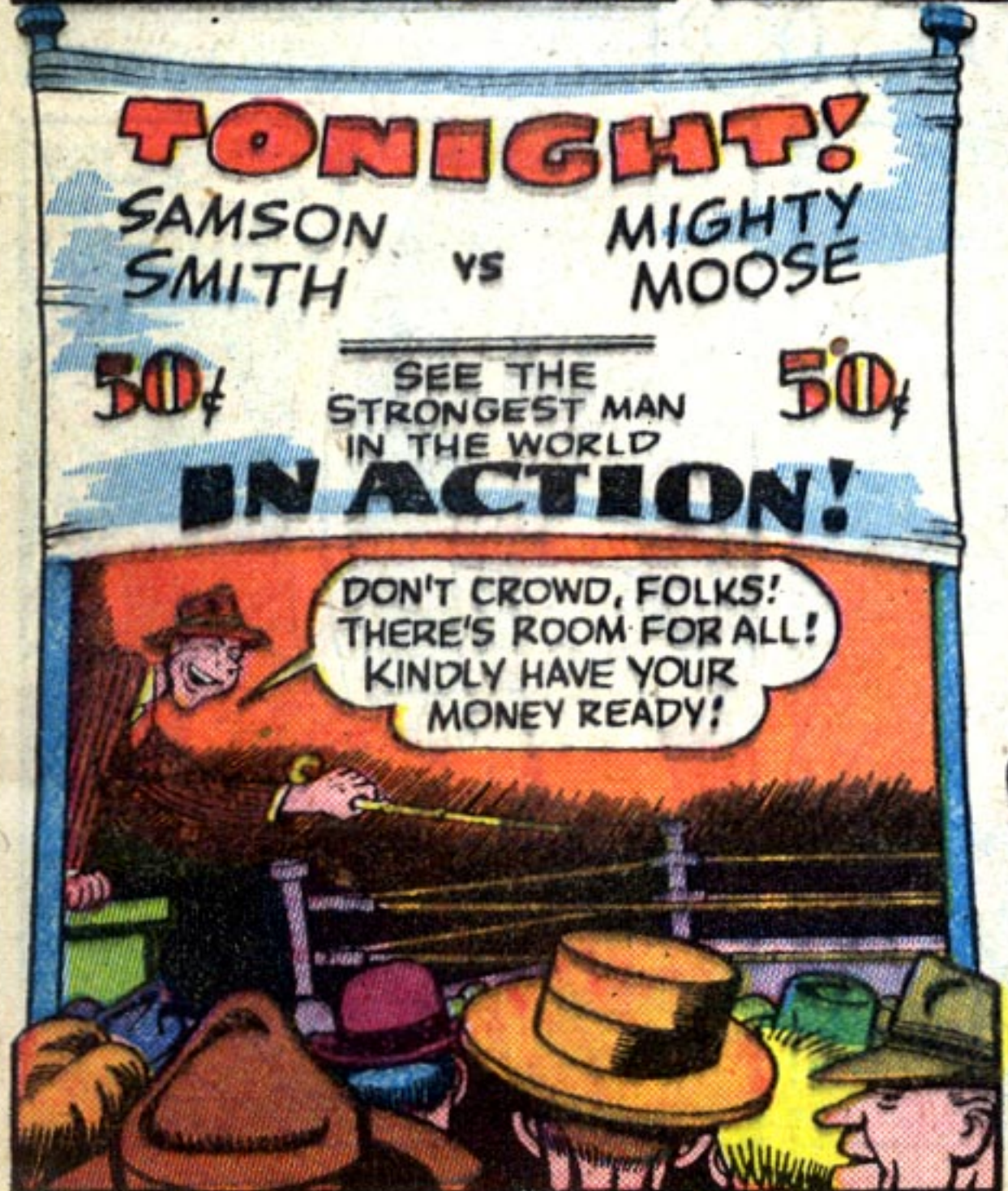
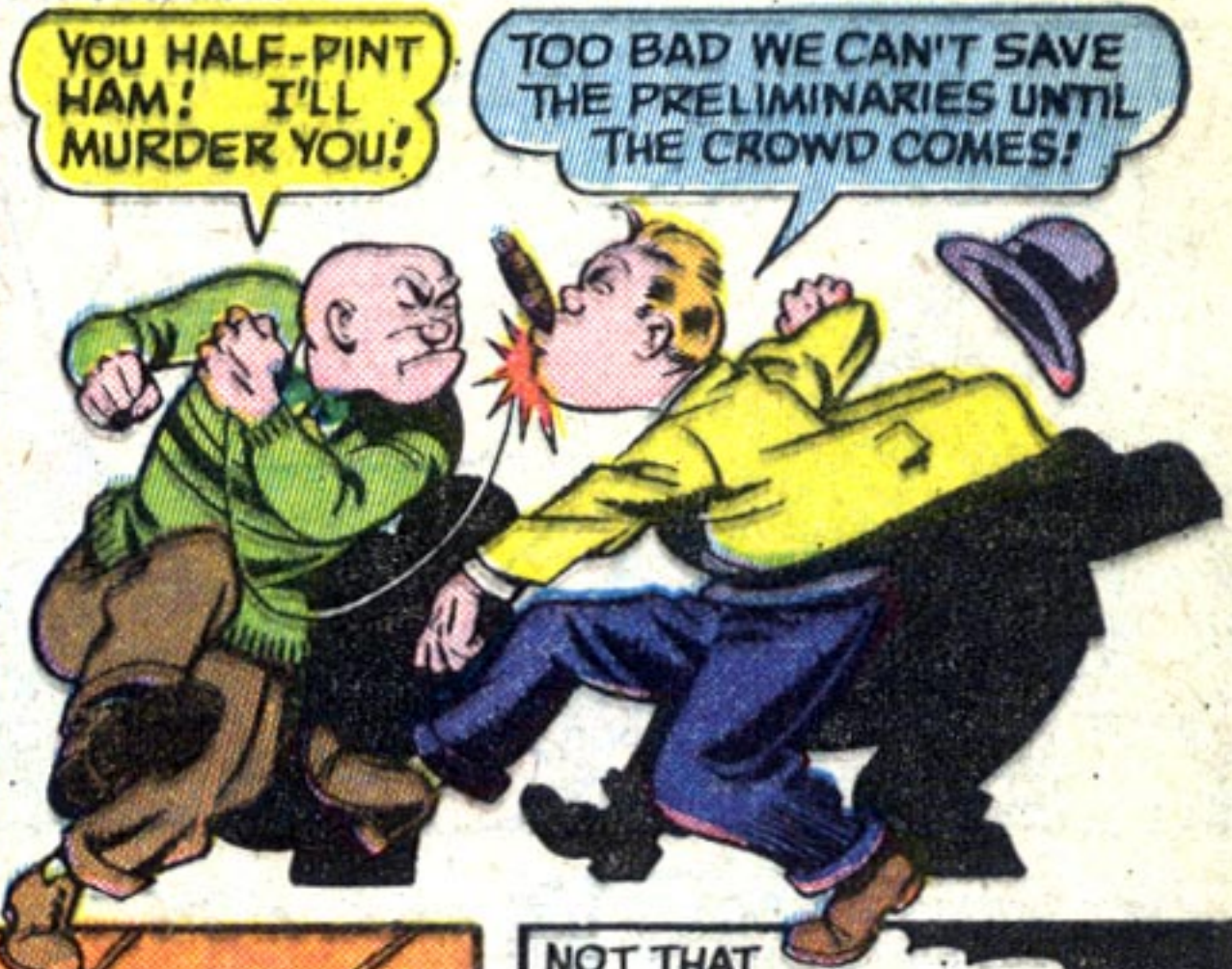
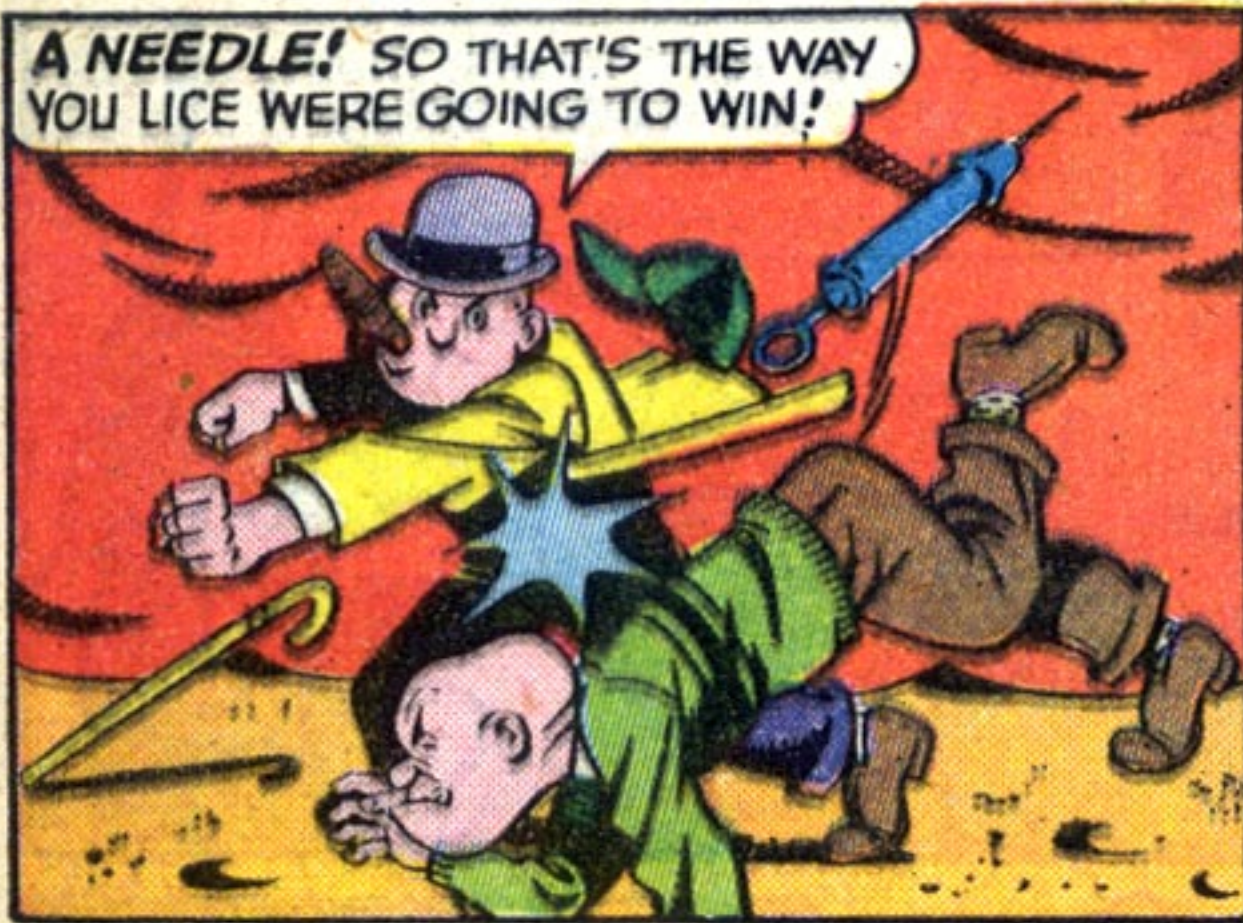
AH-HA! IT'S A GOOD THING CARNIE LEFT ME HERE TO KEEP AN EYE ON THE RING!

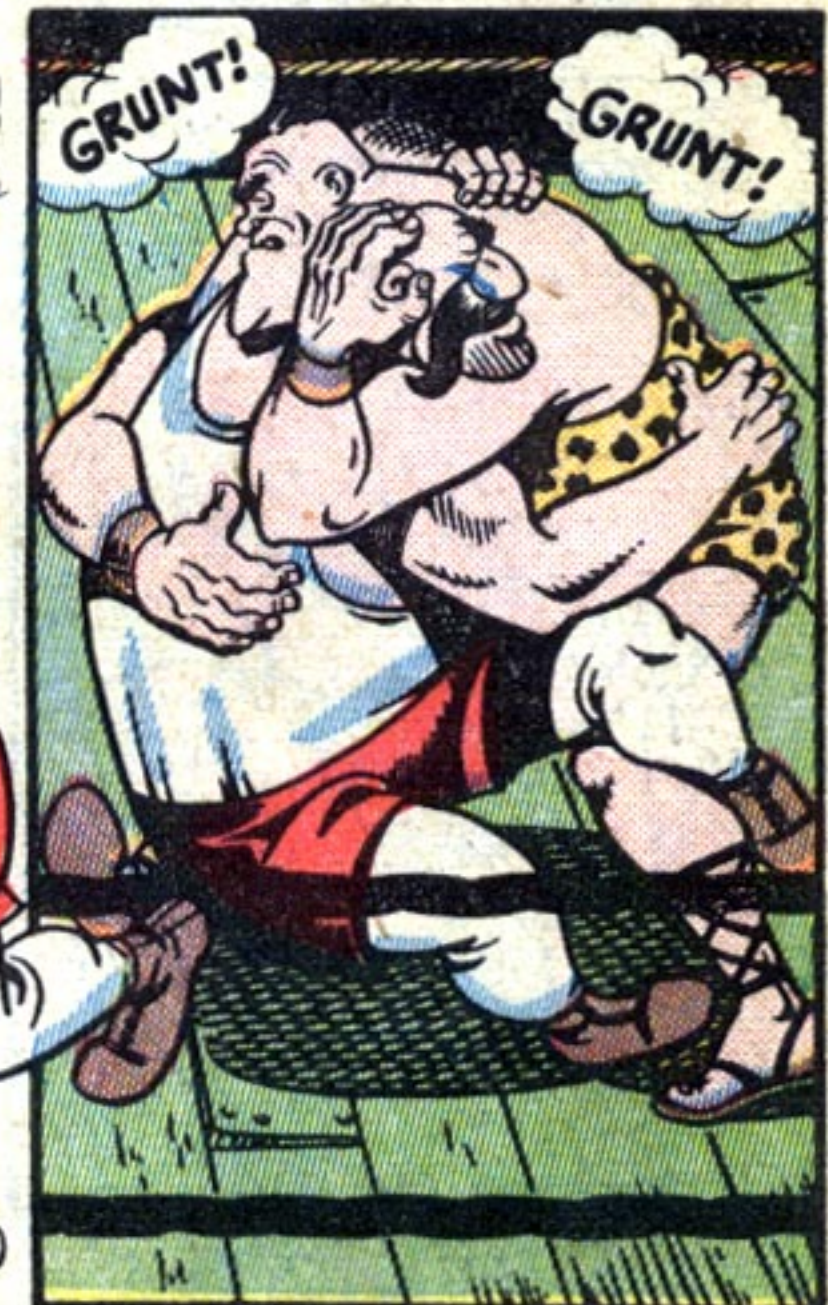
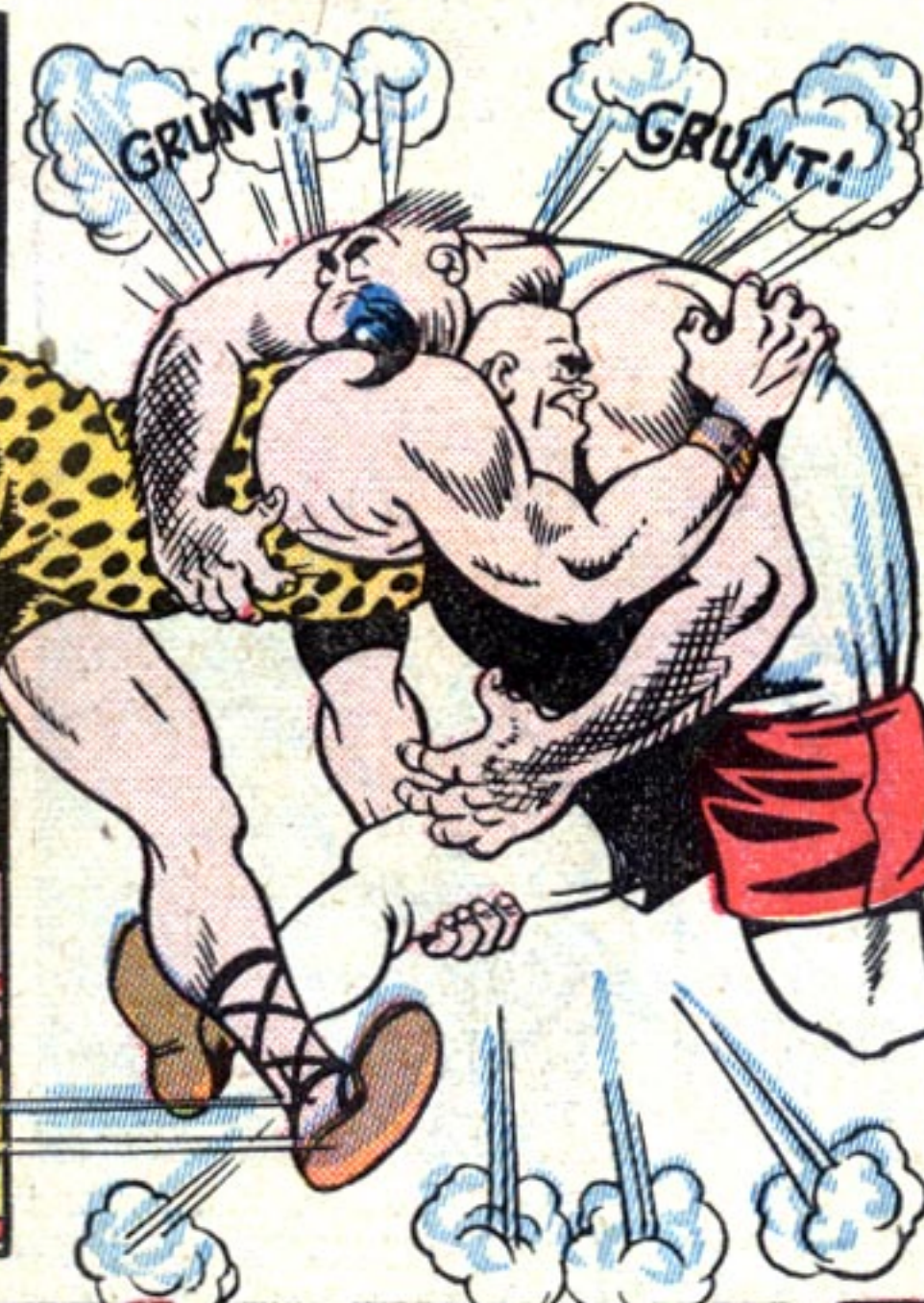
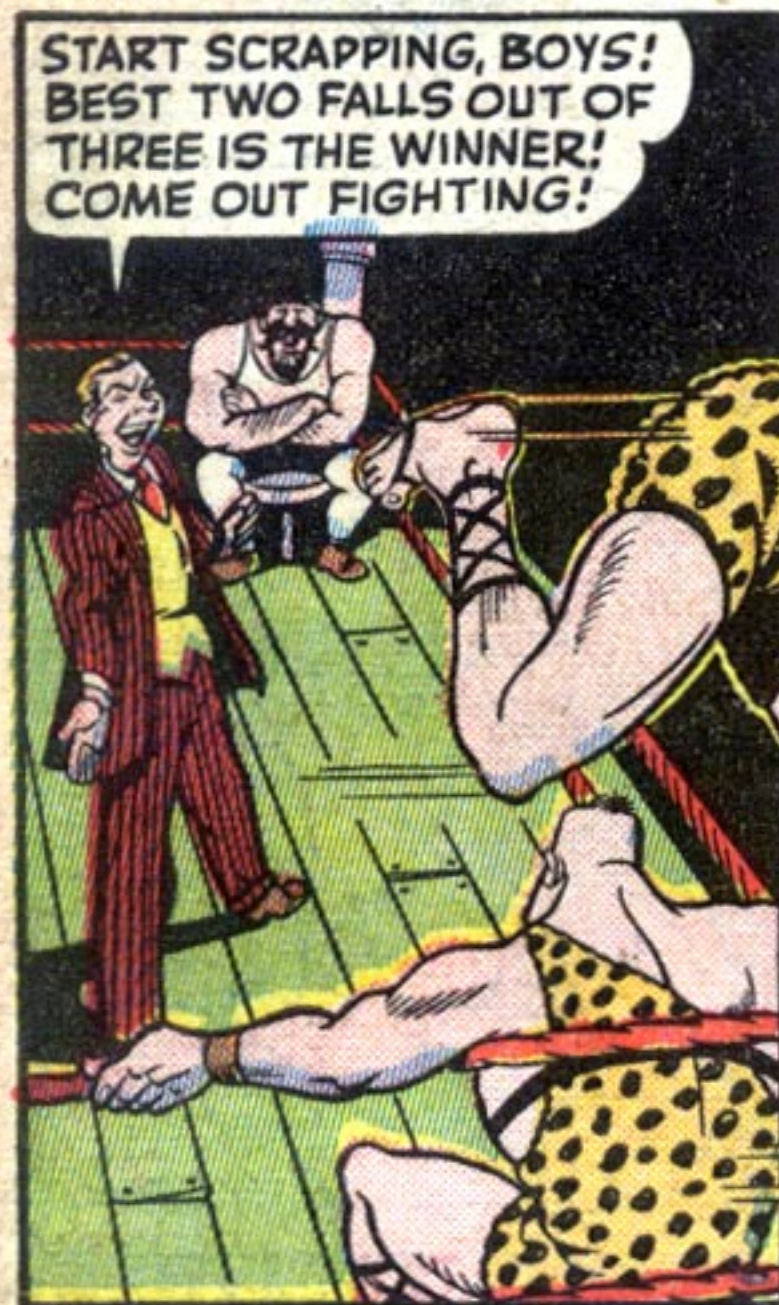


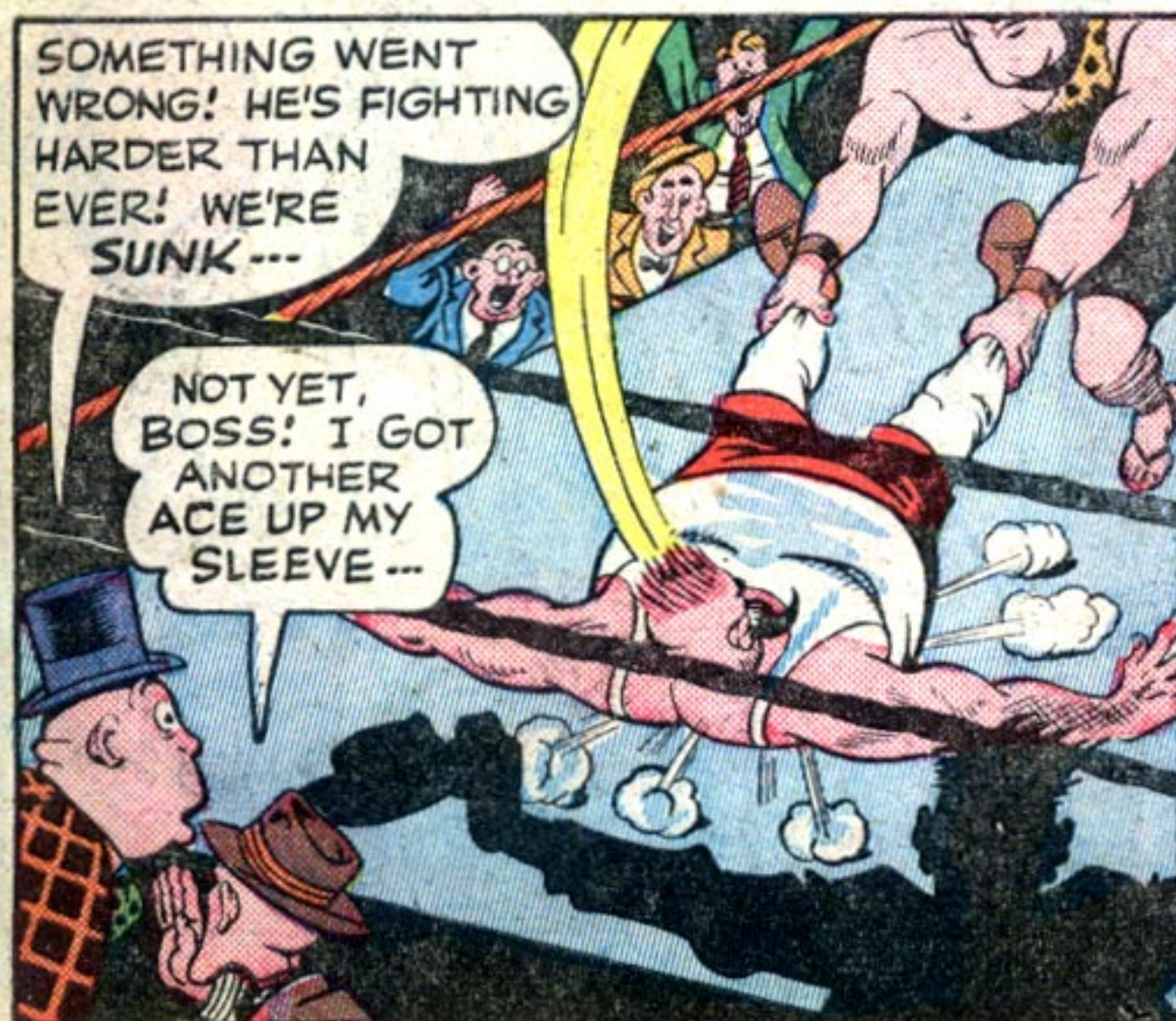
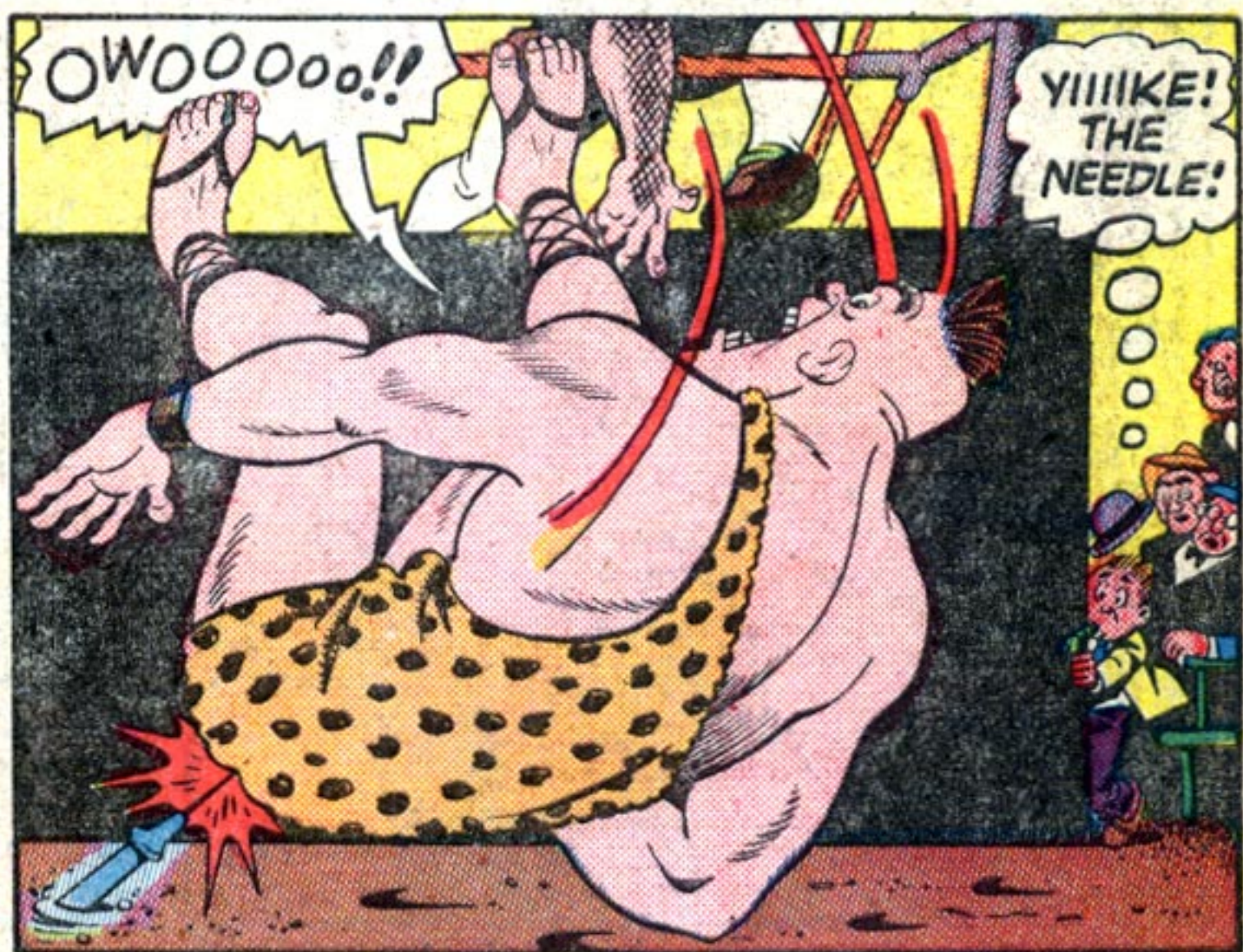
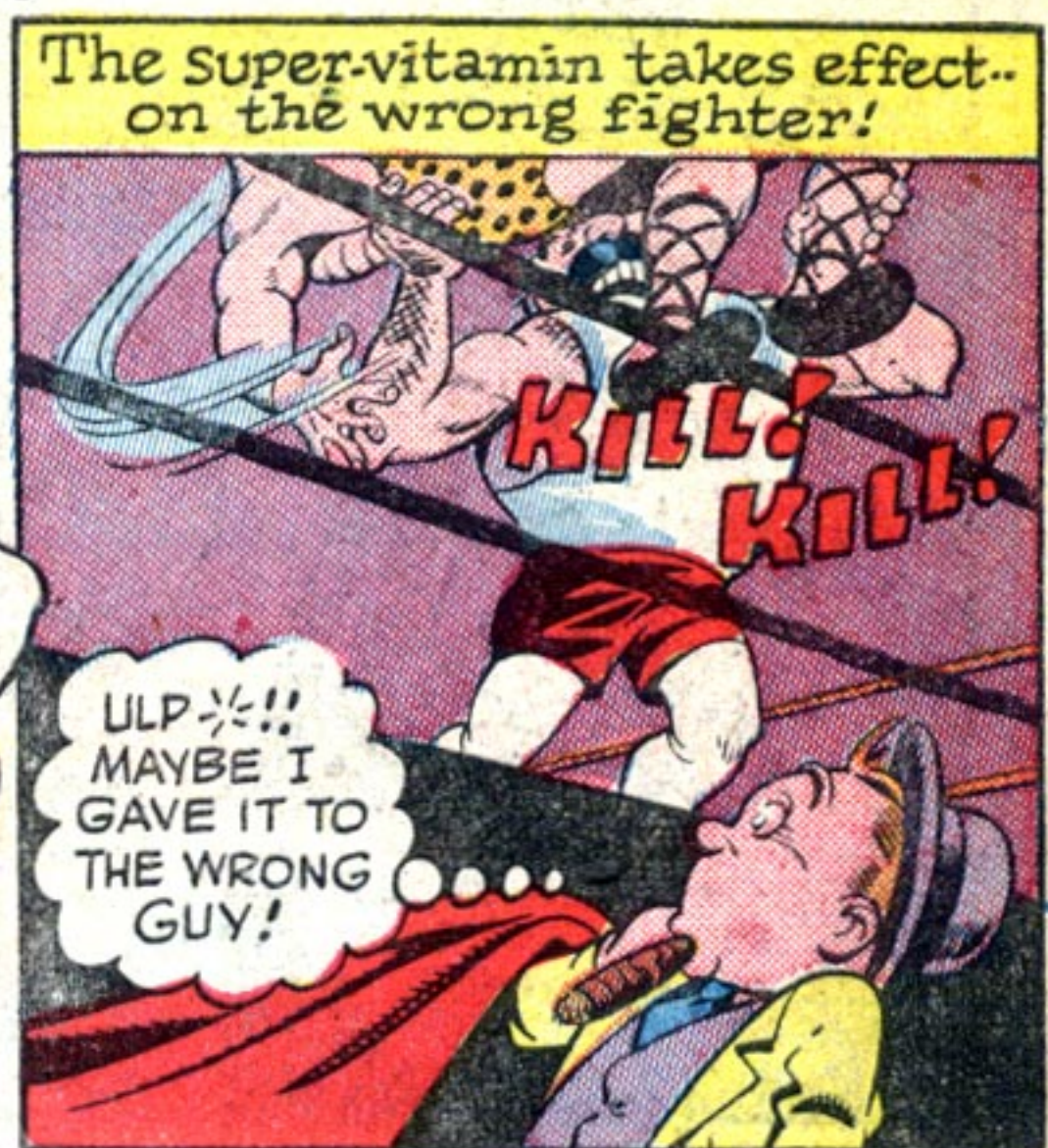
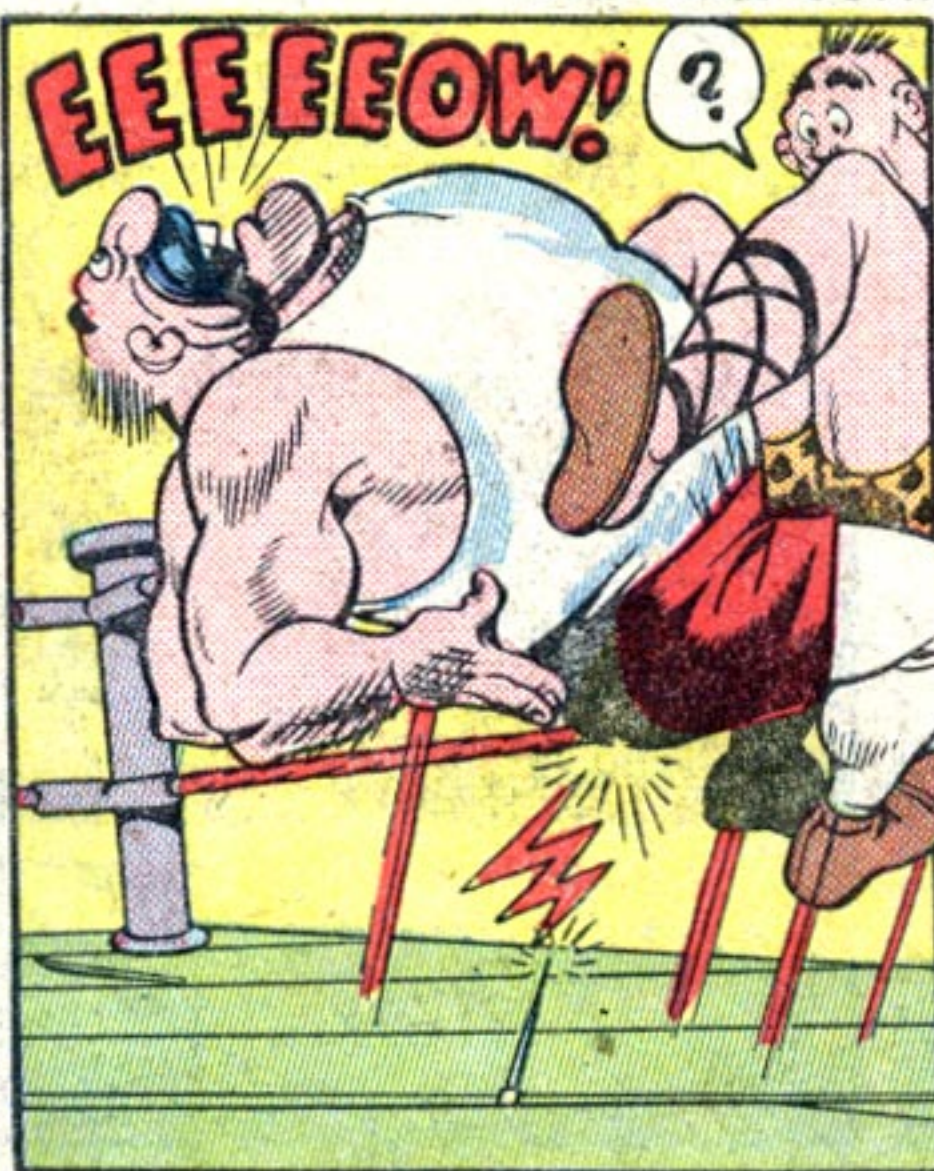
WOW! AT LAST I'VE GOT SOMEBODY MY SIZE!

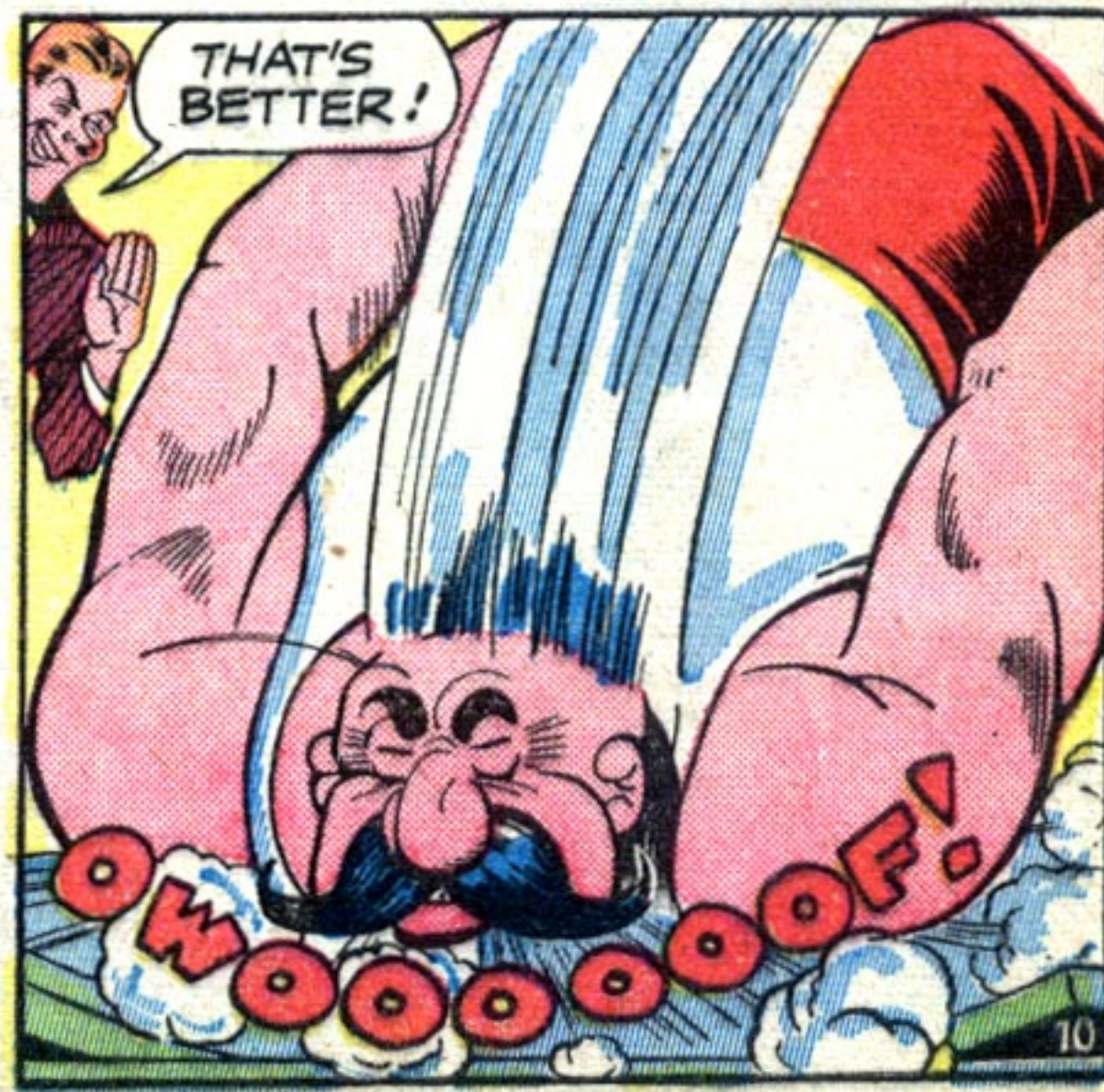
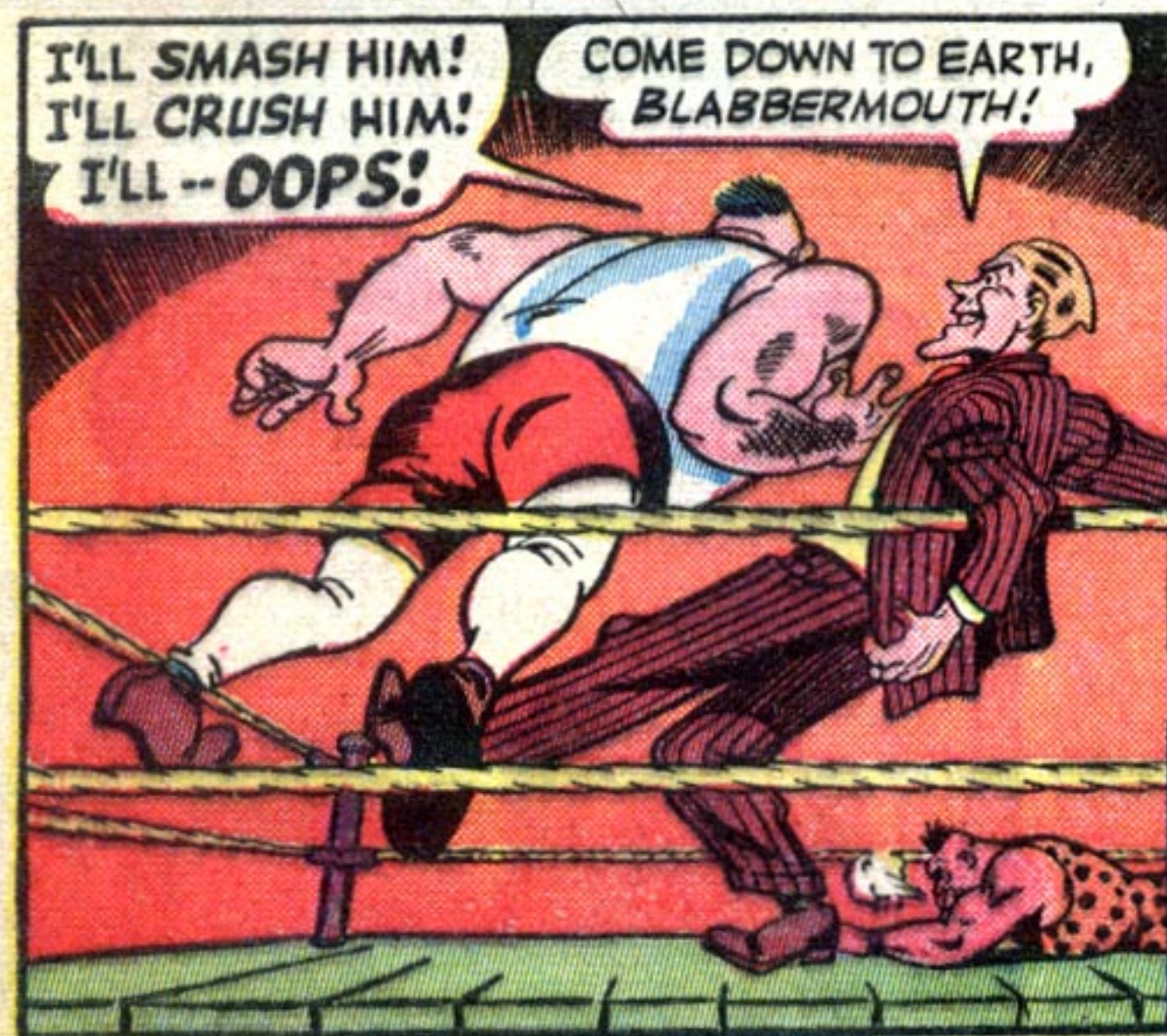
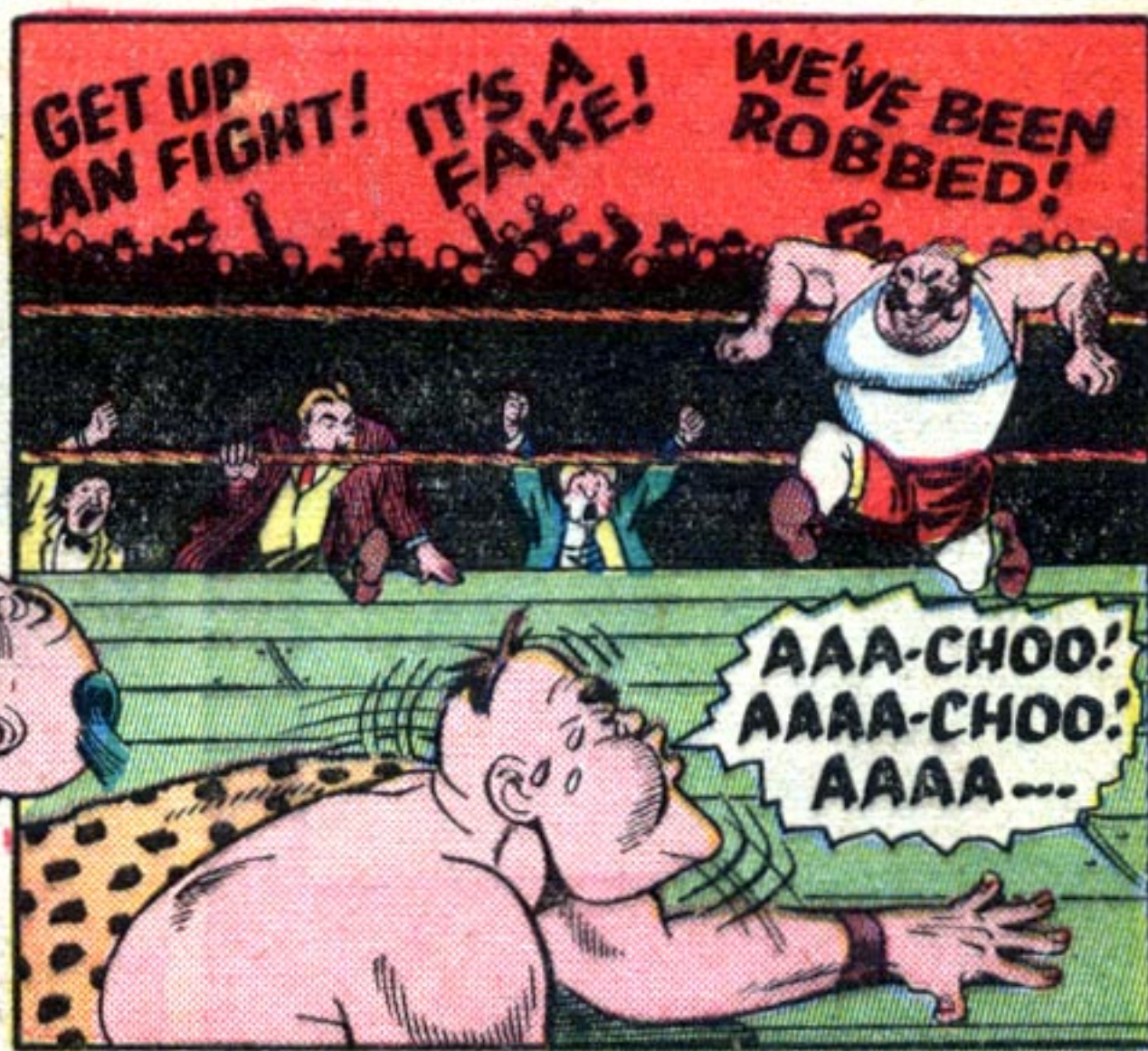
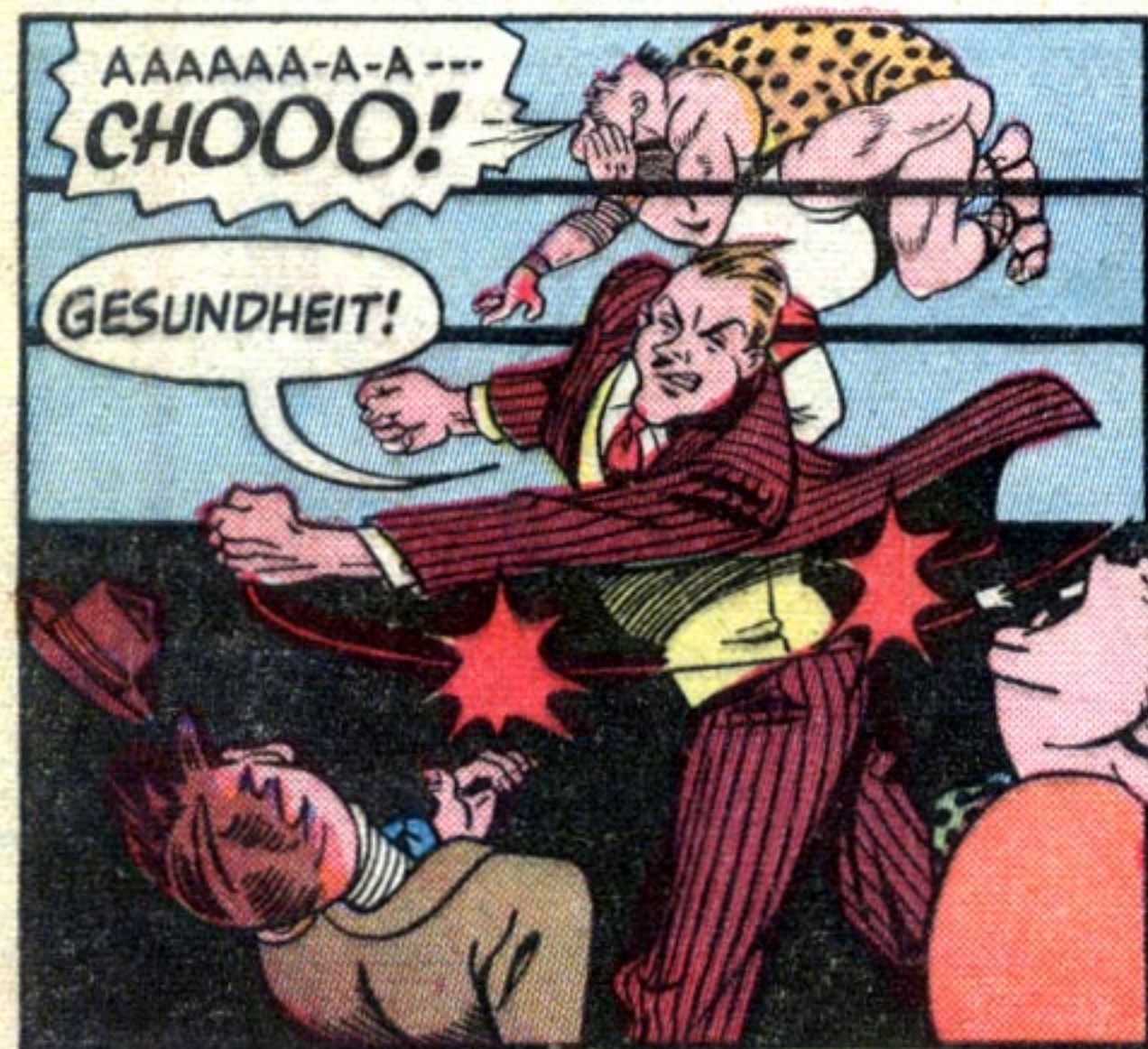
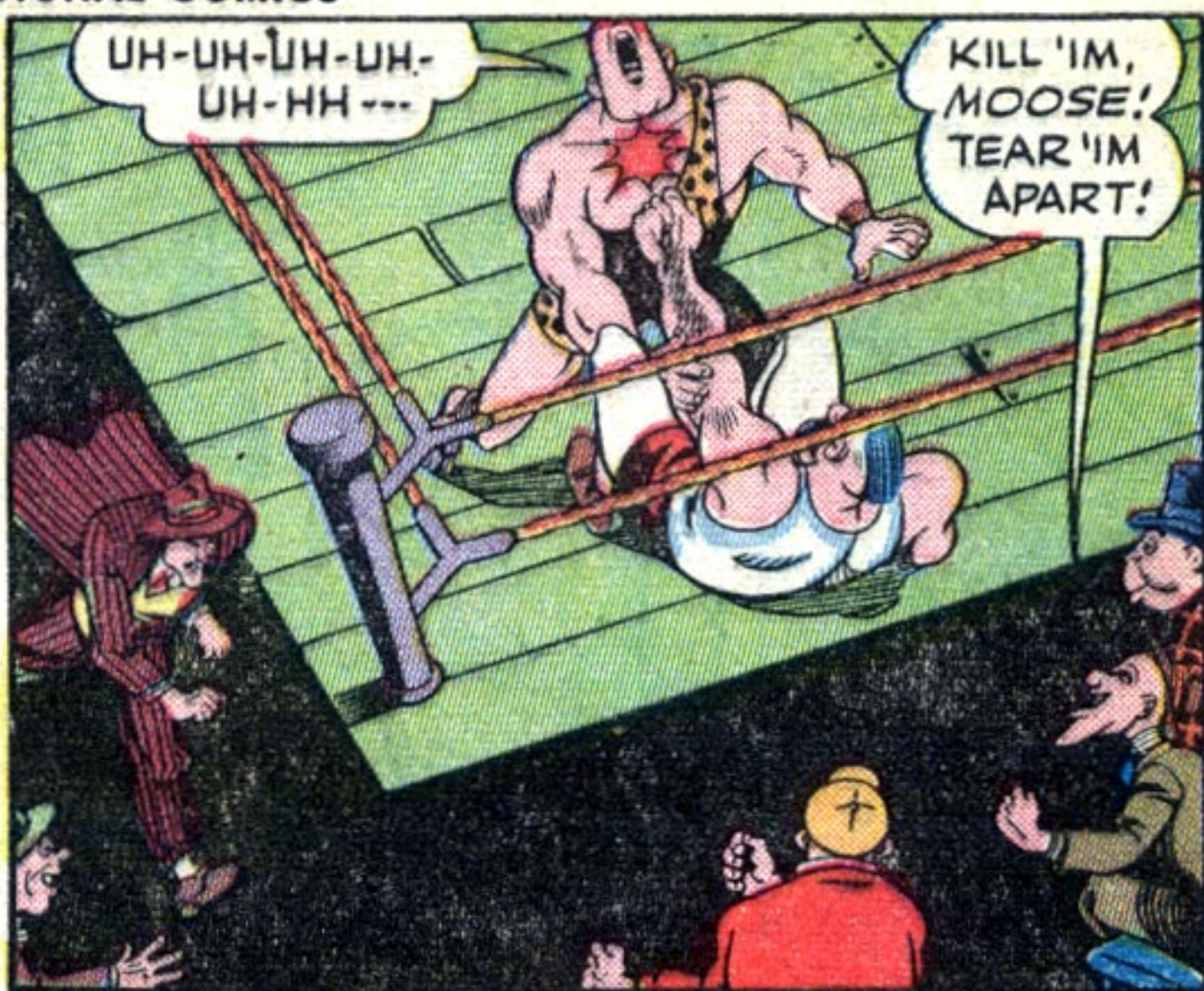
WHAT TH ---

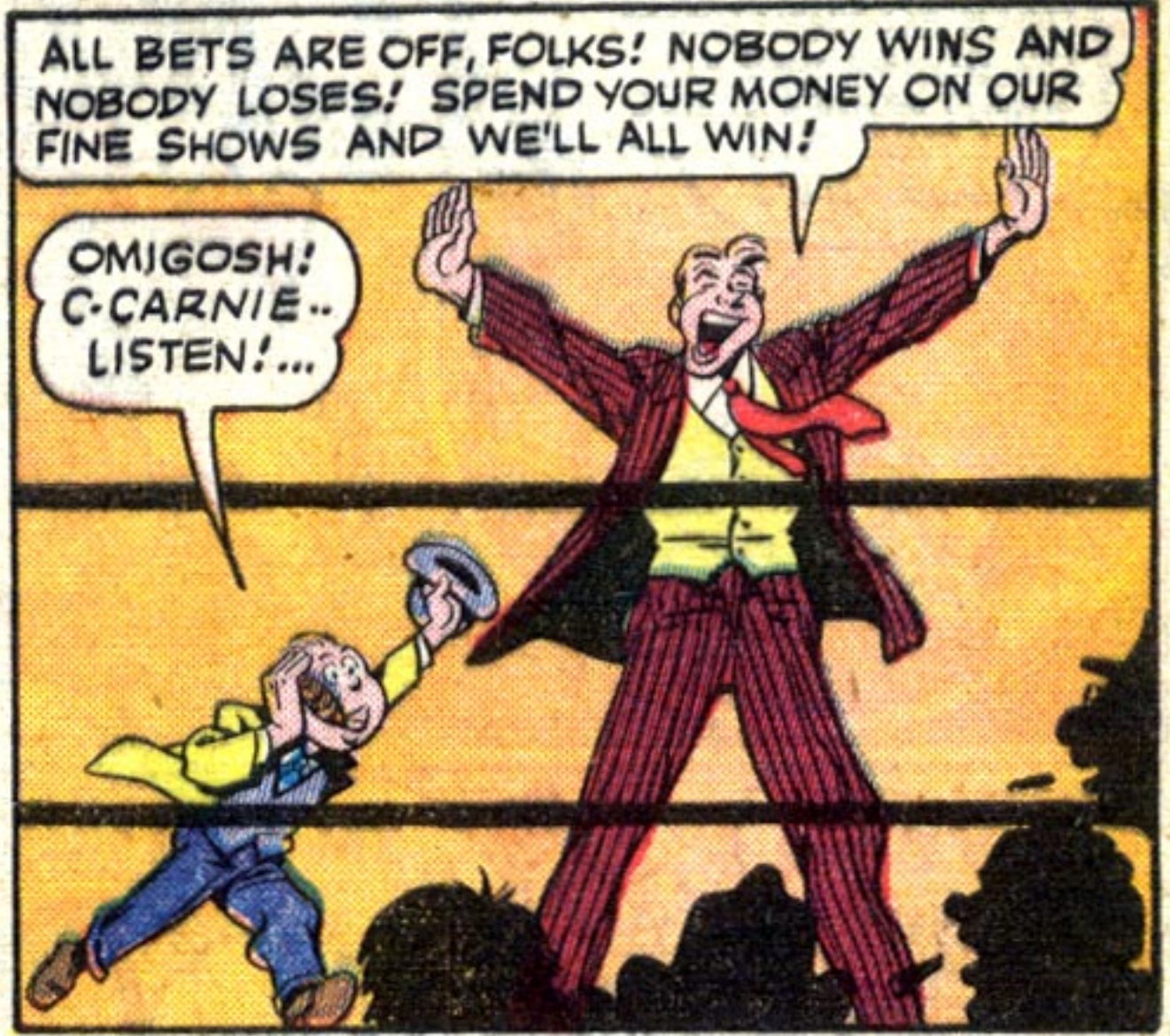


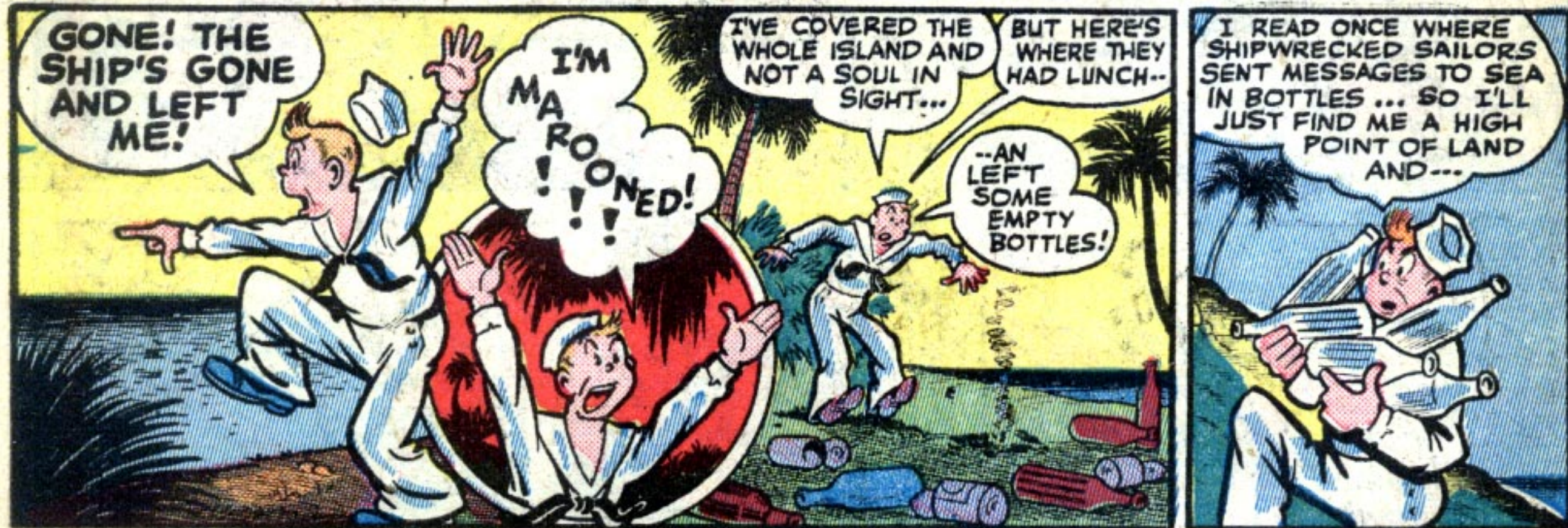
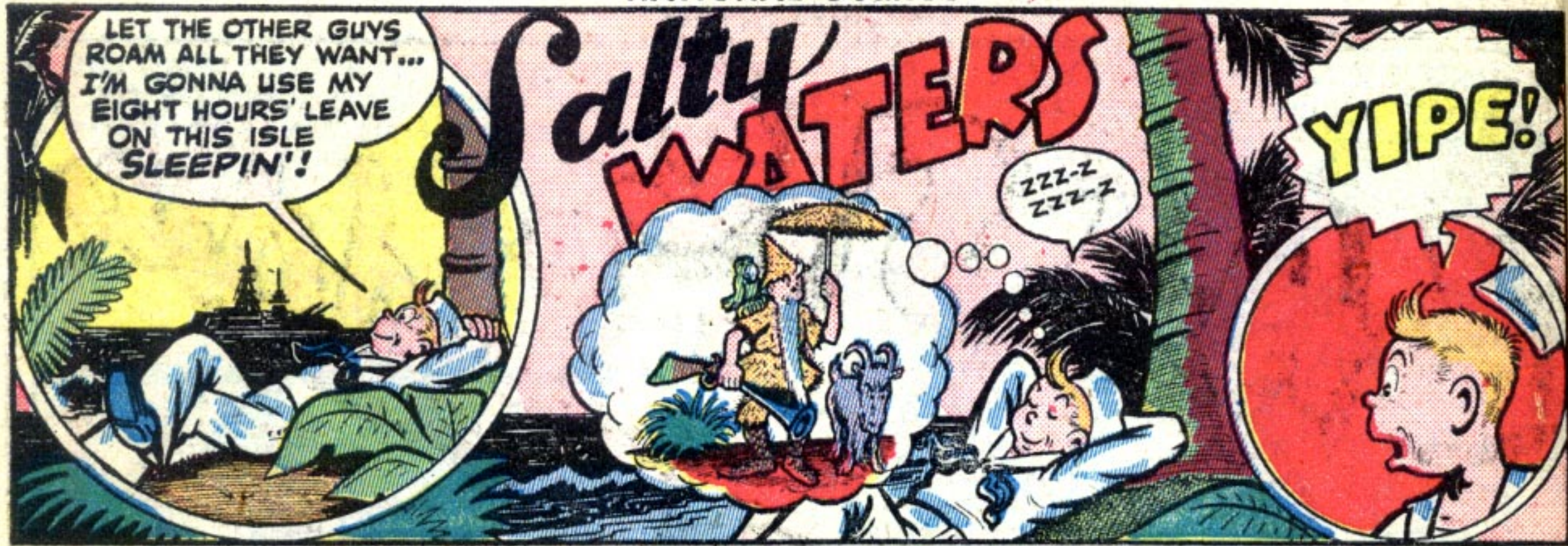








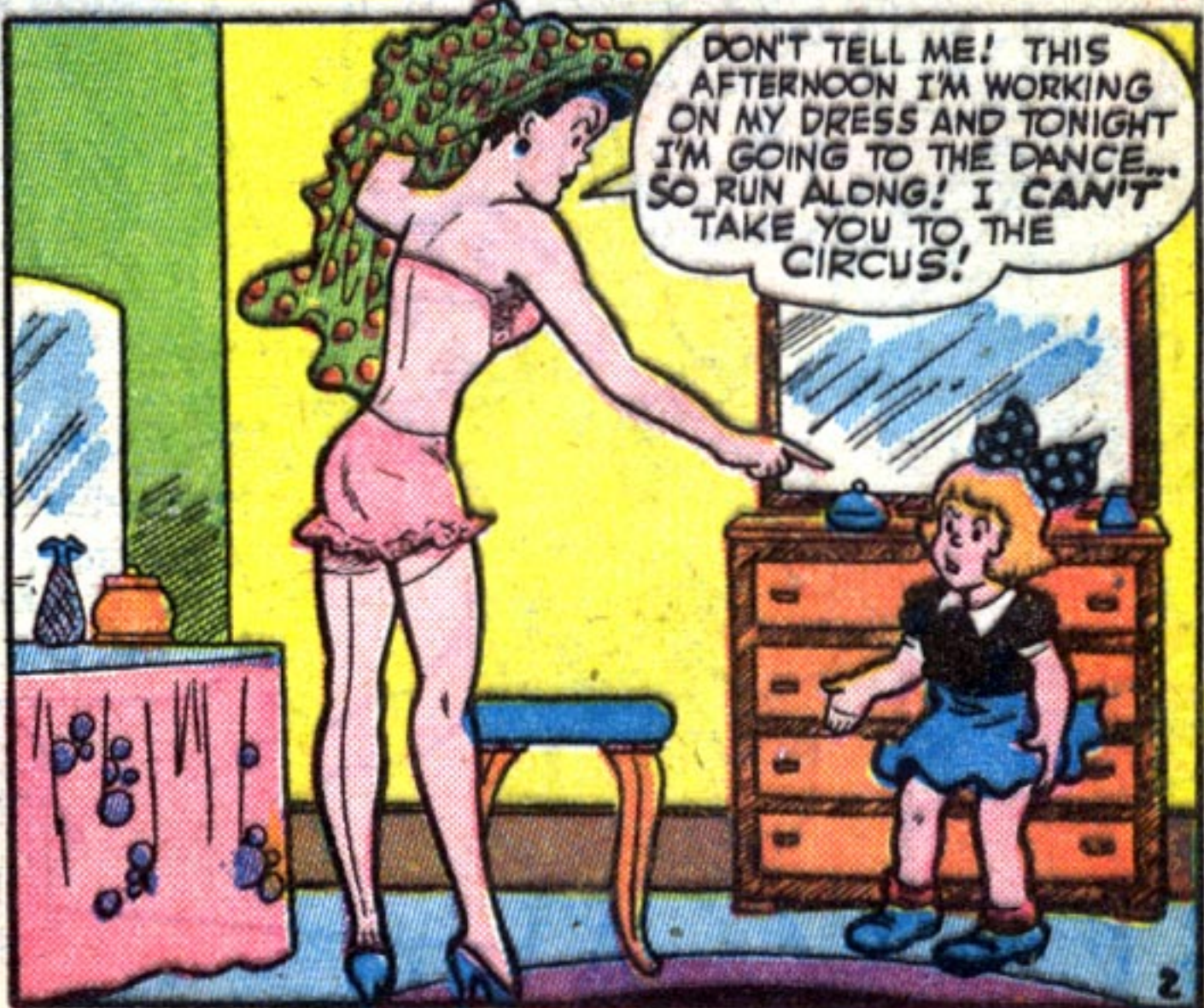
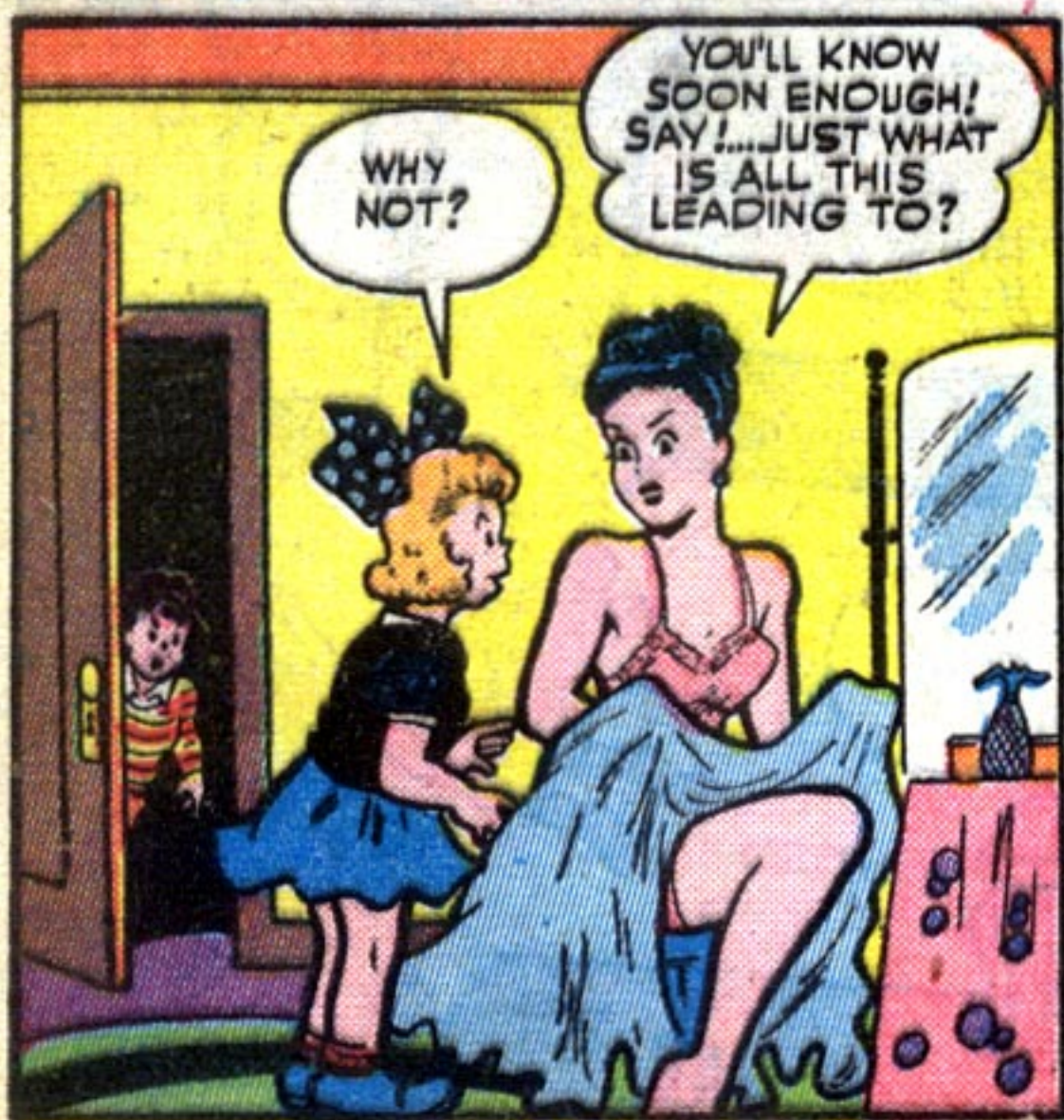
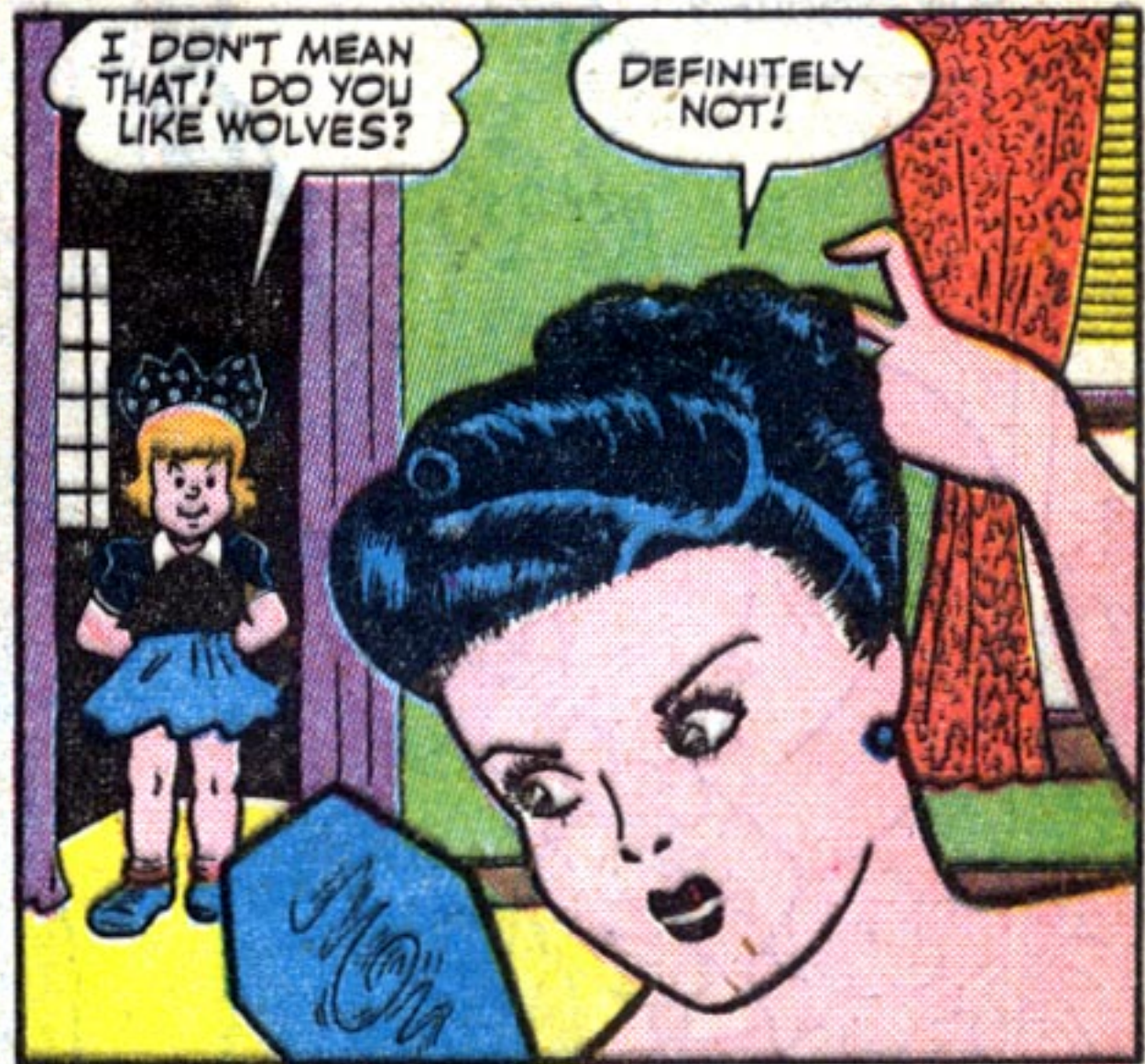
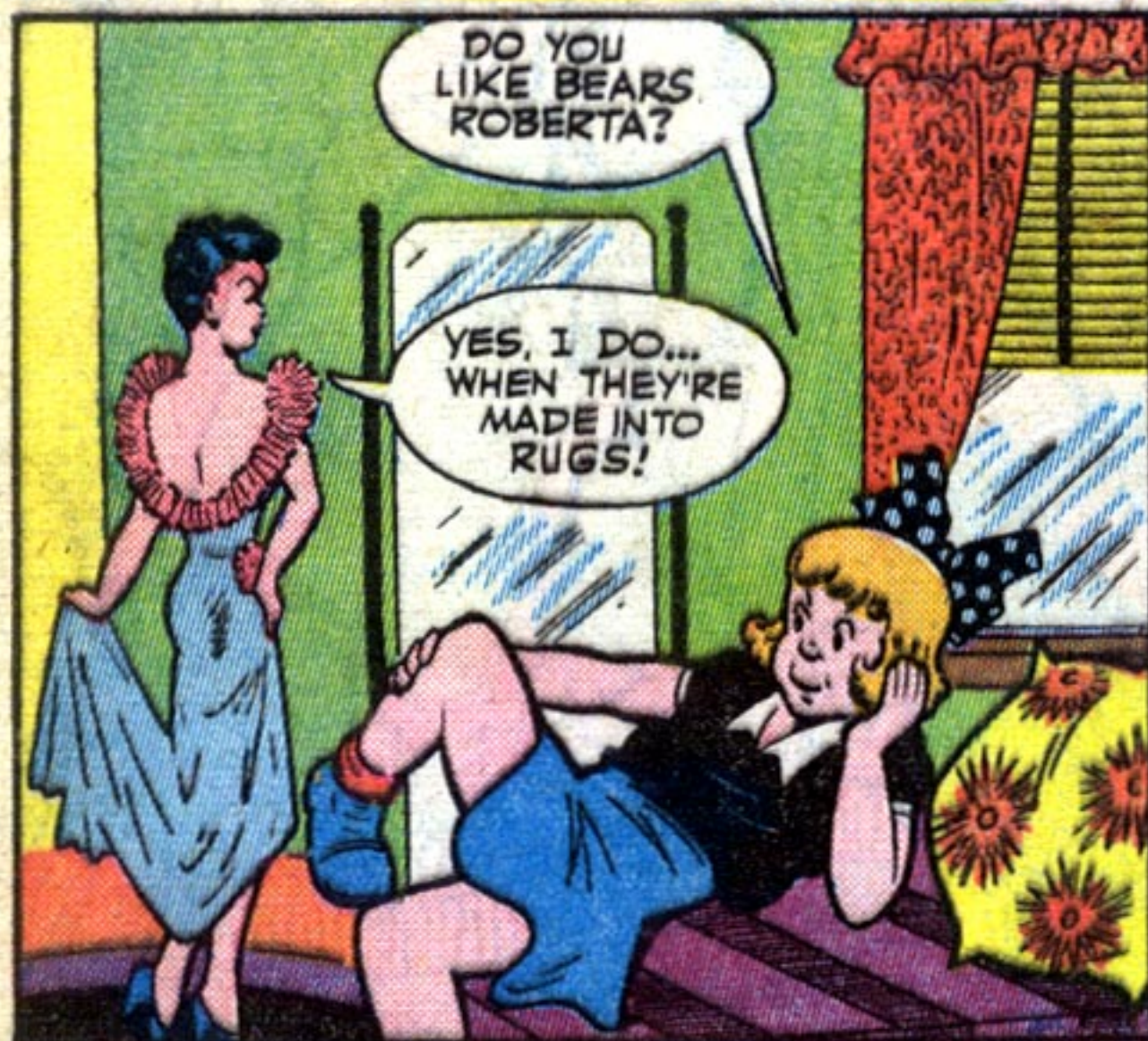
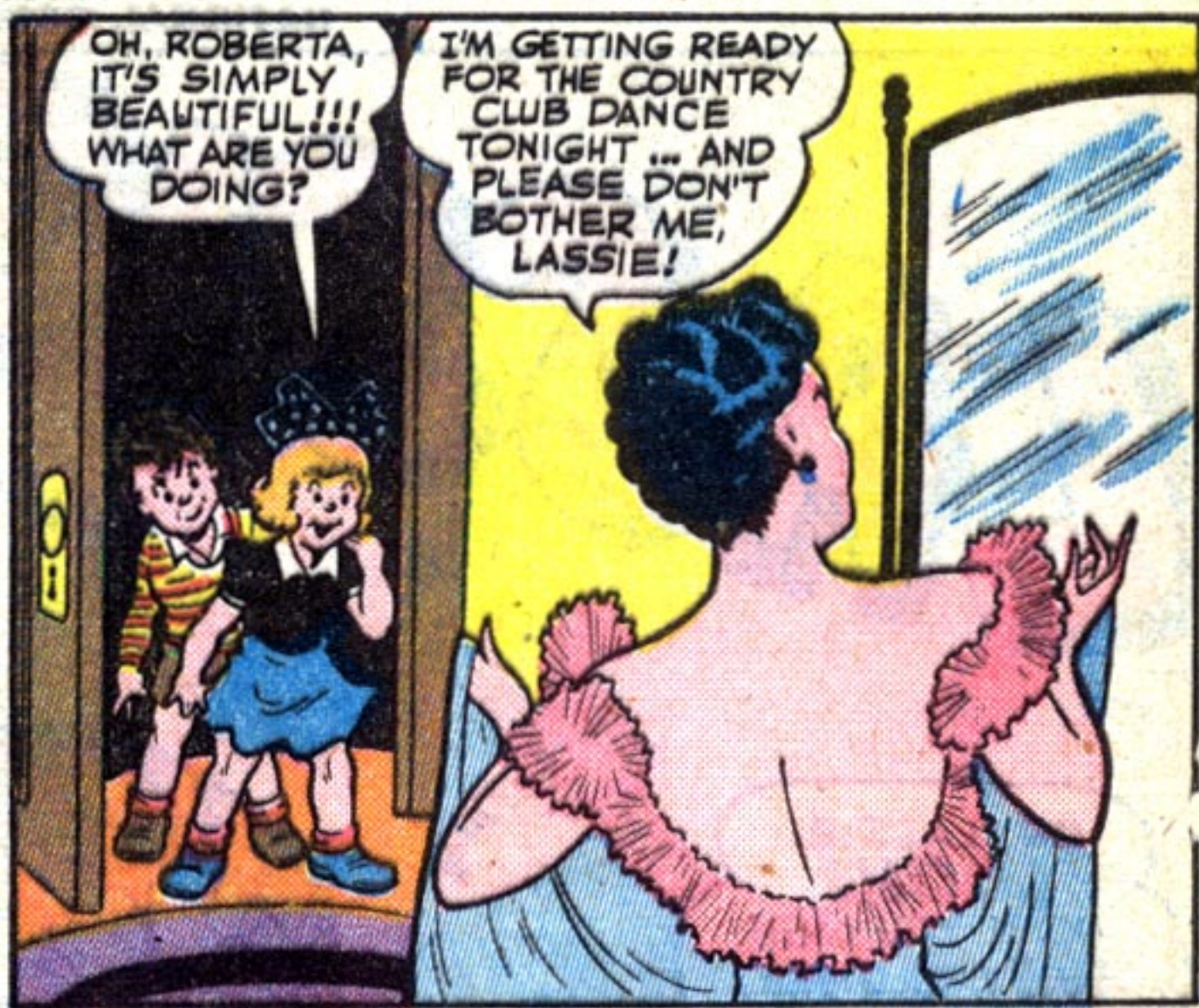


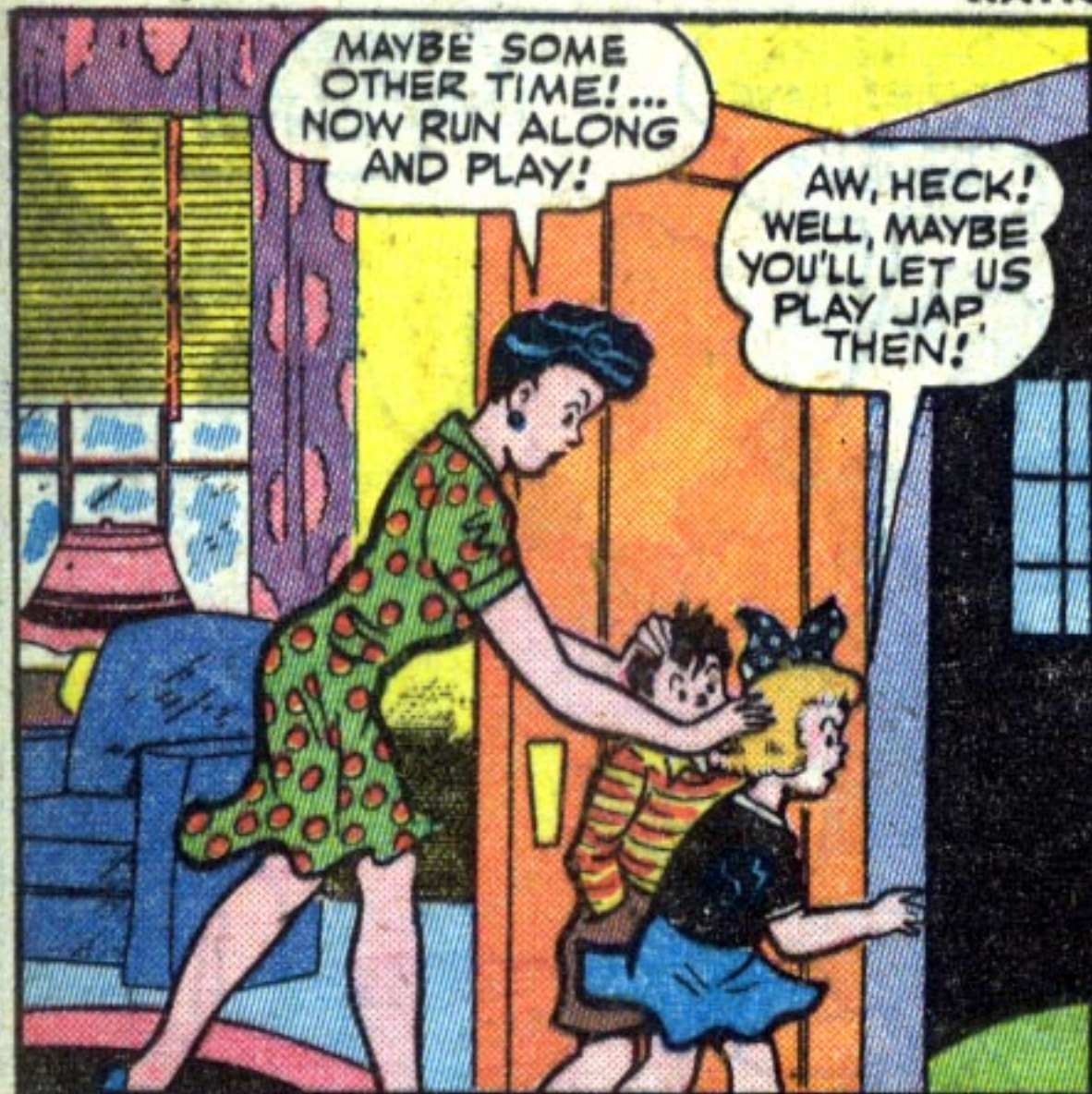


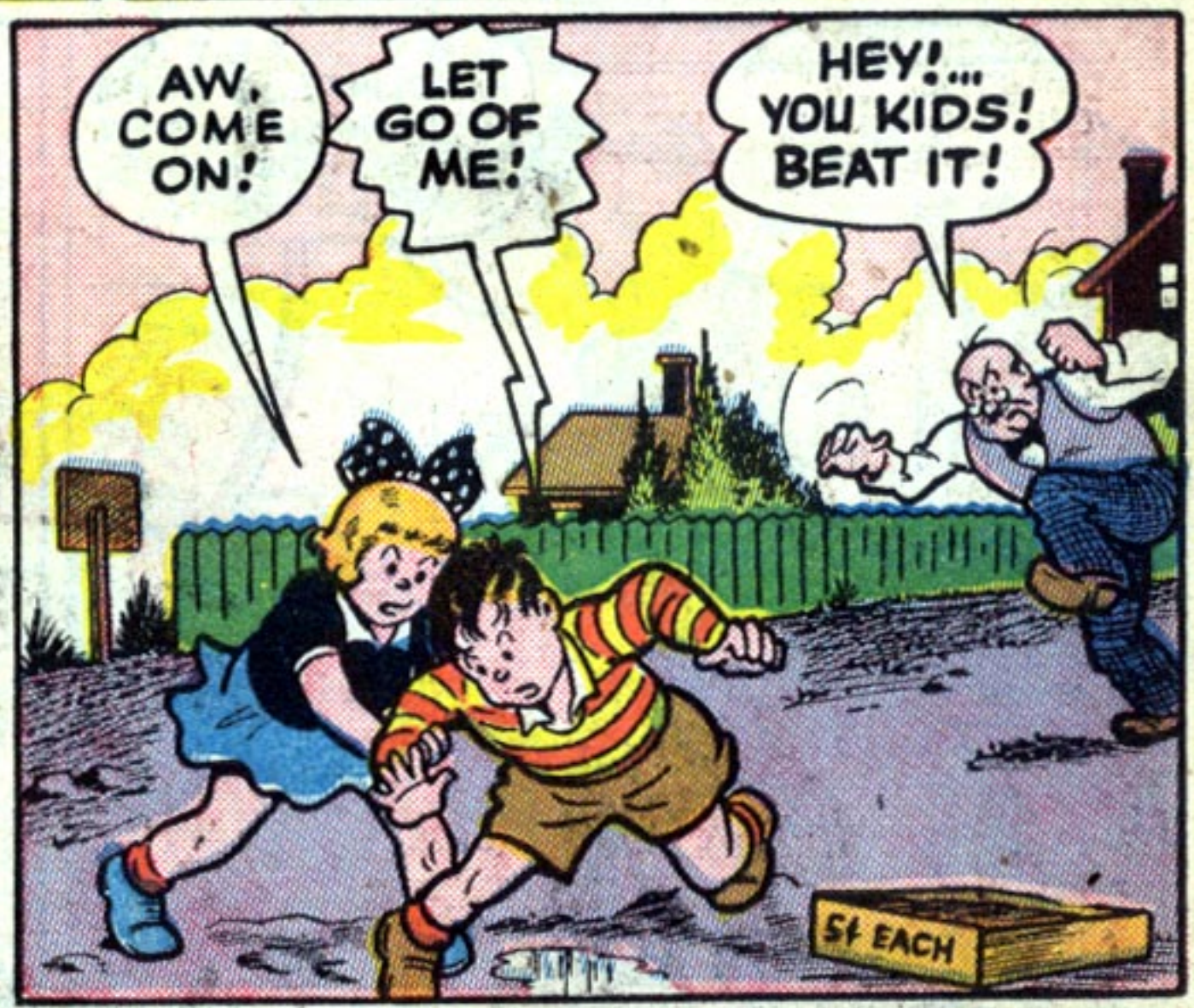
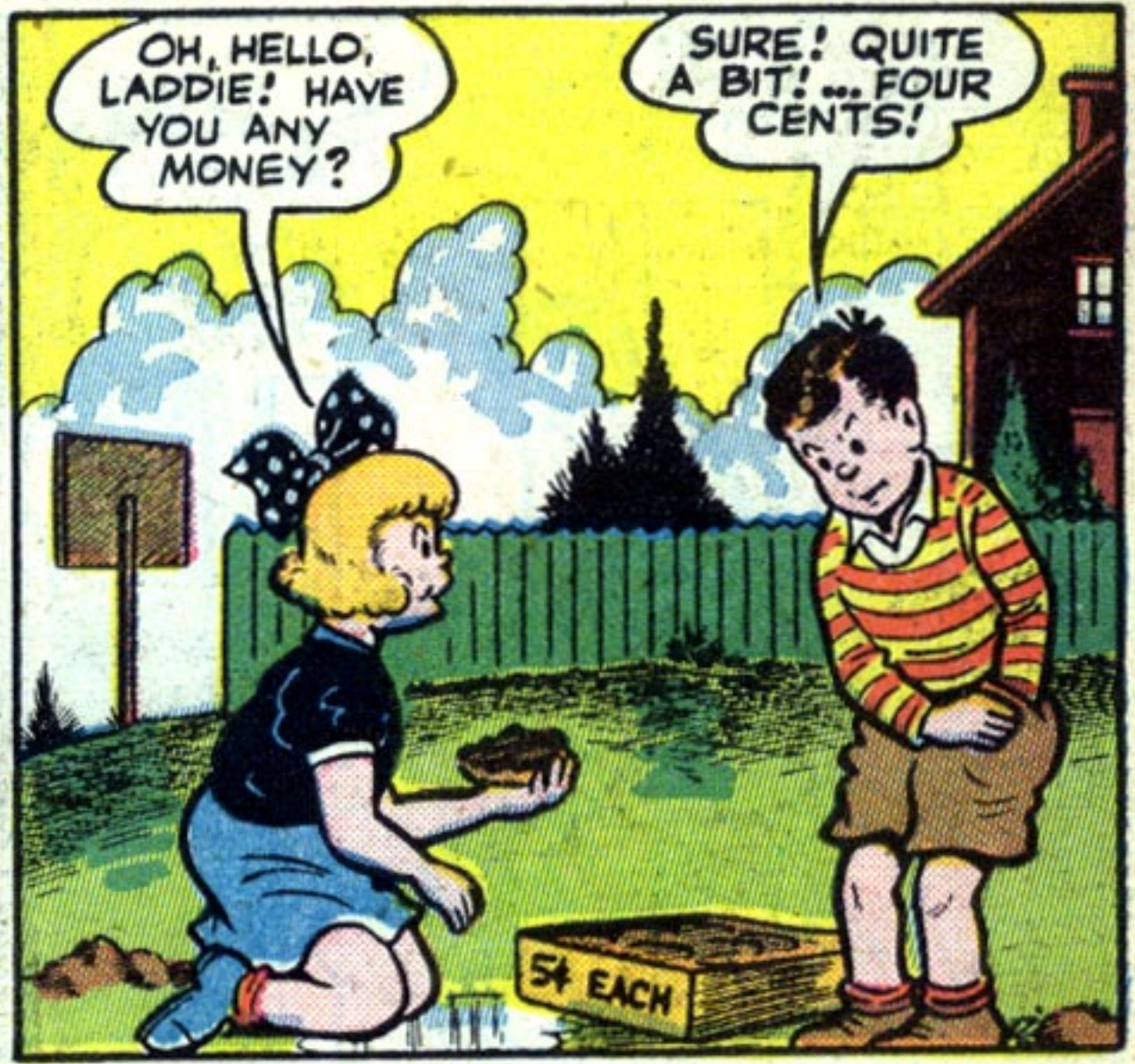
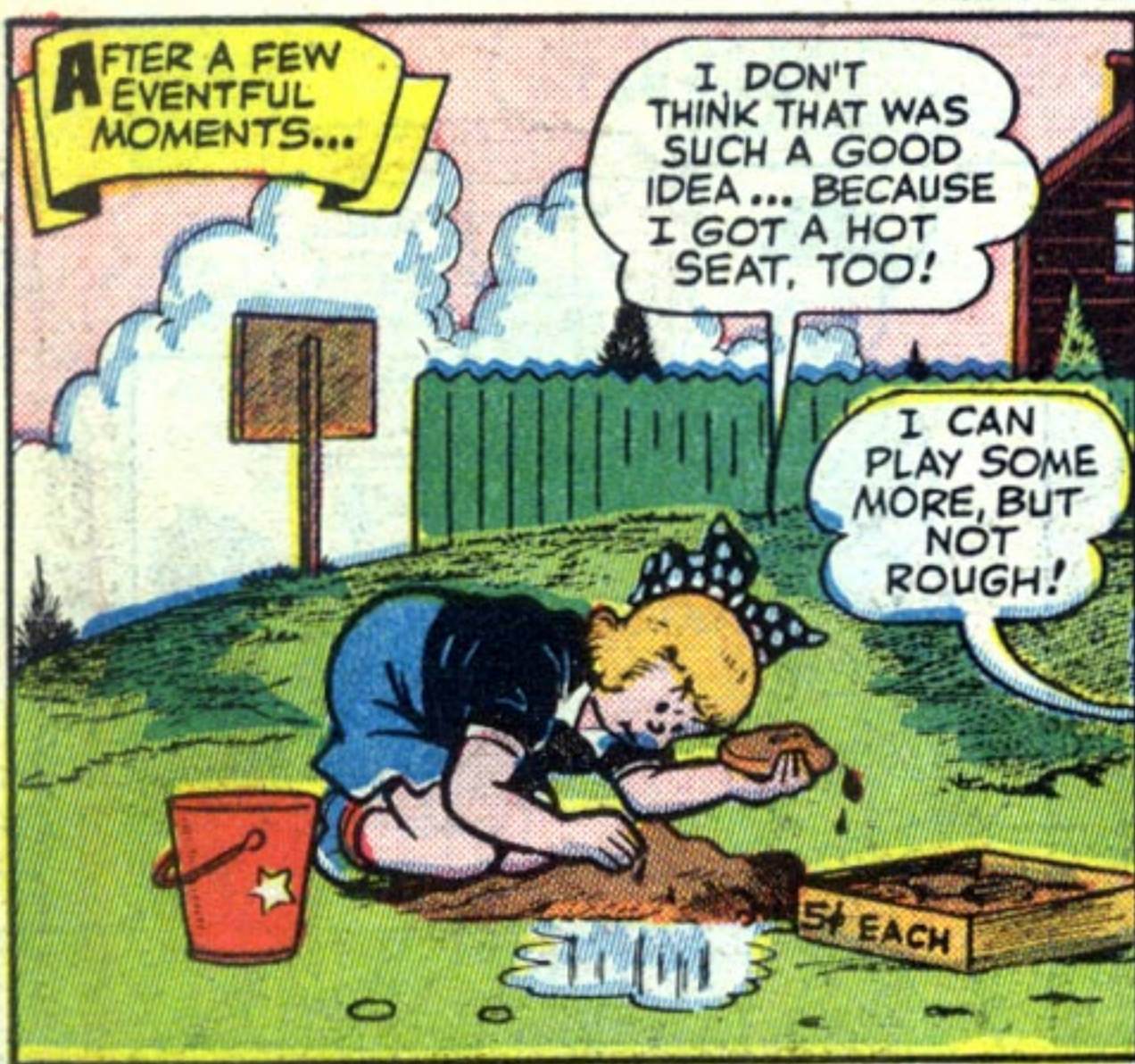
LASSIE and Laddie

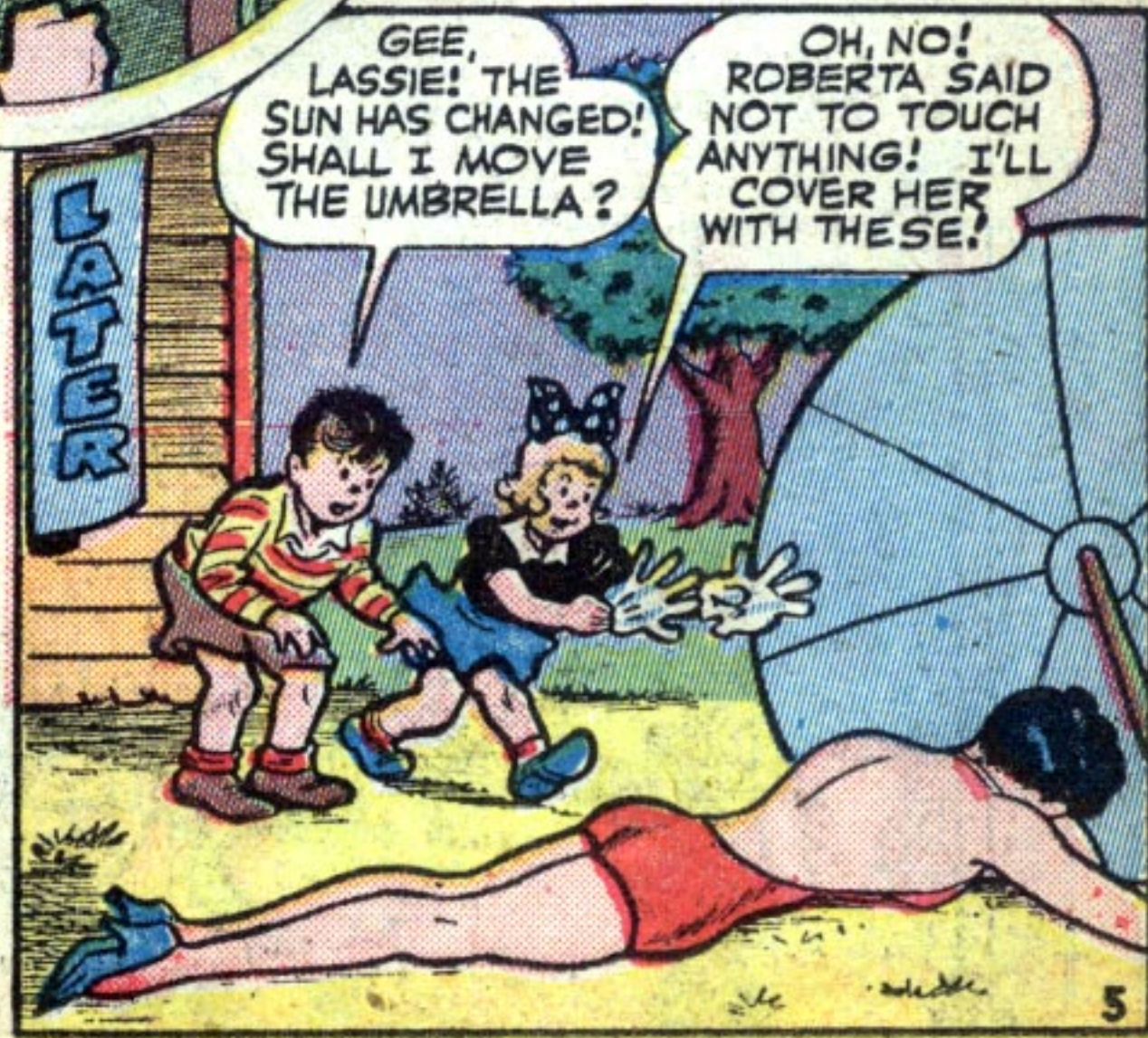
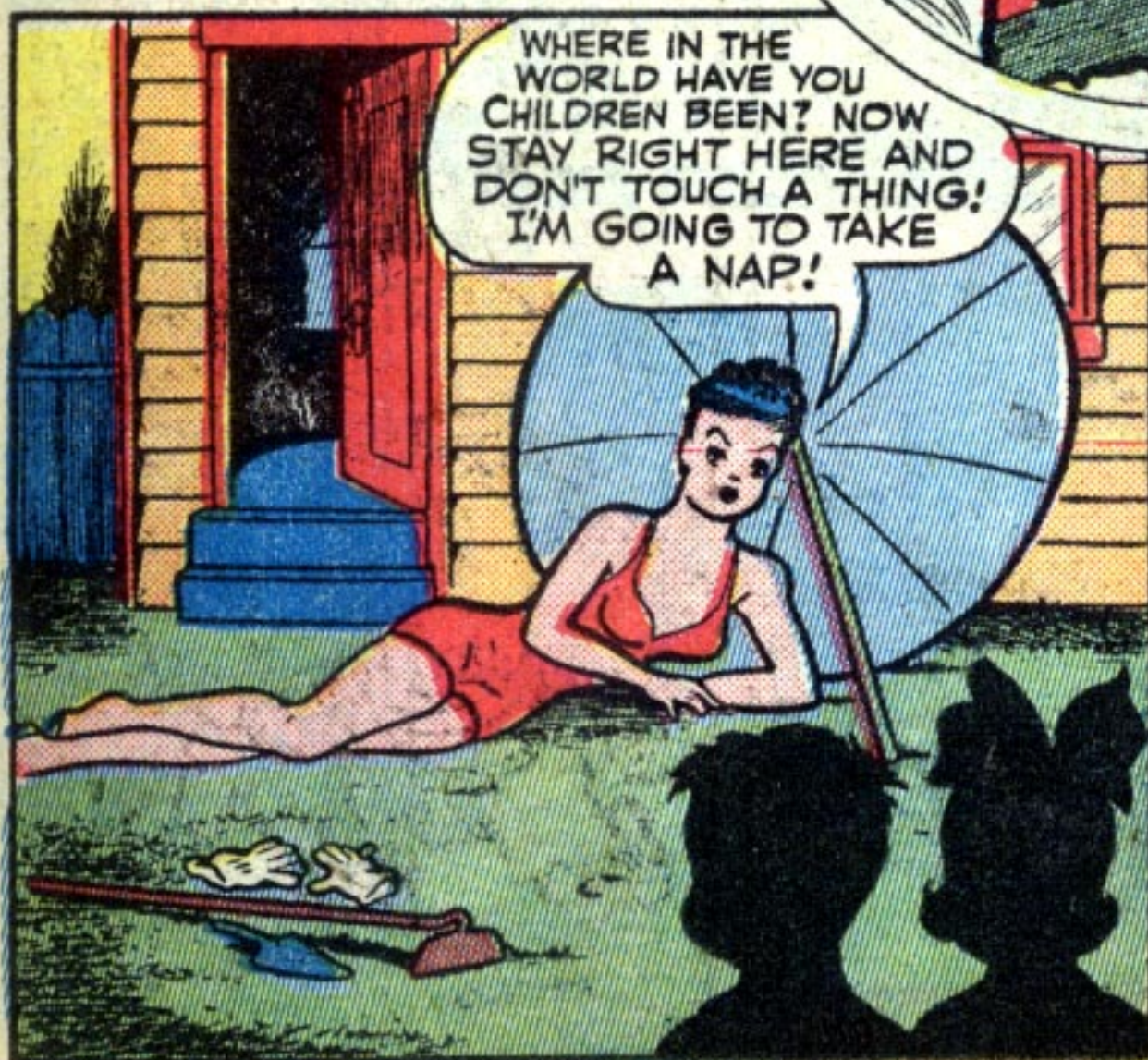
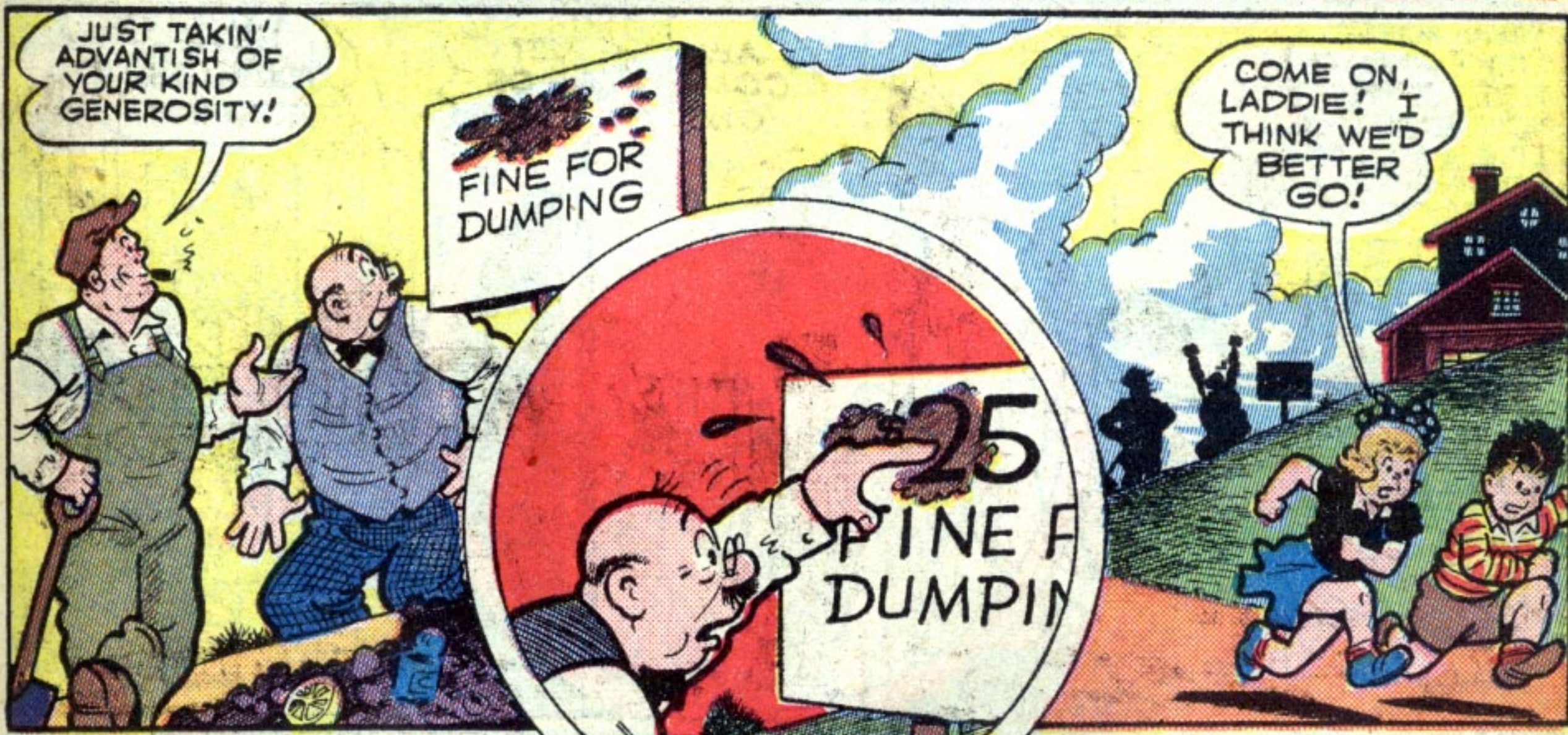
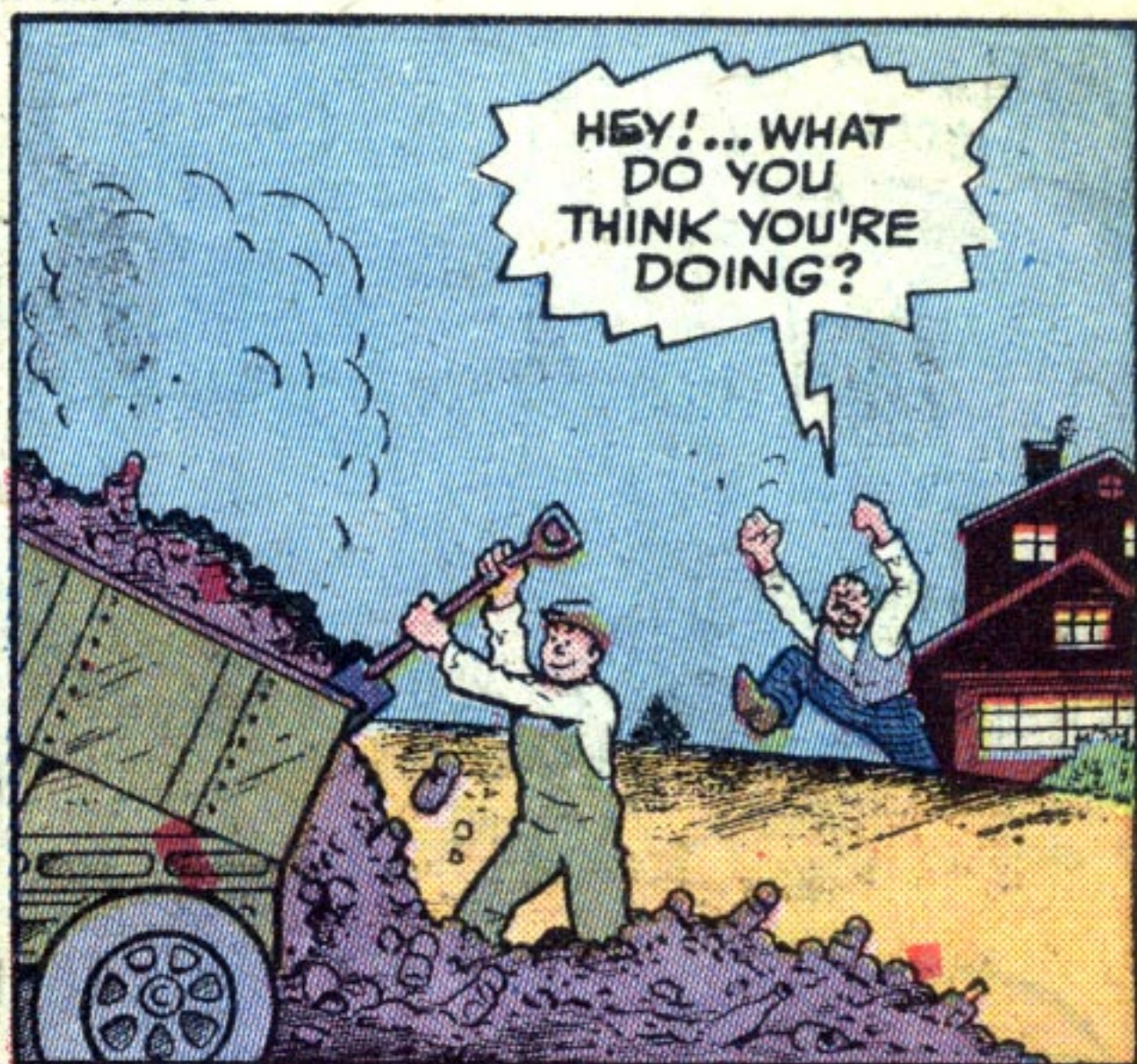
OH, LASSIE,
LOOK!
DON'T YOU WISH
WE COULD SEE
THE CIRCUS?

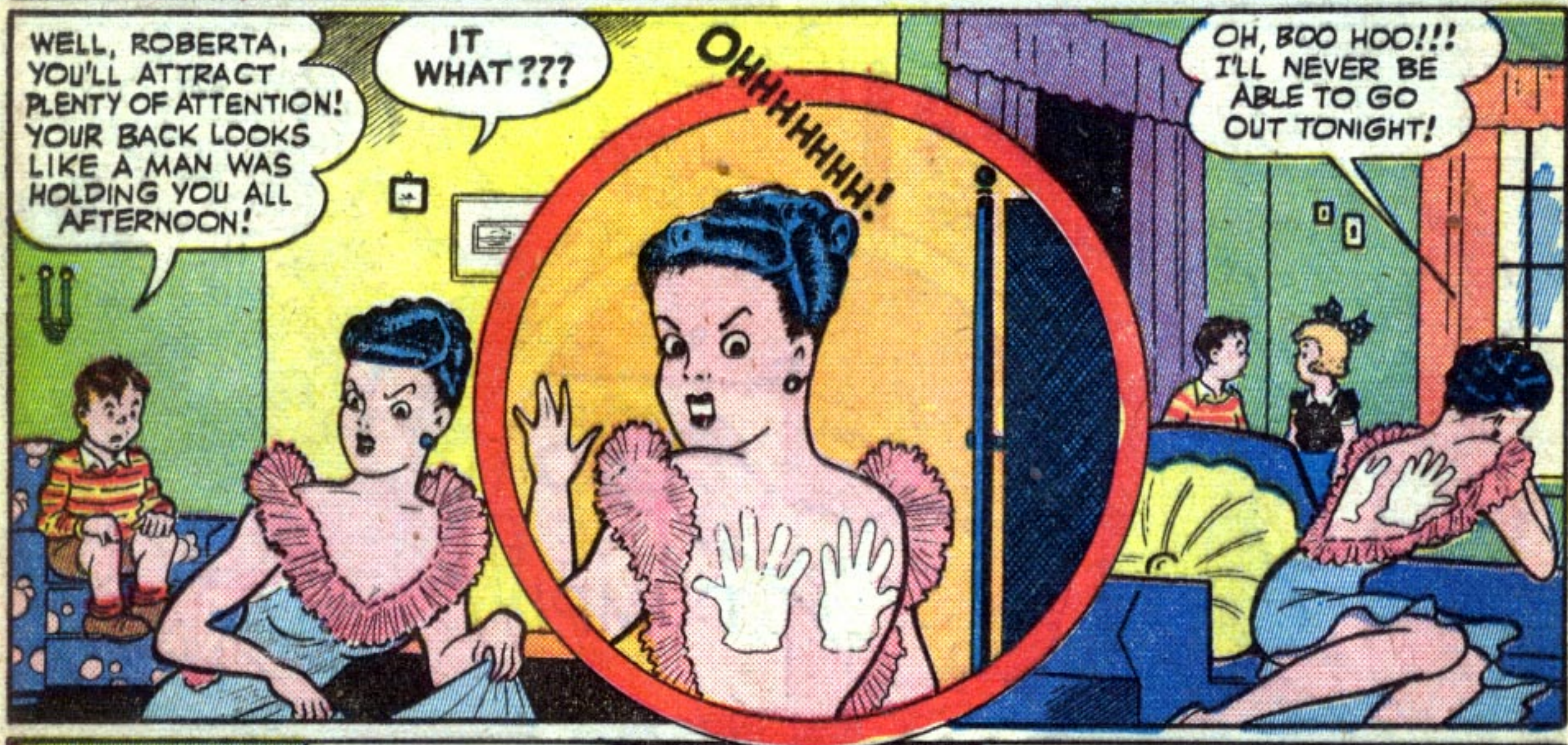
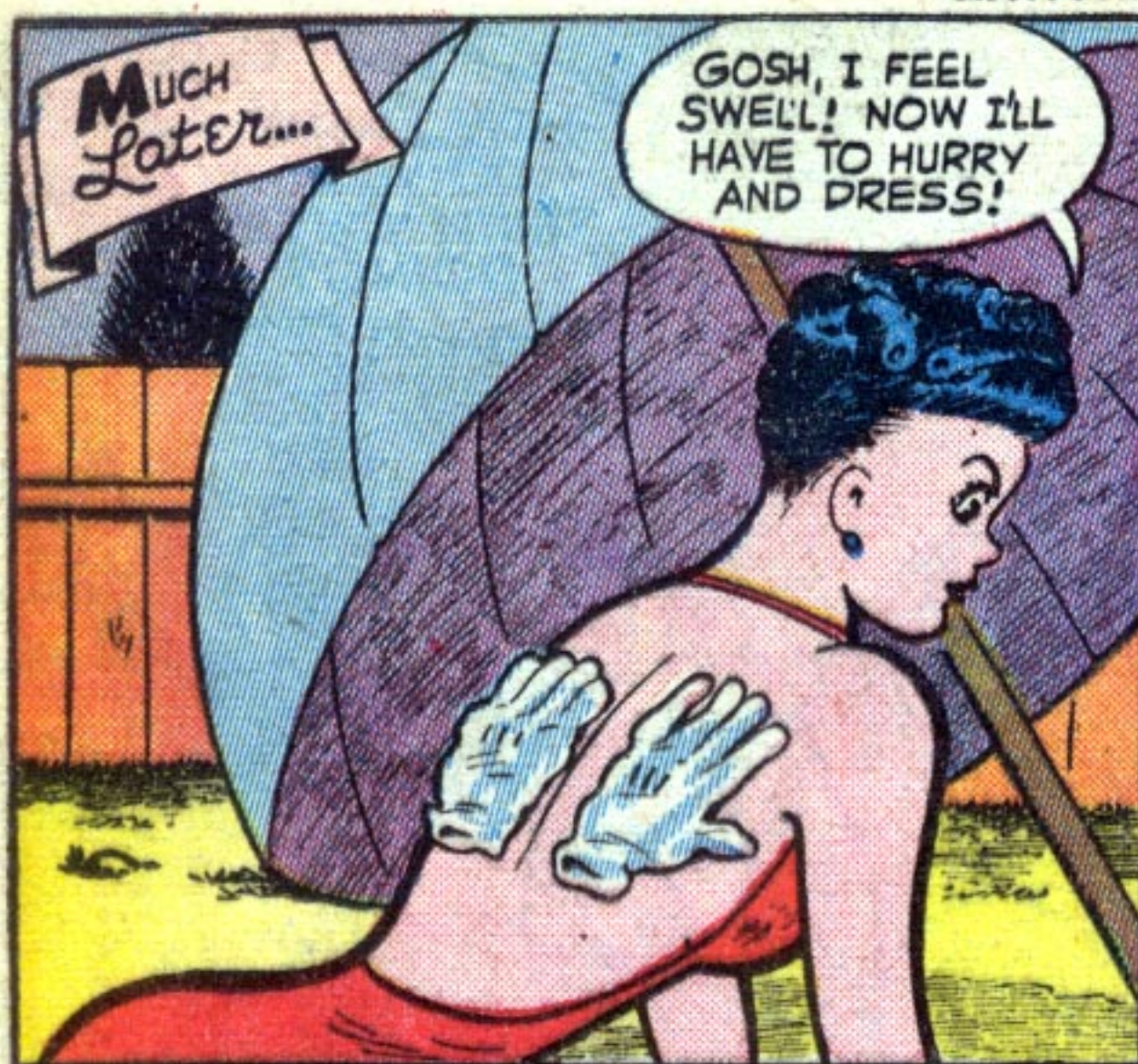


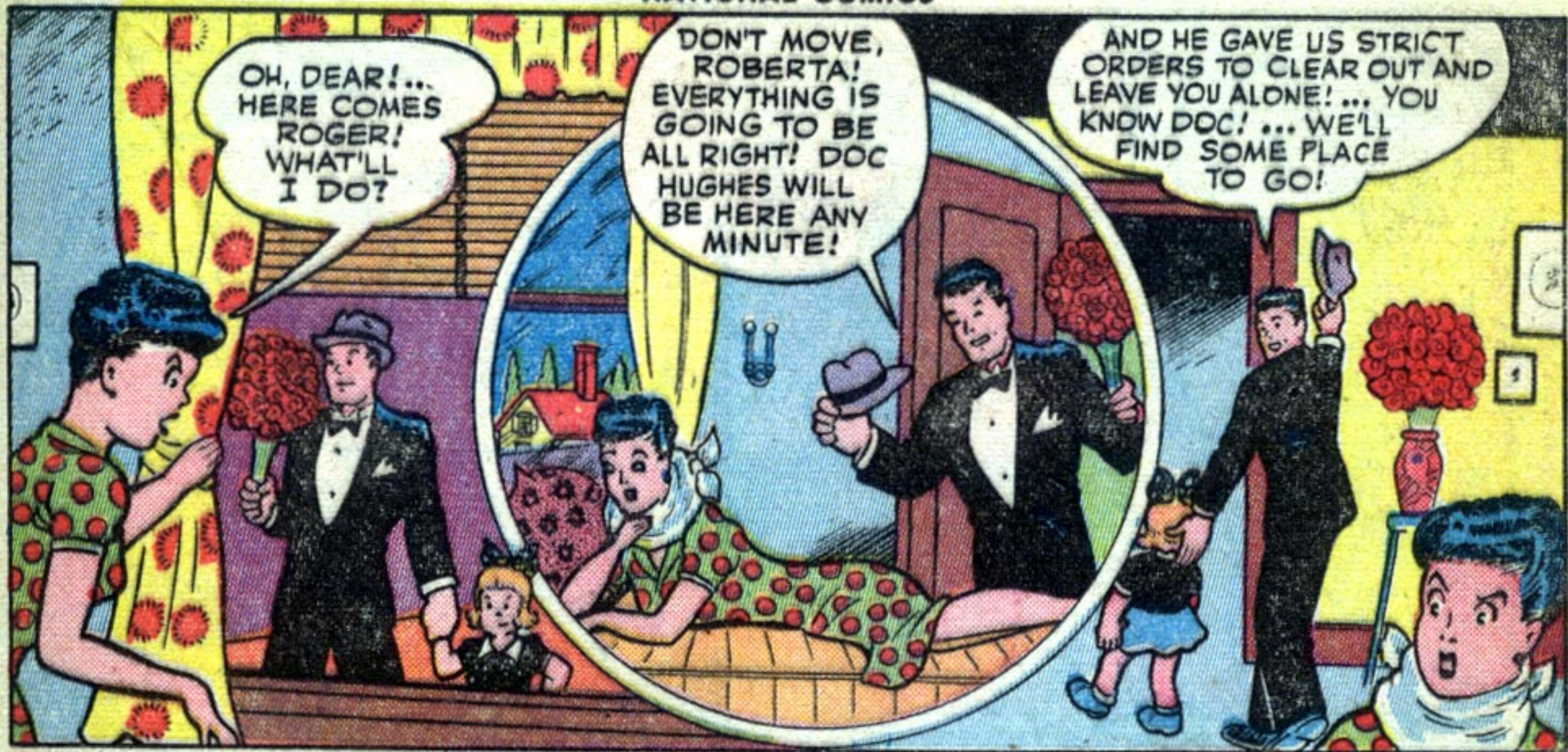








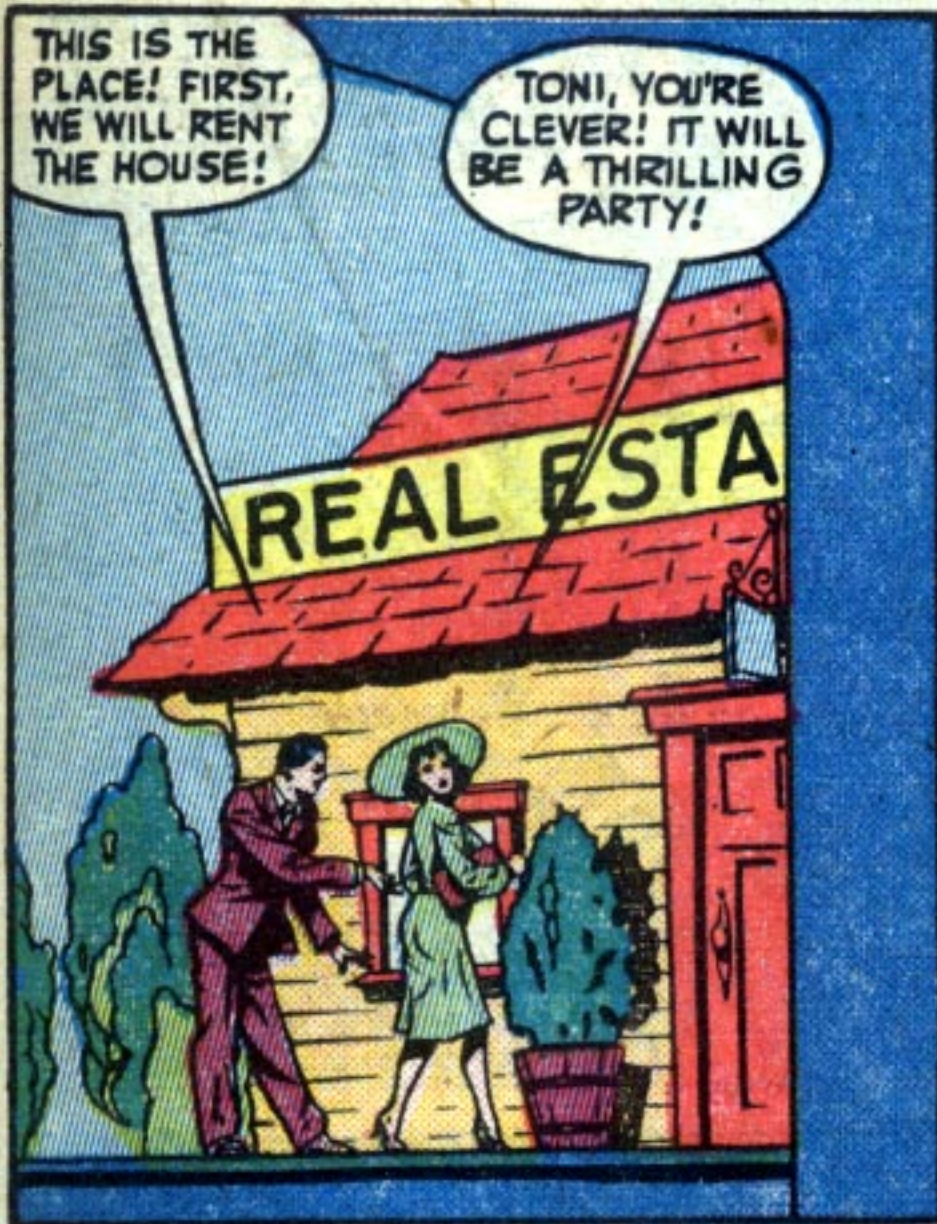




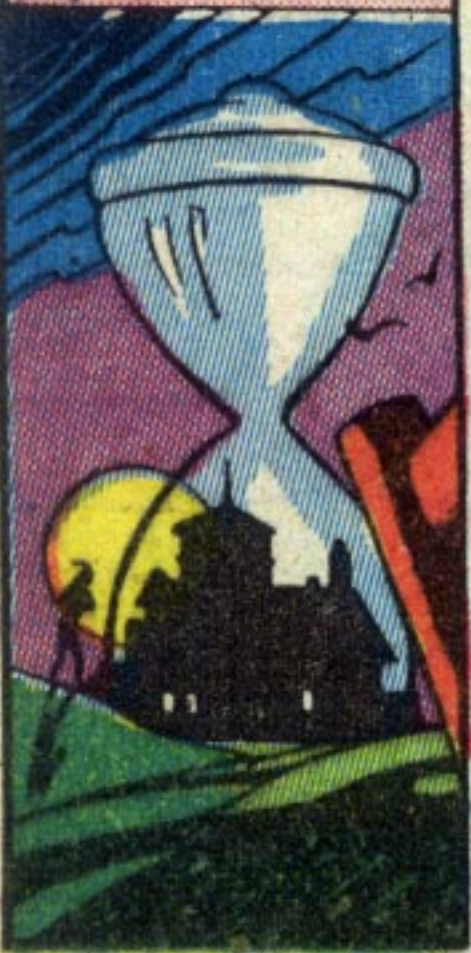
SALLY O'NEIL



CANDLES FLICKER AND CAST STRANGE, EERIE SHADOWS! SPOOKS AND SHADES COME OUT TO PLAY! --- AND THE NIGHT BECOMES A MELEE OF ADVENTURE! ... SALLY O'NEIL GOES INTO SOCIETY! -- AND COMES OUT WITH A HANDFUL OF CROOKS! ... A SERIES OF WEIRD EVENTS AND A MYSTERIOUS DEATH LEAD SALLY A MERRY CHASE AS SHE HUNTS AND HAUNTS A GHOST!



WEDNESDAY NIGHT—
AND SALLY ARRIVES
AT THE PARTY...



THIS IS A
SPOOKY LOOKING
PLACE! WHY DO
THE RICH ALWAYS
WANT TO GO
SLUMMING?



WHAT A GHOSTLY WELCOME,
MRS. VANDERDOUGH! YOU
HAVE PROBABLY FRIGHTENED
AWAY THE RESIDENT
SPIRITS!



THIS IS AN
ODD ASSORTMENT
OF CELEBRITIES!

ISN'T IT GAY?
THE EVENING PROMISES
TO BE A GREAT
SUCCESS!



EVERYONE IS
TO GO INTO
THE LIBRARY
FOR GAMES!

GEE,
I'D LIKE TO
BE AT HOME
WITH A GOOD
MYSTERY
BOOK!



MORE
ATMOSPHERE?



IT'S HILDA!...
SOMETHING'S
WRONG!

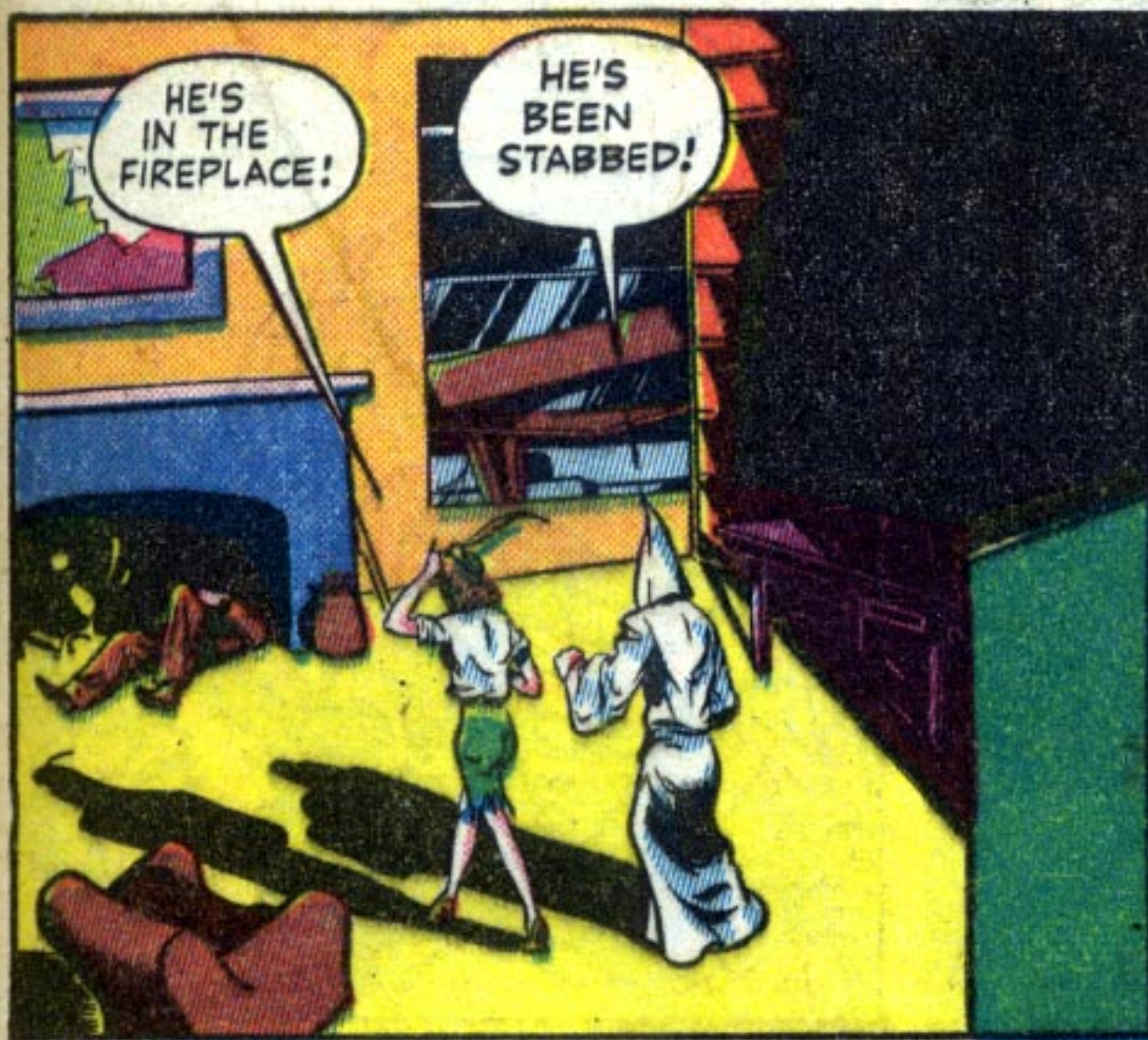
WHAT?!!



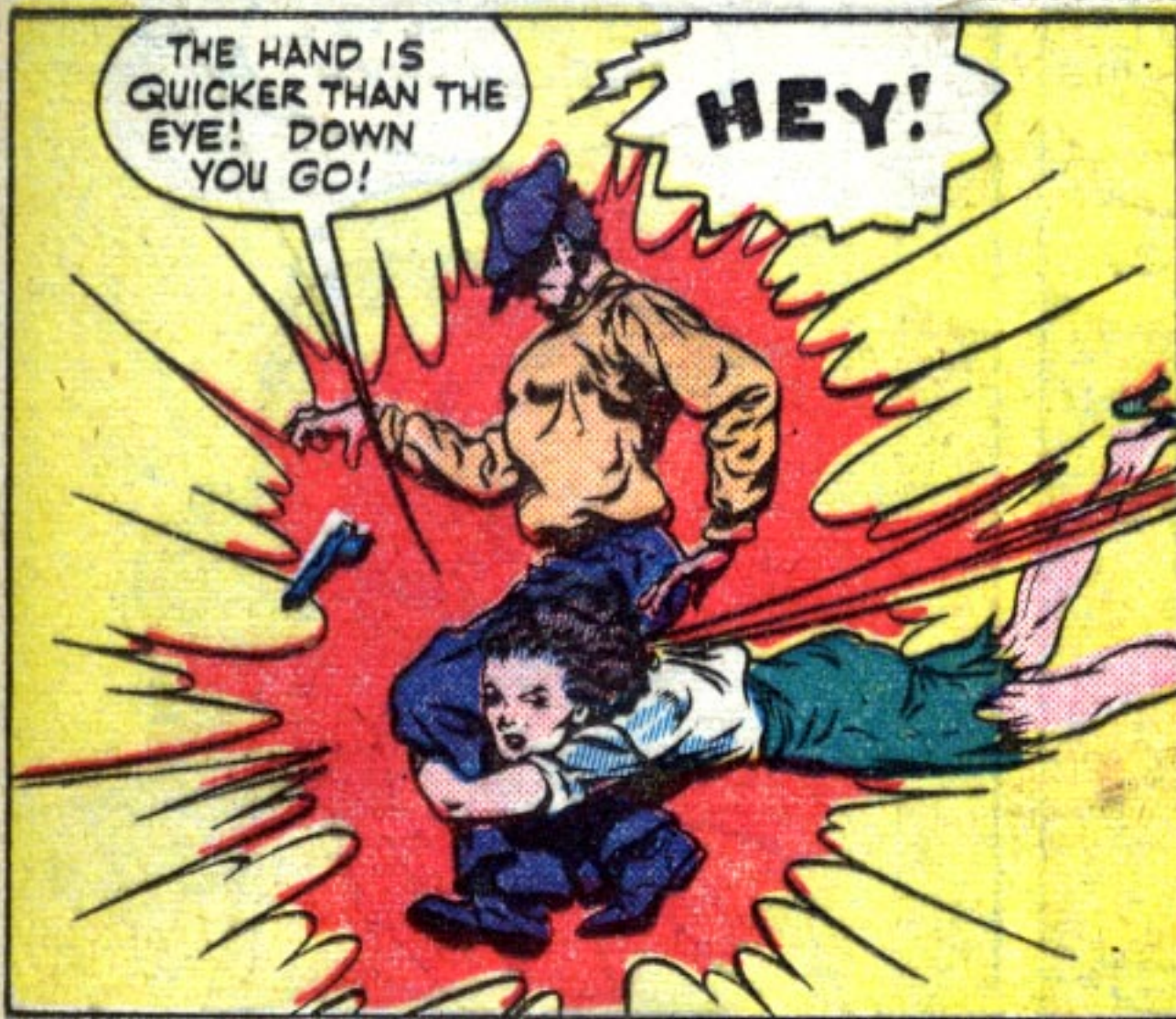
A MAN!
... HE'S ---
DEAD!

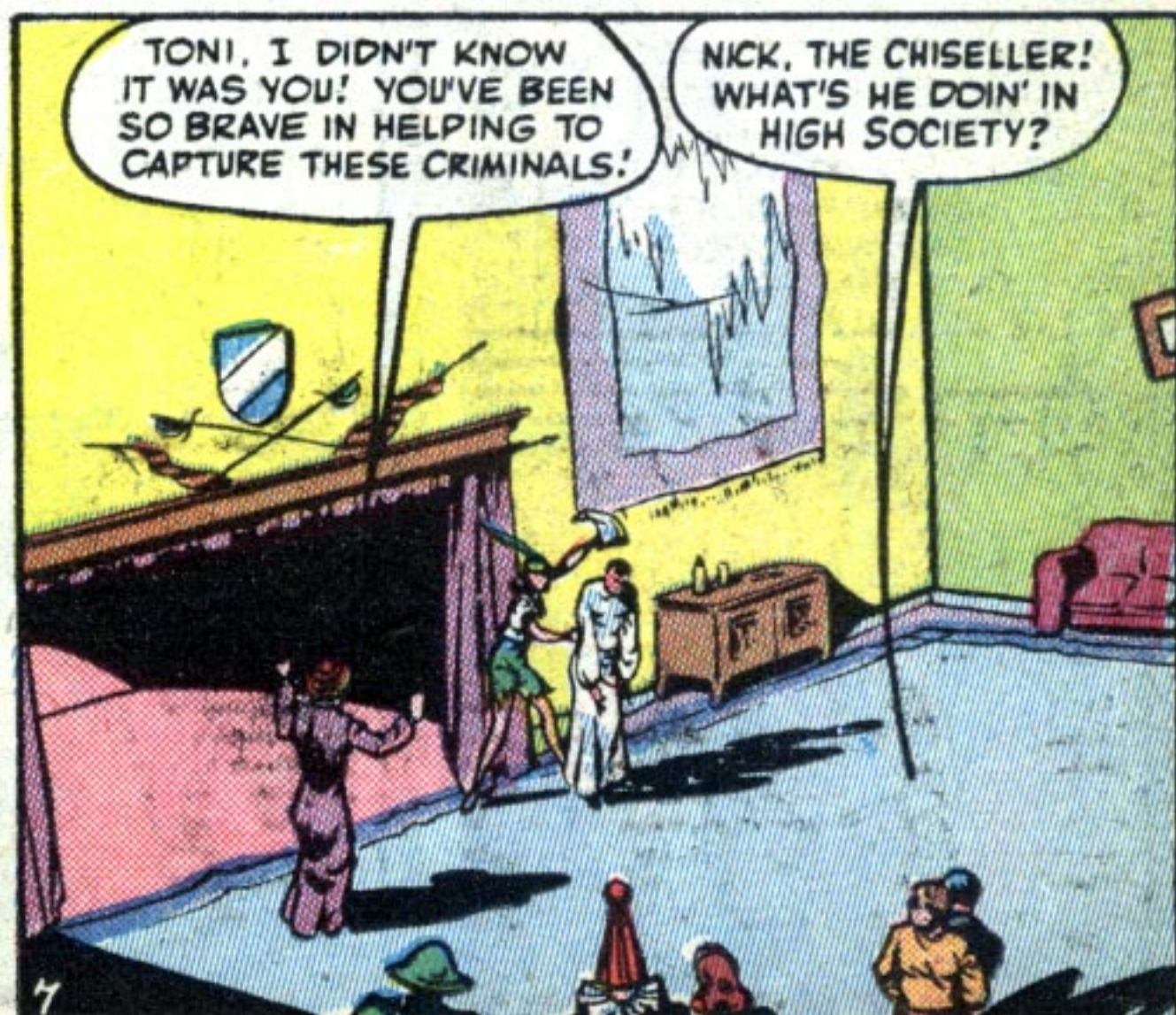
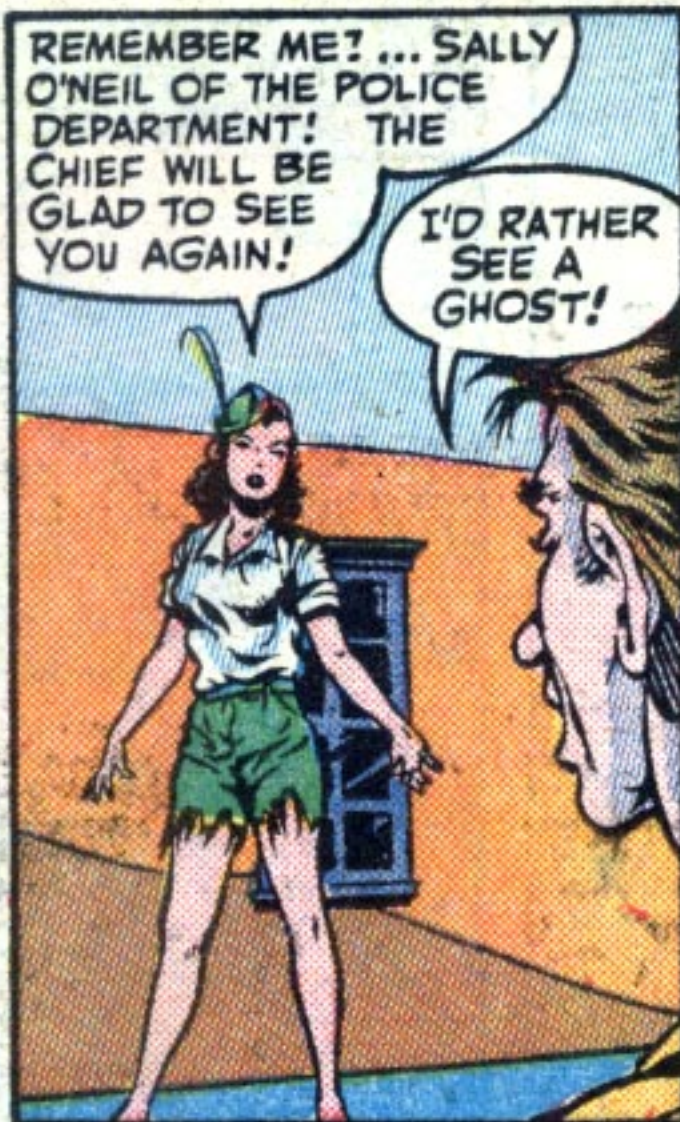
WHAT
A NIGHT
FOR A
MURDER!

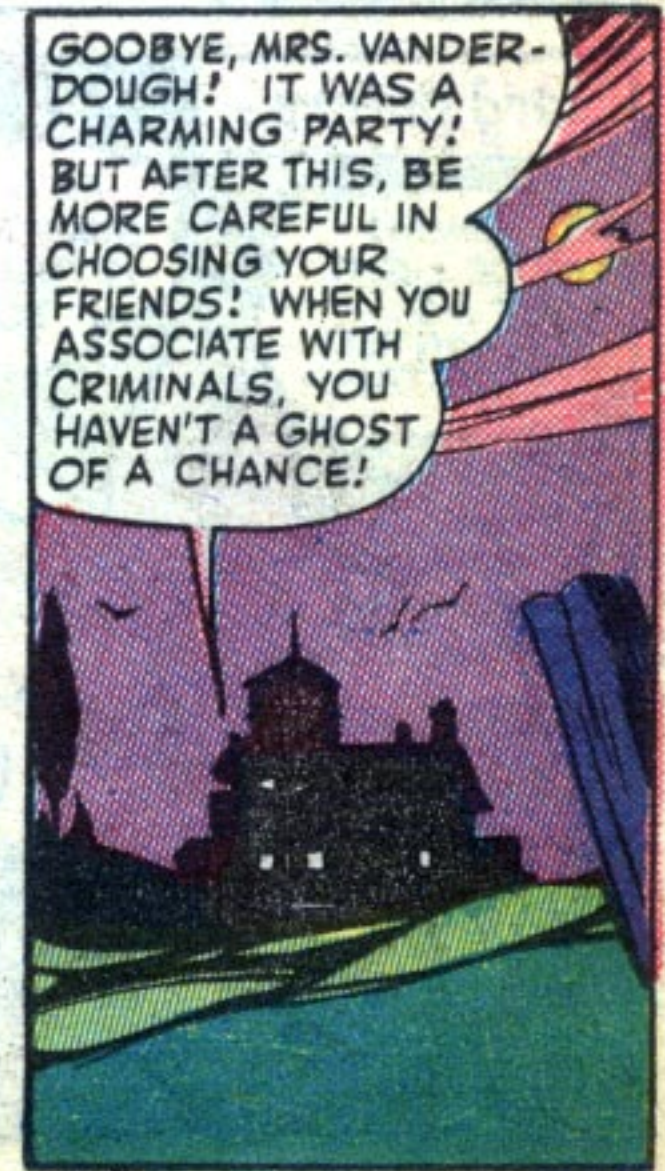
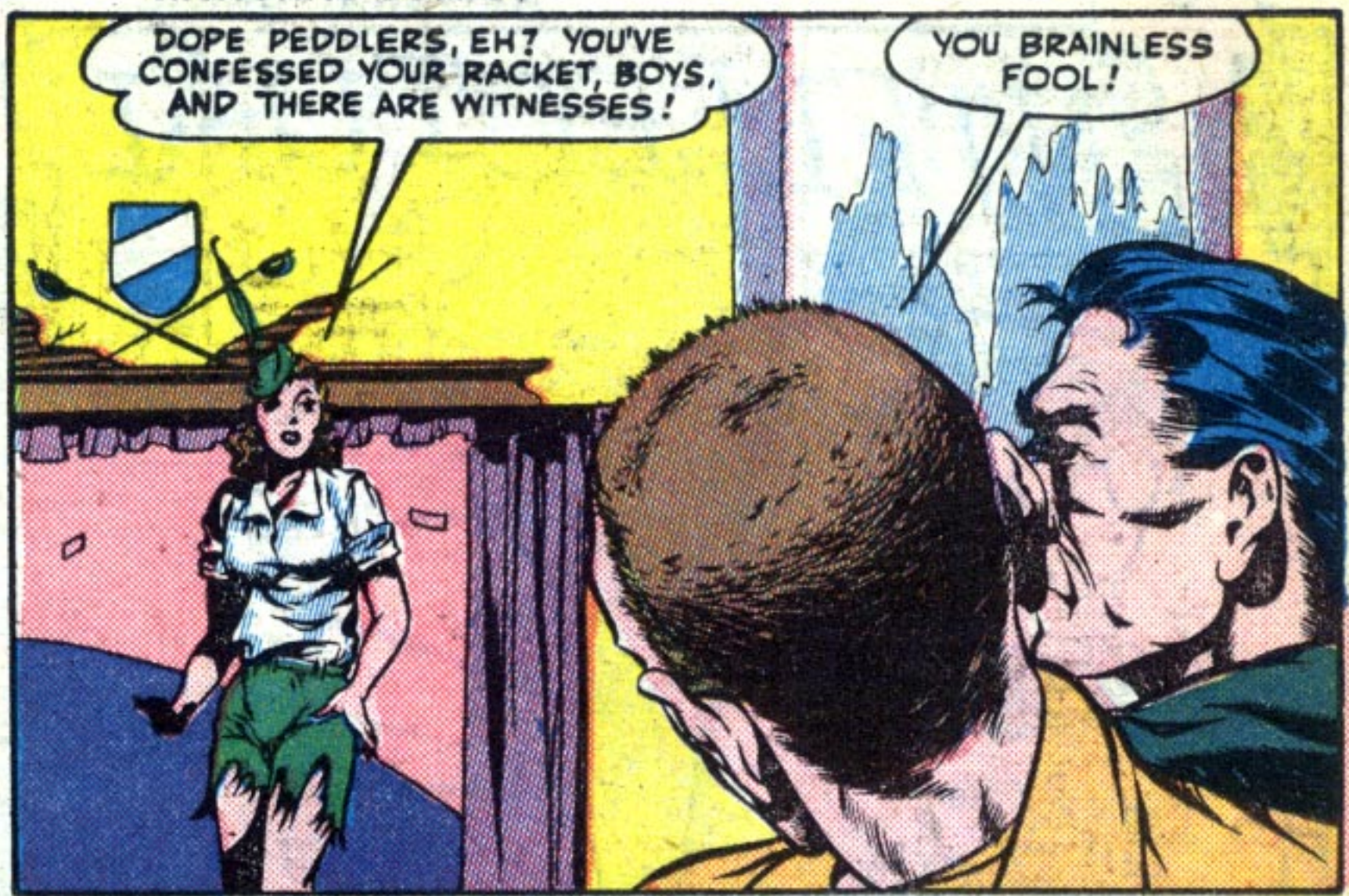




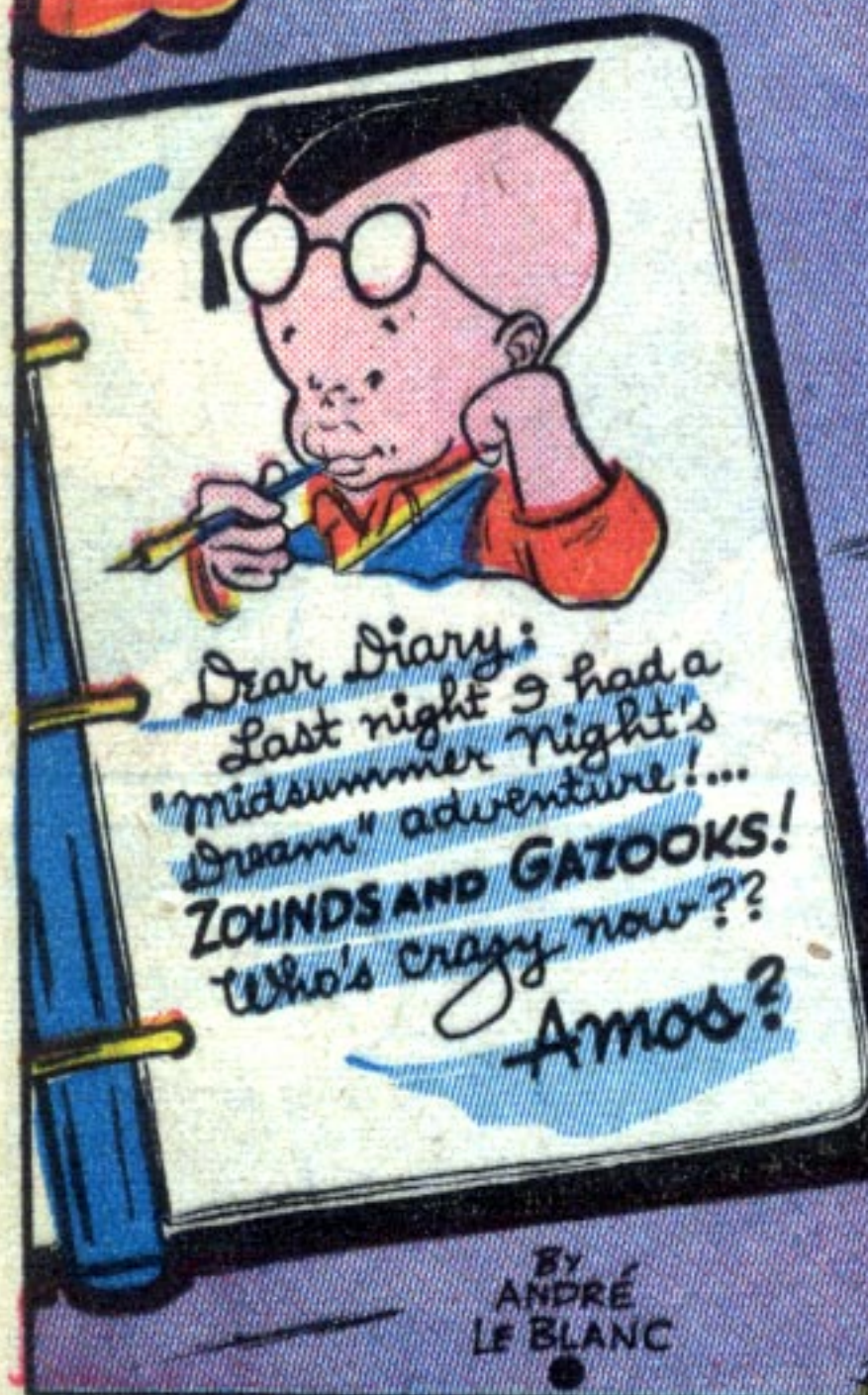




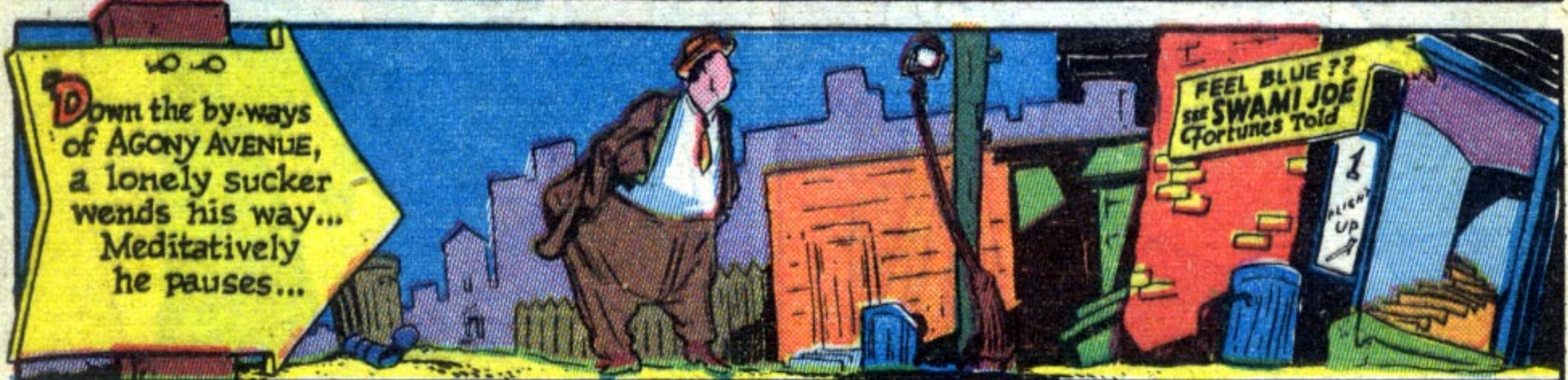




INTELLECTUAL AMOS



By
ANDRÉ
LE BLANC





AIN'T YOU KINDA
GLAD I'M A
GENIUS ... HUH,
SHORTSTOP?



LOOK WHUT
WE BRUNG YA,
CHIEF!

YEAH!...
LOOK!!
A
SUCKER!



WHAT?!! ... YOU IDIOTS!
DIDN'T I TELL YOU THIS
IS A SECRET HIDEOUT?
Y'KNOW YOU CAN'T
BRING ANYBODY
HERE!



BUT HE'S GOT
MONEY!
GULP
GOOD
MONEY!



WHADDUYUH MEAN,
GULP GOOD MONEY!!
ARE YOU INSINUATING
THAT OUR MONEY
AIN'T GOOD? WHY,
I OUGHT TO ---

BANG
BANG
BANG

CONTROL
YER TEMPER,
BOSS!



OH, WELL...
WE CAN HAVE
THESE
TO SNEER
AT!



NOW... THROW
HIM OUT!

WE AIN'T MUGS!
THIS IS A
RESPECTABLE
MONEY-MAKING
ESTABLISHMENT!



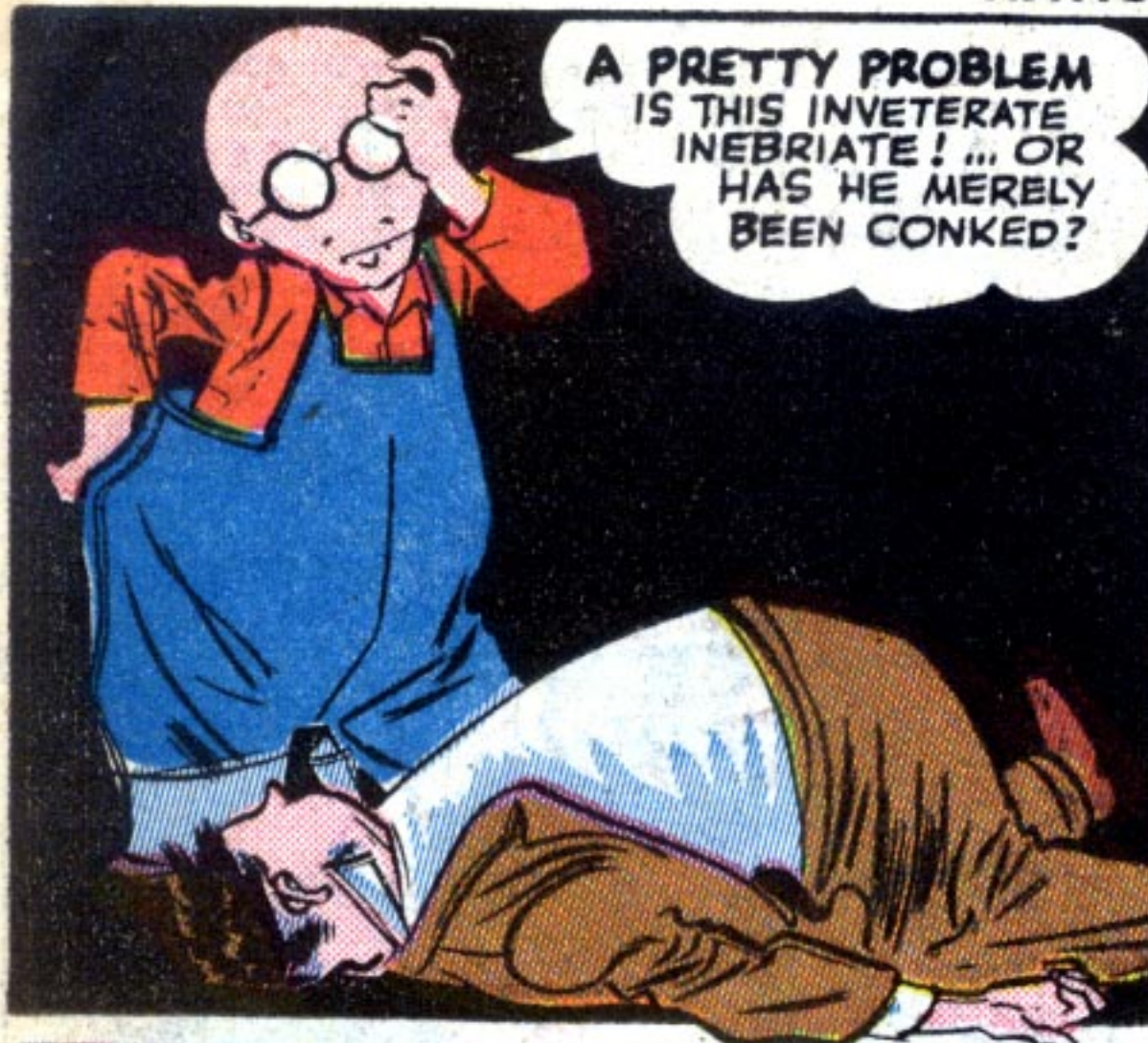
THE SUCKER IS QUICKLY EJECTED!...



AT THAT INSTANT...
WHO SHOULD BE
PASSING OUTSIDE
BUT OUR FRIEND,
INTELLECTUAL
AMOS!!



BLESS MY
SOUL!...
THIS IS WHAT I
CALL LITERALLY
HAVING A CASE
THROWN IN
ONE'S LAP!



A PRETTY PROBLEM
IS THIS INVETERATE
INEBRIATE! ... OR
HAS HE MERELY
BEEN CONKED?



AS SHERLOCK
HOLMES MIGHT SAY,
"GET THE
FACTS!"



HMMM! IT WOULD TAKE A
POWERFUL PAIR OF HANDS
TO HURL A MAN FROM
HERE TO---



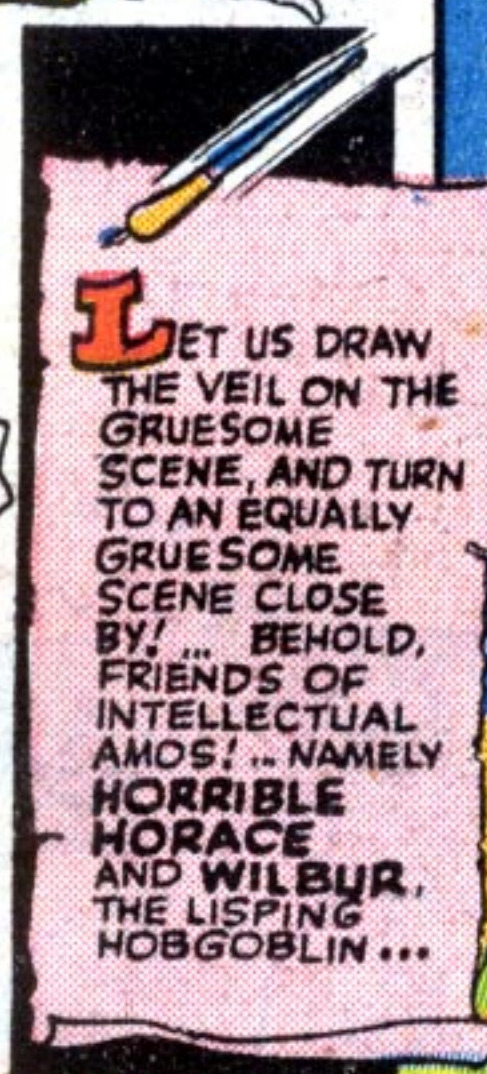
NICE GAME, THIS!
KNOCK, KNOCK,
WHO'S THERE?..

ULP

SWISHH

SOX

YEAH!



LET US DRAW
THE VEIL ON THE
GRUESOME
SCENE, AND TURN
TO AN EQUALLY
GRUESOME
SCENE CLOSE
BY! ... BEHOLD,
FRIENDS OF
INTELLECTUAL
AMOS! ... NAMELY
HORRIBLE
HORACE
AND WILBUR,
THE LISPING
HOBGOBLIN ...



HO-HUMMM!
HERE IT IS NIGHT
AGAIN ... TIME TO
GET IN A FULL
NIGHT'S HAUNTING
PLUS TIME-AND-A-
HALF FOR
OVERTIME!

UGH!!
WILBUR,
YOUR UGLY
FACE
SCARES
ME!

NOTICE!
HAUNTING
SEASON
NOW OPEN!
GET YOUR LEMON
EARLY!

PLEASE
DO NOT
PICK THE
DAISIES



LET'S GO FIND
AMOS AND MAKE
HIS LIFE MORE--ER--
INTERESTING!

I'M WOWWIED
'BOUT AMOTH!
WEALLY
I AM!

A SHORT TIME
LATER, GUIDED
BY MYSTERIOUS
INSTINCT, THE
PAIR DISCOVER
THE HAPLESS
SUCKER ...

DOODNESS
DWACIOUS!
ITH HE
DEAD?

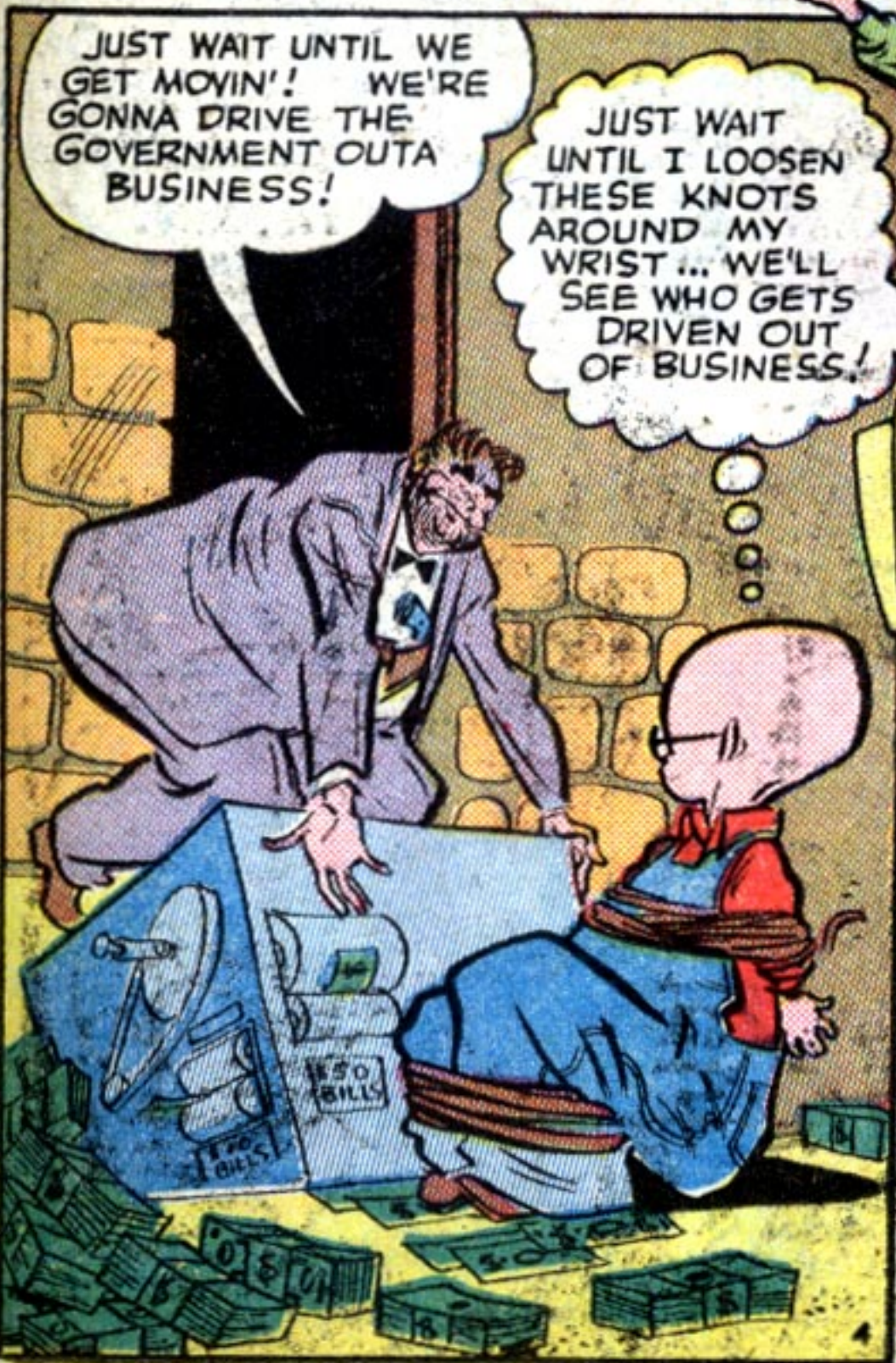
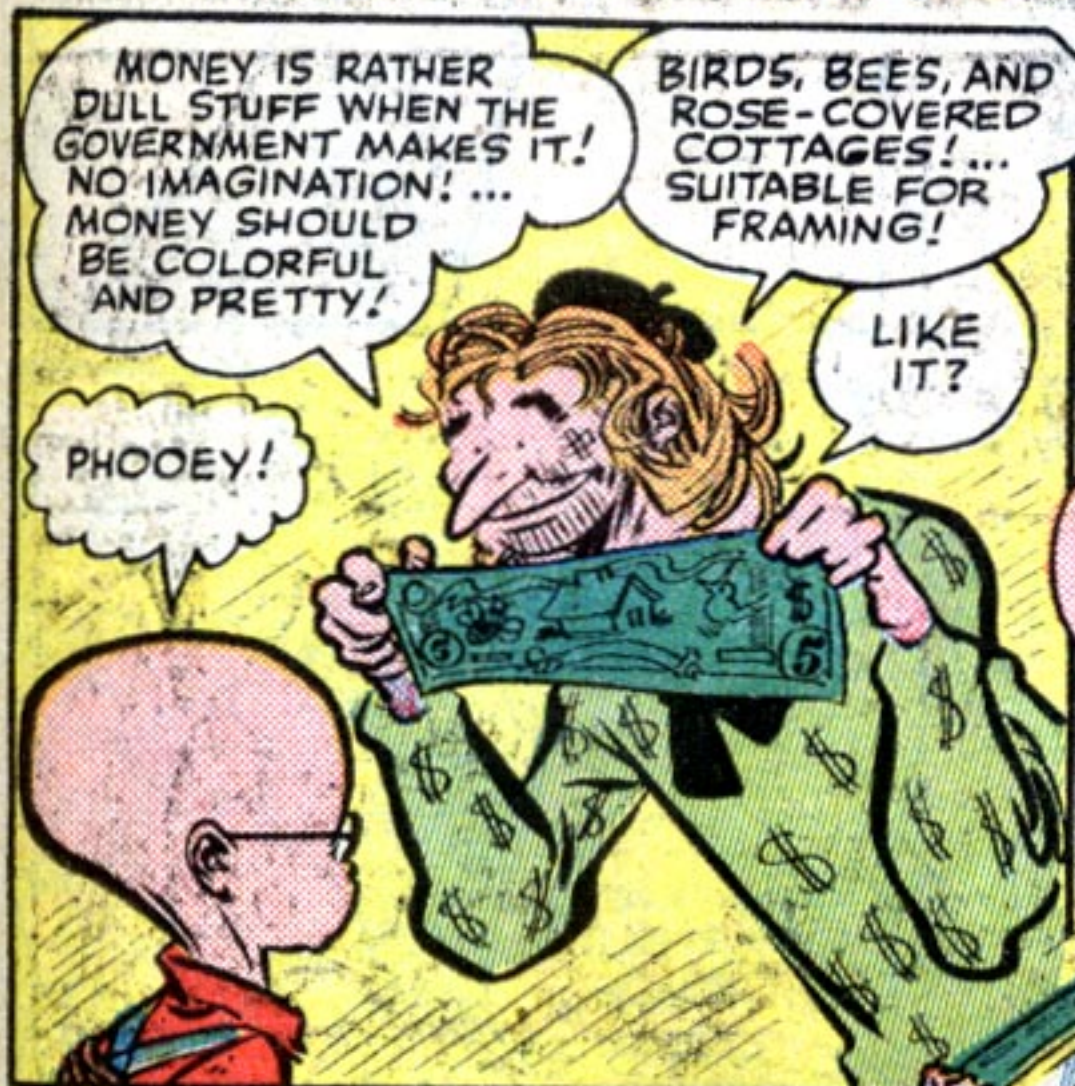
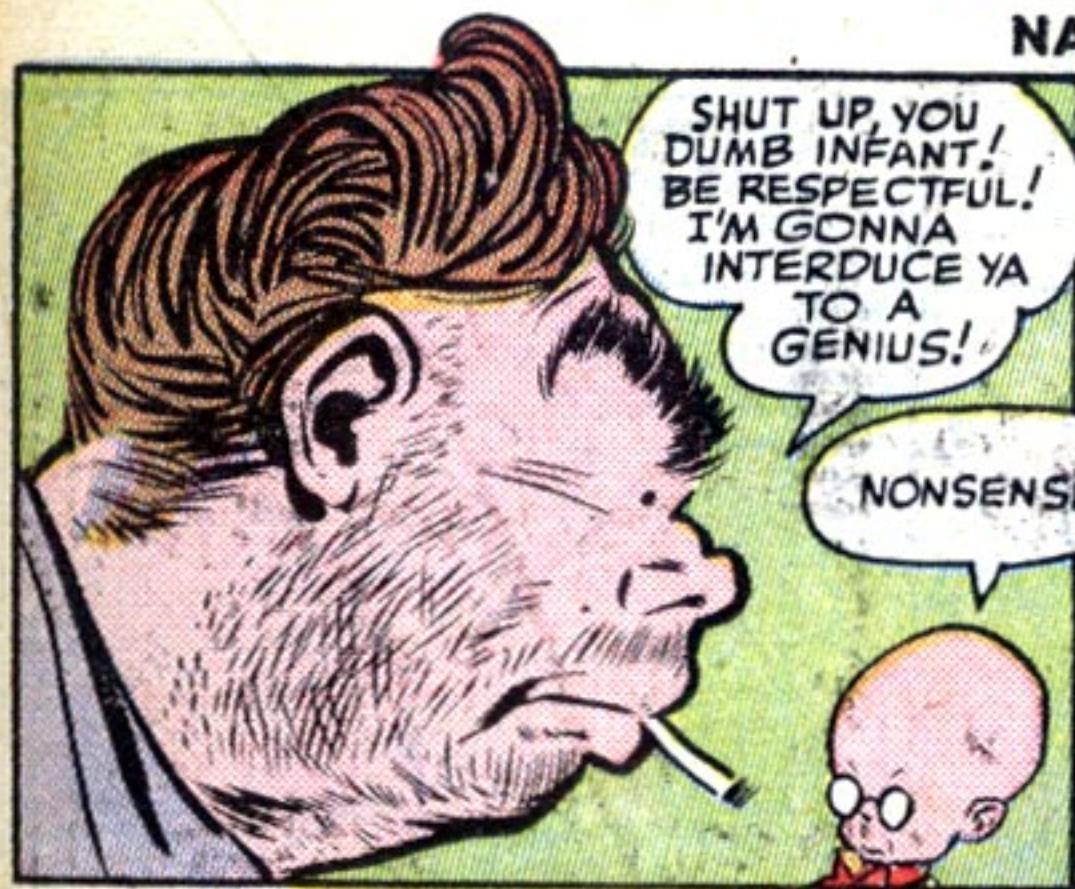
NO! ...
JUST
KONKED!
BUT I THINK
AMOS
IS IN
TROUBLE!



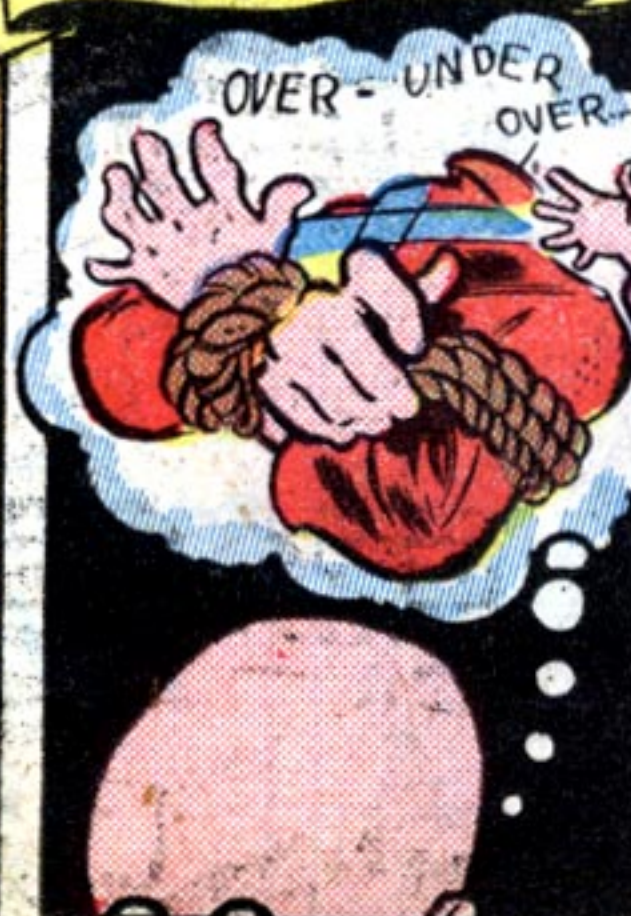
LOOKIT! ...
MONEY, MONEY!
WE MAKE
LOTS OF IT!

WE GOT AN
ARTIST WHO
DESIGNS THE
STUFF!

YOU VILLAIN!
DON'T YOU KNOW
THAT COUNTERFEITING
DOES NOT
PAY?



MENTALLY, INTELLECTUAL AMOS FOLLOWS HIS OWN PROGRESS IN UNTANGLING THE ROPES...





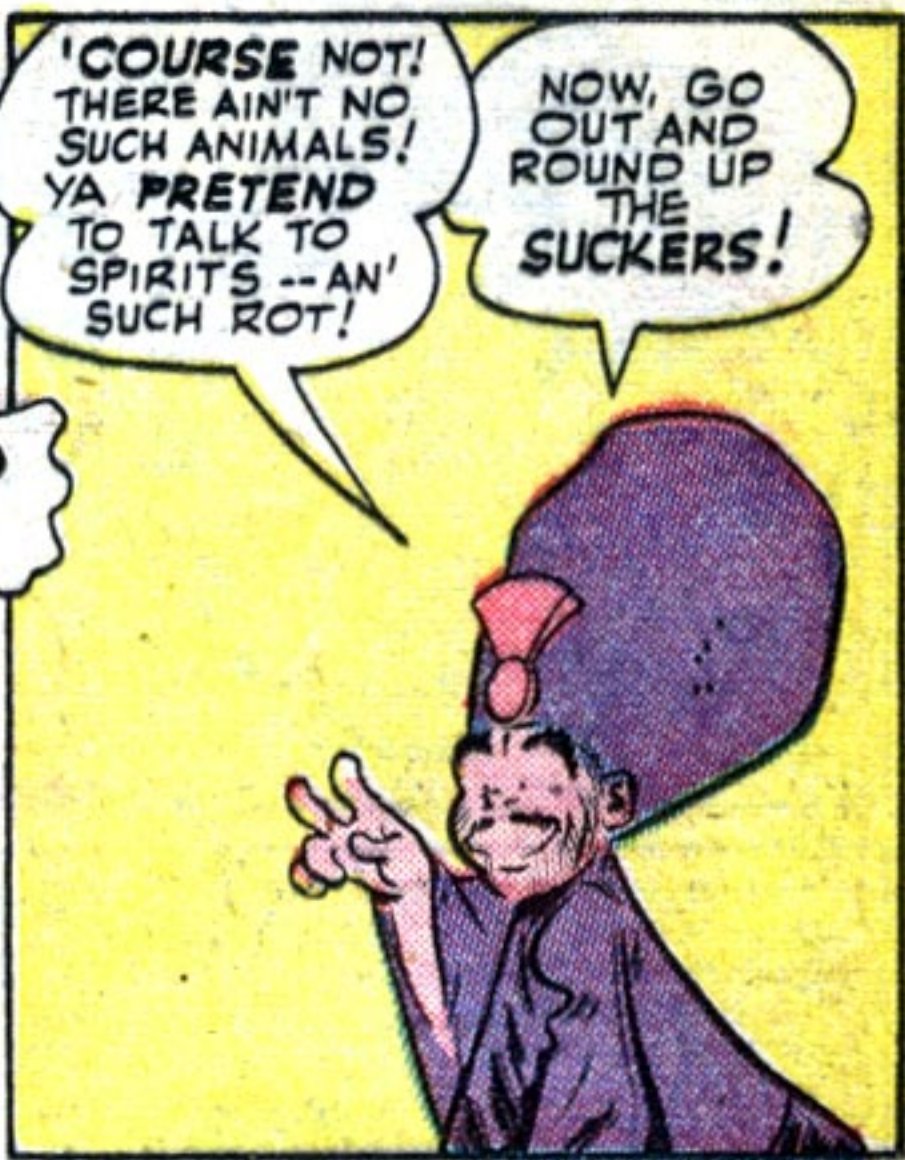
WE NEED SOME DOUGH, DON'T WE? WELL, WE'RE GONNA THROW A SEANCE!

YEAH! WE NEED THE DOUGH! ...BUT WHUT'S A SEANCE?



A SEANCE IS SIMPLE, YA DOPE! YA GATHER A LOT OF SUCKERS ... THEN YA TAKE'S 'EM FOR THEIR DOUGH! "OH, YES, AN' YA CALL SOME SPOOKS!"

REAL SPOOKS?



'COURSE NOT! THERE AIN'T NO SUCH ANIMALS! YA PRETEND TO TALK TO SPIRITS -- AN' SUCH ROT!

NOW, GO OUT AND ROUND UP THE SUCKERS!

It is NIGHT... Silence reigns and justly so... for whenever a man tries to pierce the veil of the "GREAT BEYOND," it is as if all Nature listens with bated breath to the mystic imprecations of the rash being who dares to pit his power against the Nether World...



ABBLE KABABBLE SEAFOODMAMA MUMBOJUMBO FLOY-FLOY...



... NOW ... YOUSE ALL BE STILL! ... 'CAUSE I'M GONNA GIT YOUSE PERS'NAL TALKS WID YER ILLUSTRIOUS ANCESTORS!



WELL, STARCH MY FLAPS! ... SOME SAP IS CALLING ME!!

UNKNOWN TO THE FAKER, THE IMPULSES HAVE GONE STRAIGHT TO THE NEARBY "HORRIBLE HORACE"...



QUIET! ... NOW I'M GONNA TALK WID THE SPIRIT OF THE GREAT NAPOLEON!



JUST A MINUTE, YA JOIK! WHERE'S YOUR UNION CARD?!!

AIN'T YOU HOID ABOUT LOCAL 711?



YOU AIN'T THE GHOST OF NAPOLEON!

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I'M NOT? ... YOU AIN'T EVEN ORGANIZED!



HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT? ... A DISEMBODED FIST!



OR DO YOU PREFER AN ETHEREAL KICK IN THE PANTS?



THE HORRID TUMULT IS HEARD BELOW!

WHAT'S THAT?

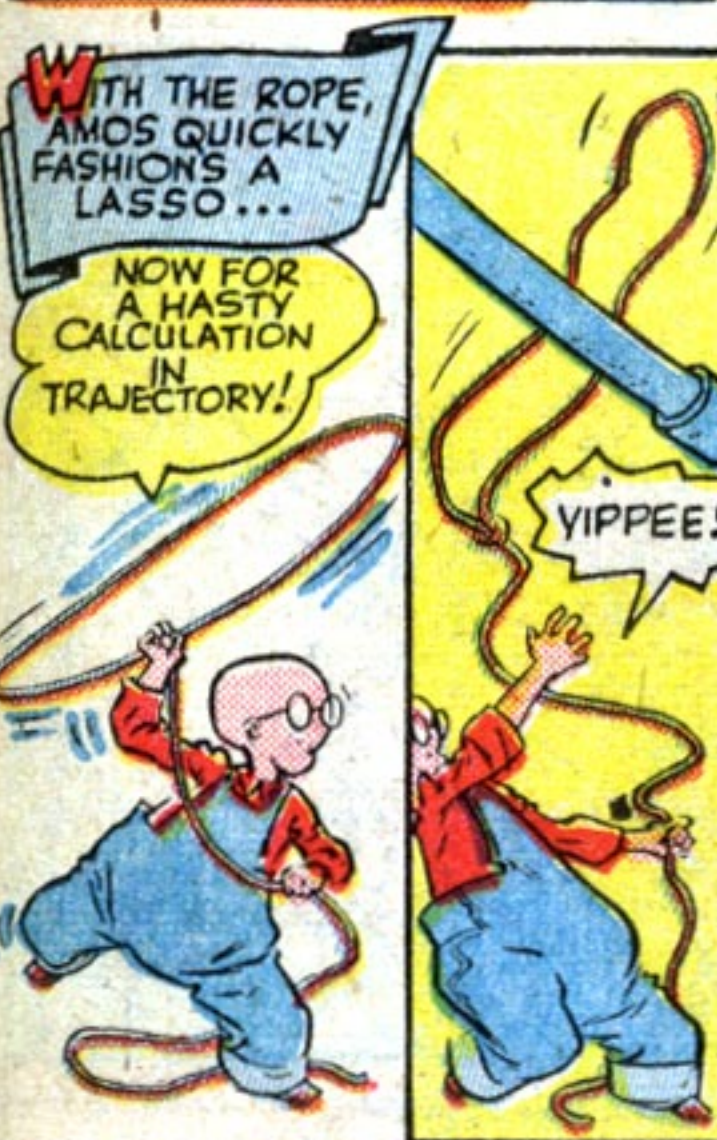
IT SOUNDS AS IF SWAMI JOE IS HAVING SOME TROUBLE!!

2-3-4 5...



AWA!

I'M FREE! UNLIMBER FOR ACTION!



WITH THE ROPE, AMOS QUICKLY FASHIONS A LASSO...

NOW FOR A HASTY CALCULATION IN TRAJECTORY!

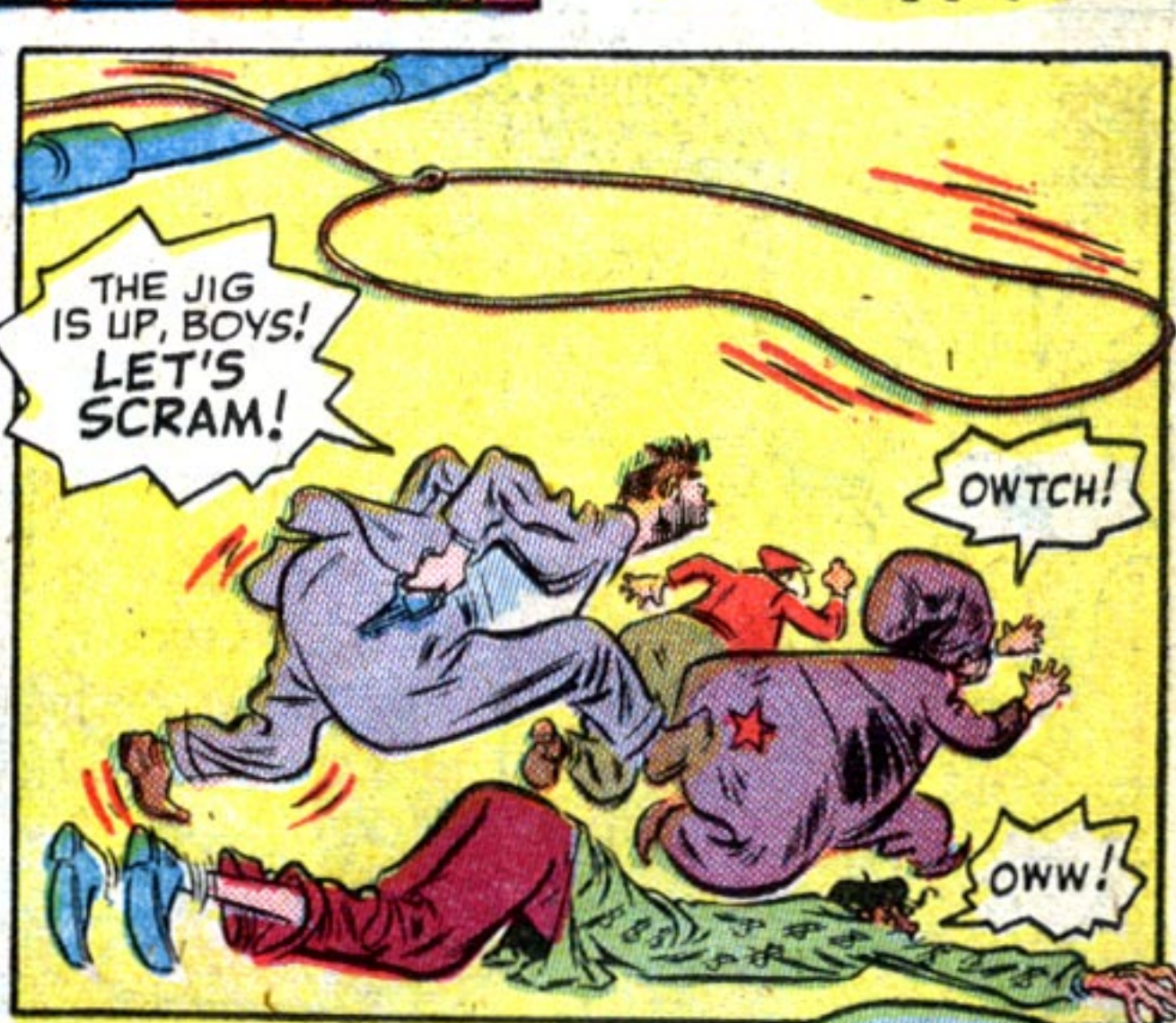
YIPPEE!



AS THE ROPE SAILS OVER THE PIPE IN A GRACEFUL ARC, AMOS DASHES TO THE ROLLER PRESS!

THE FREE END GOES HERE!

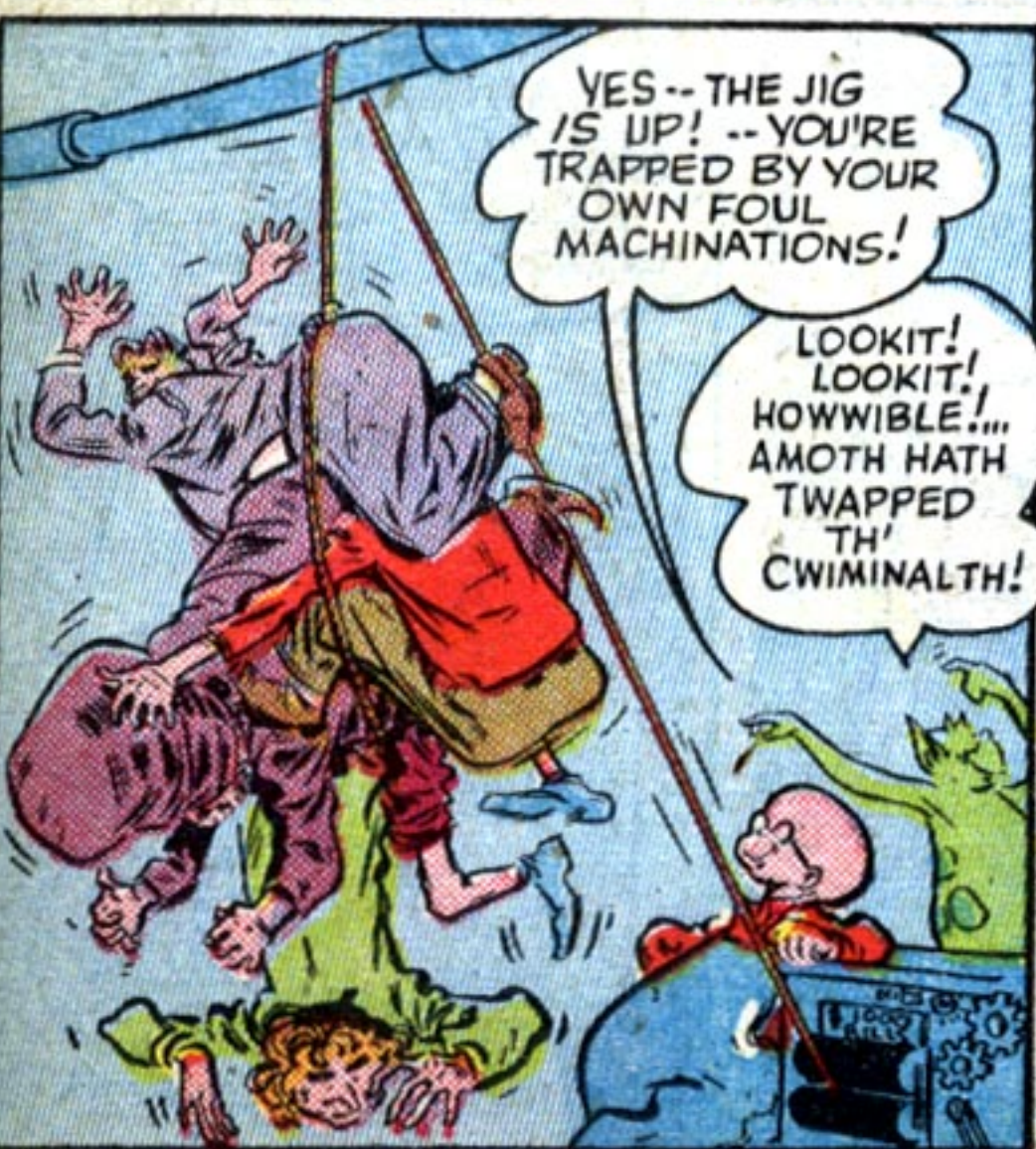
CLICK



THE JIG IS UP, BOYS! LET'S SCRAM!

OWTCH!

OWW!



YES-- THE JIG IS UP! -- YOU'RE TRAPPED BY YOUR OWN FOUL MACHINATIONS!

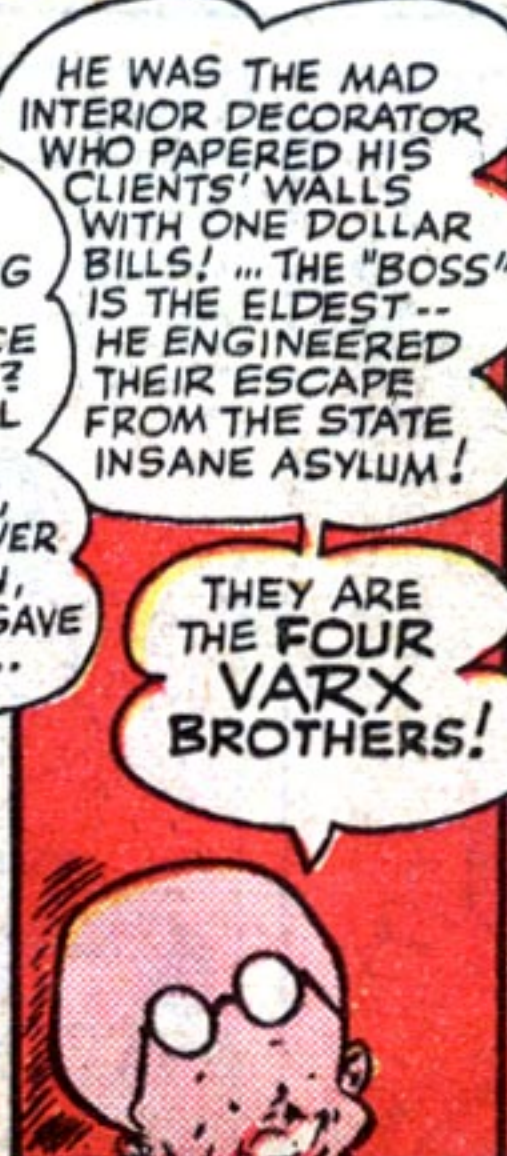
LOOKIT! LOOKIT! HOWWIBLE!... AMOTH HATH TWAPPED TH' CWMINALTH!



WHO ARE THEY, AMOS?

DIDN'T YOU SEE THE STRONG FAMILY RESEMBLANCE OF THE FOUR? WELL, SIR, ALL THE WHILE I WAS TIED UP, I PUZZLED OVER THAT! ... THEN, THE 'ARTIST' GAVE ME A CLUE...

I HAD READ ABOUT THEM IN THE PAPERS!



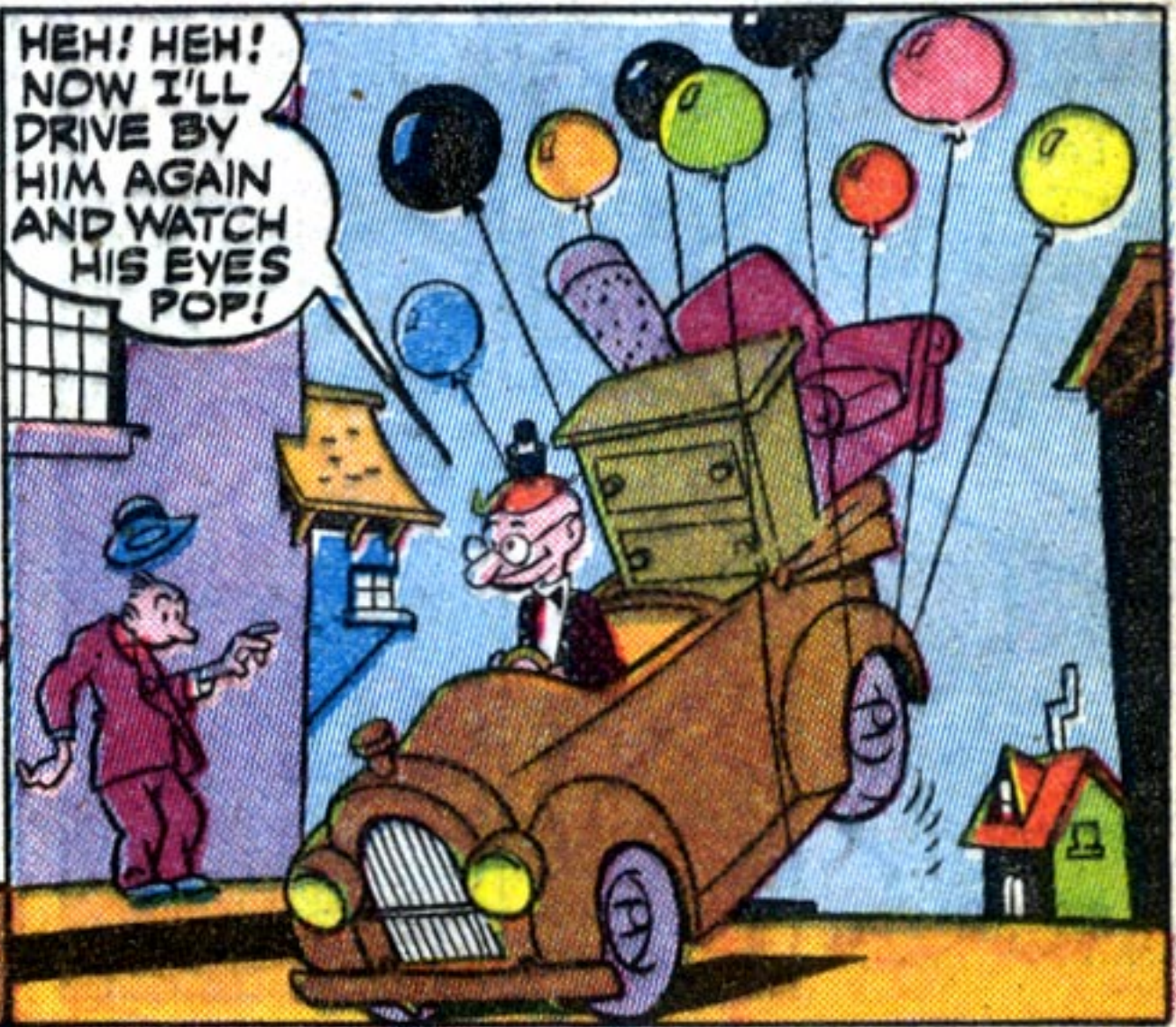
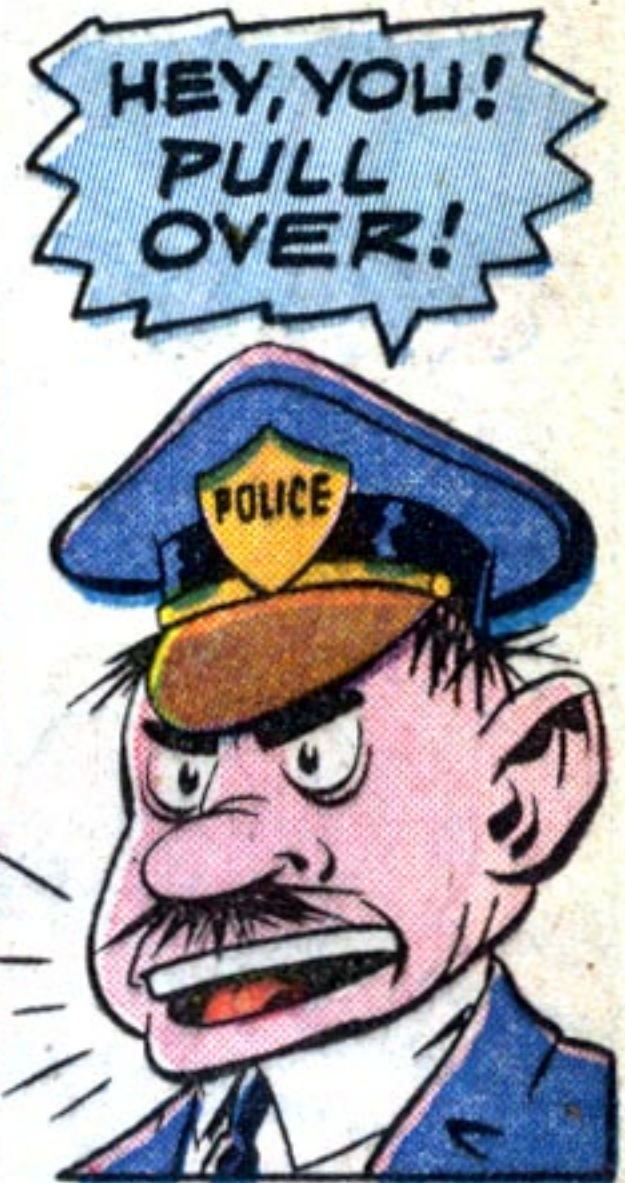
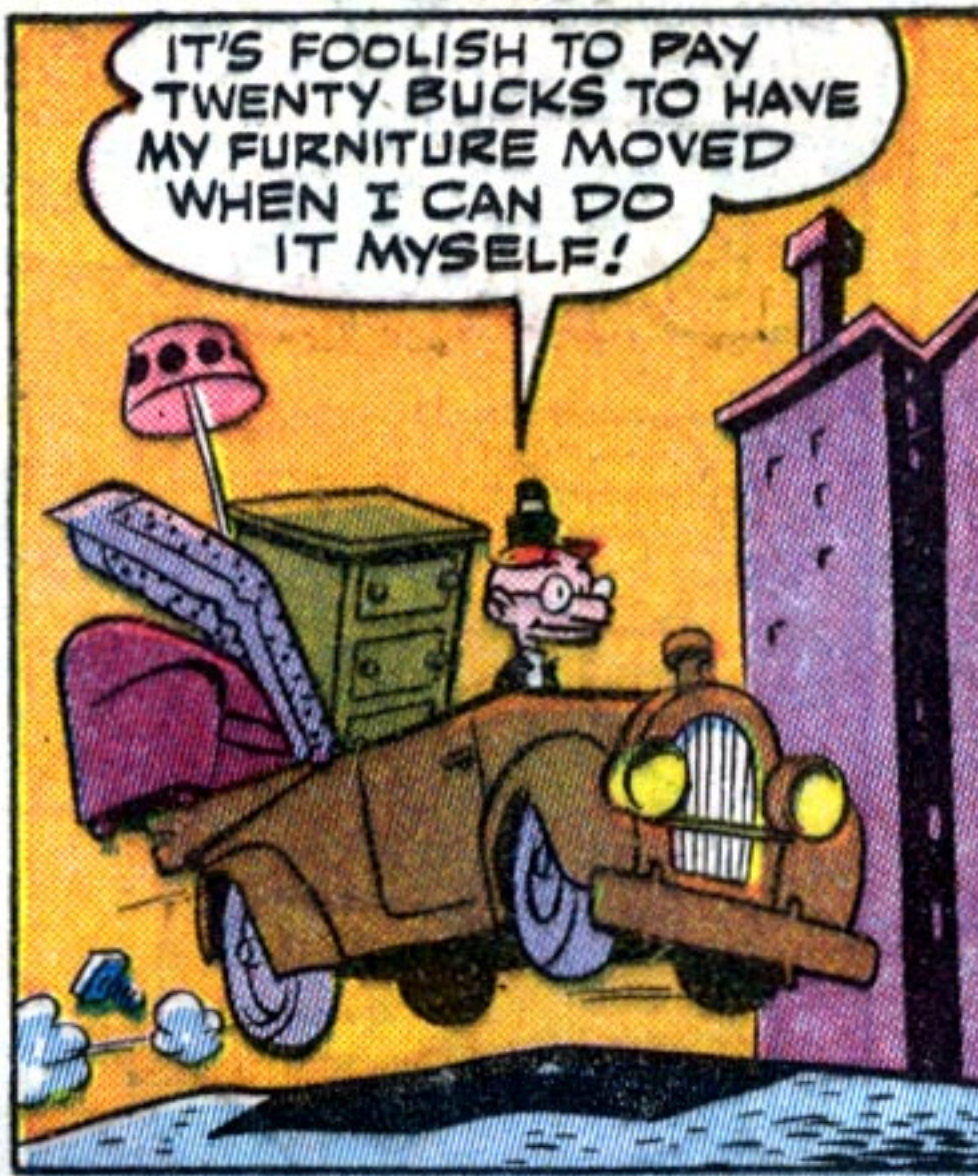
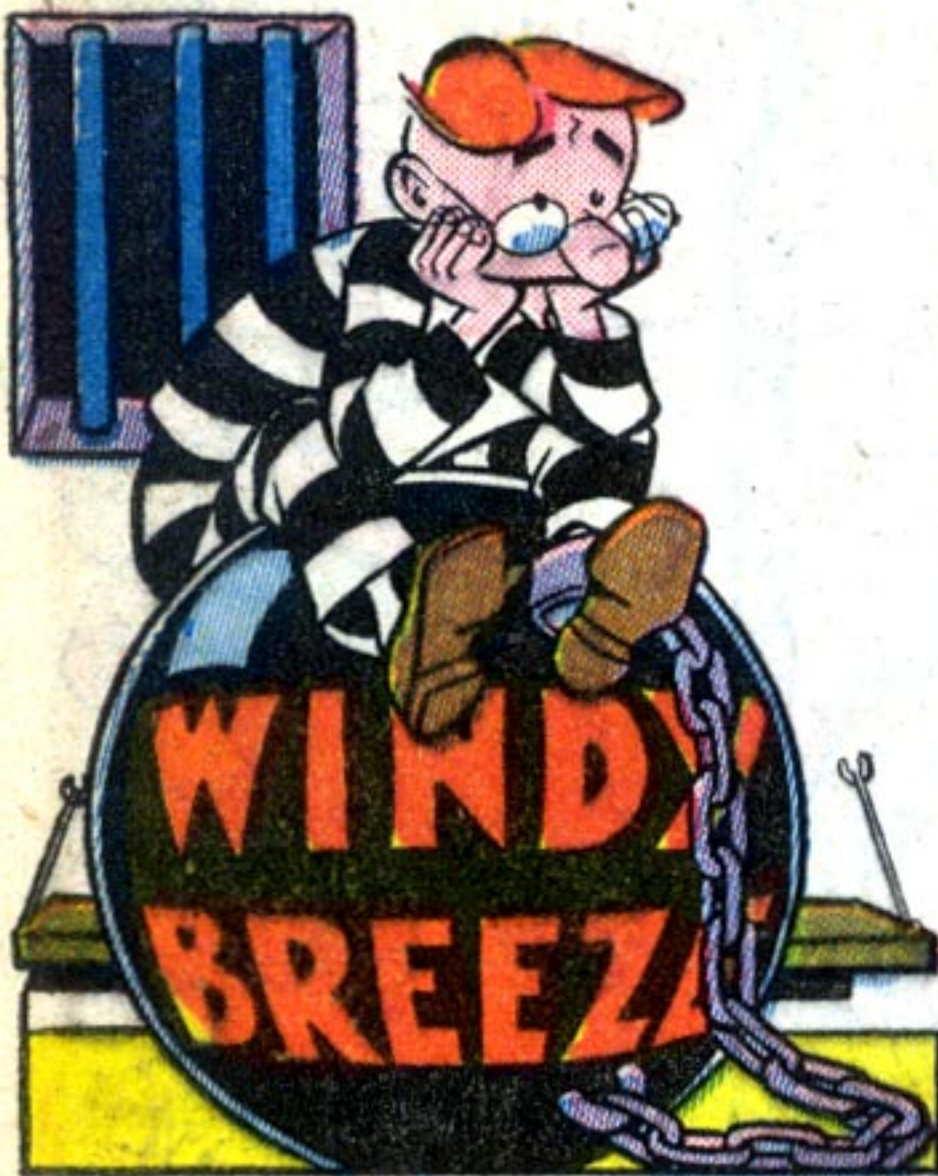
HE WAS THE MAD INTERIOR DECORATOR WHO PAPERED HIS CLIENTS' WALLS WITH ONE DOLLAR BILLS! ... THE "BOSS" IS THE ELDEST-- HE ENGINEERED THEIR ESCAPE FROM THE STATE INSANE ASYLUM!

THEY ARE THE FOUR VARX BROTHERS!



INCIDENTALLY, THEIR FAMILY TREE WAS A COCONUT!

WHEN IT COMES TO SMASHING ATOMS OR SMASHING CRIME, CALL "INTELLECTUAL AMOS" 2-0-0-0-ON!



QUICKSILVER

VENGEANCE was the object for which **Boss Bumble** lived!

VENGEANCE befell those who had opposed him!

But --

VENGEANCE blew up in his face when he tackled **QUICKSILVER**!



At the state hospital for the criminally insane...



YOU CERTIFY BUMBLE AS COMPLETELY CURED, DOCTOR?

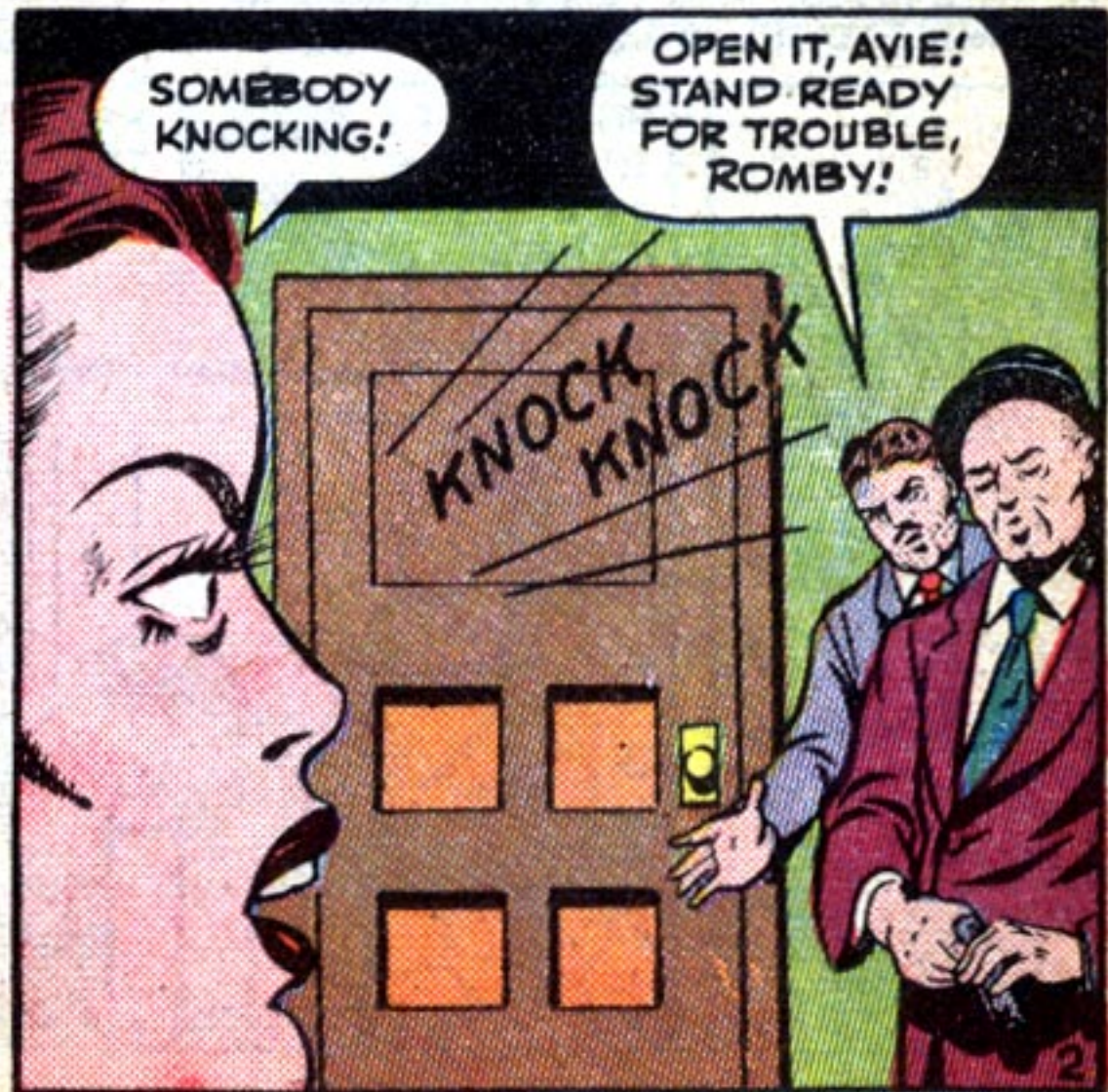
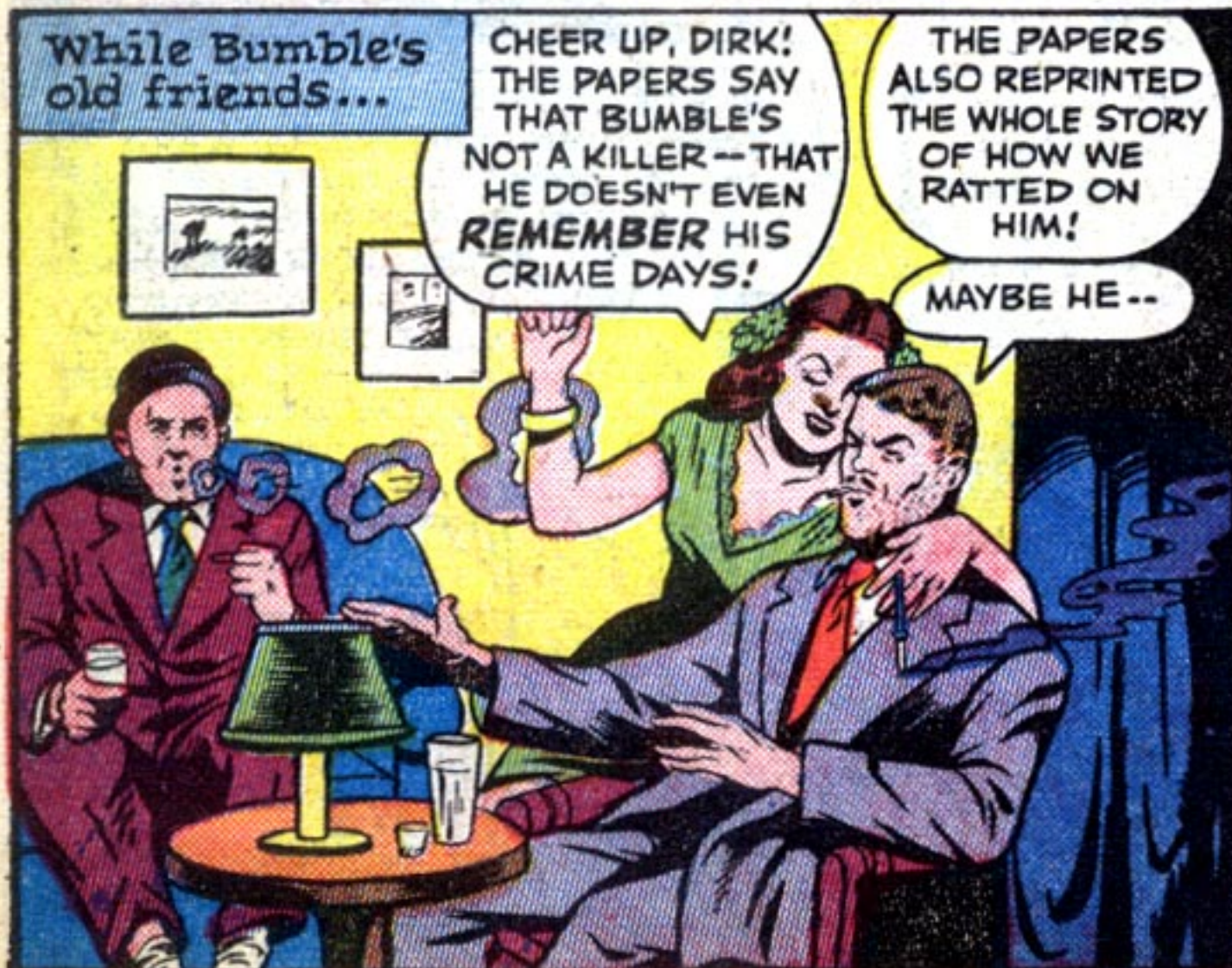
HE'S PASSED EVERY TEST, WARDEN! OUR TREATMENT HAS BEEN SUCCESSFUL!

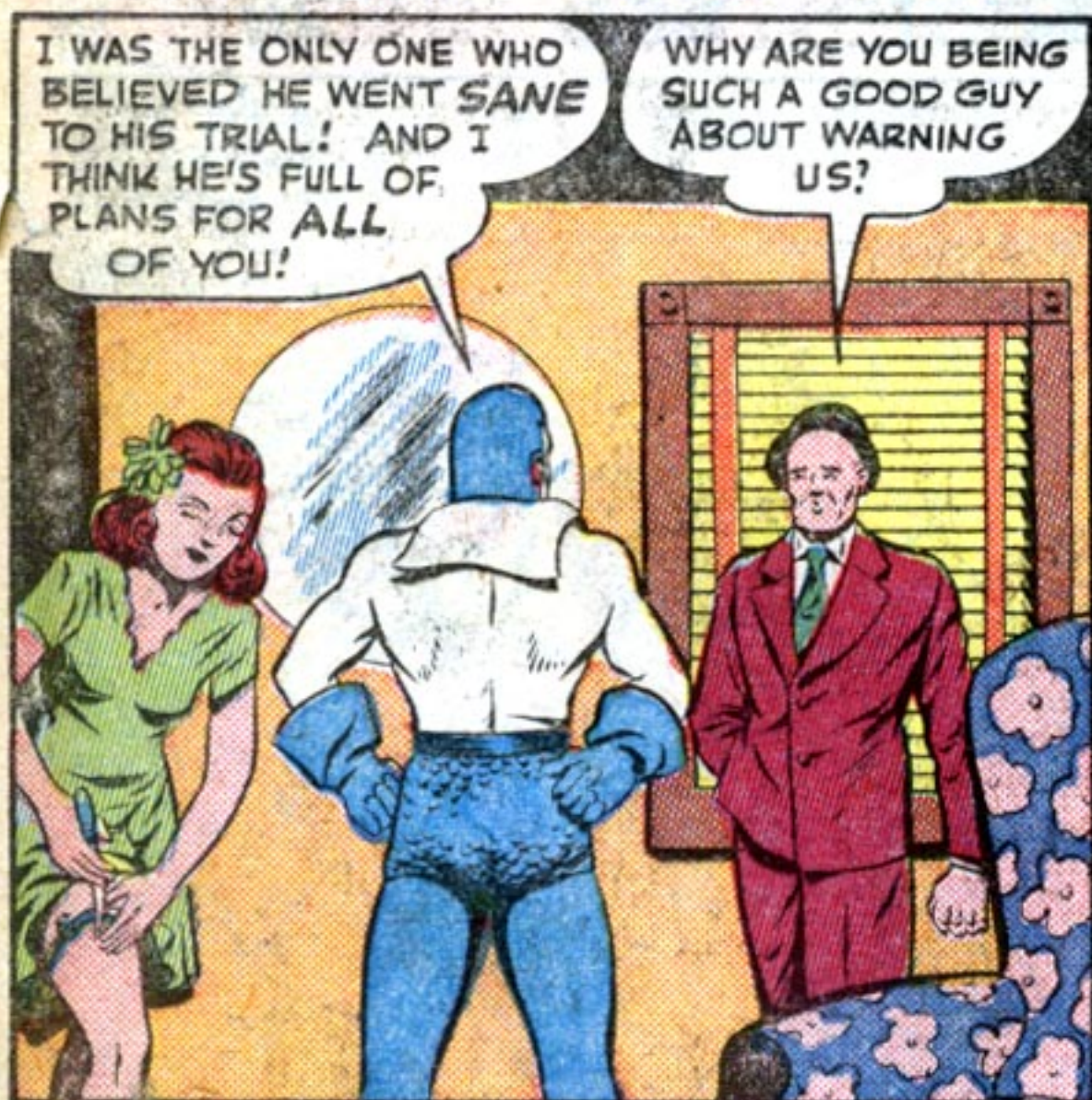


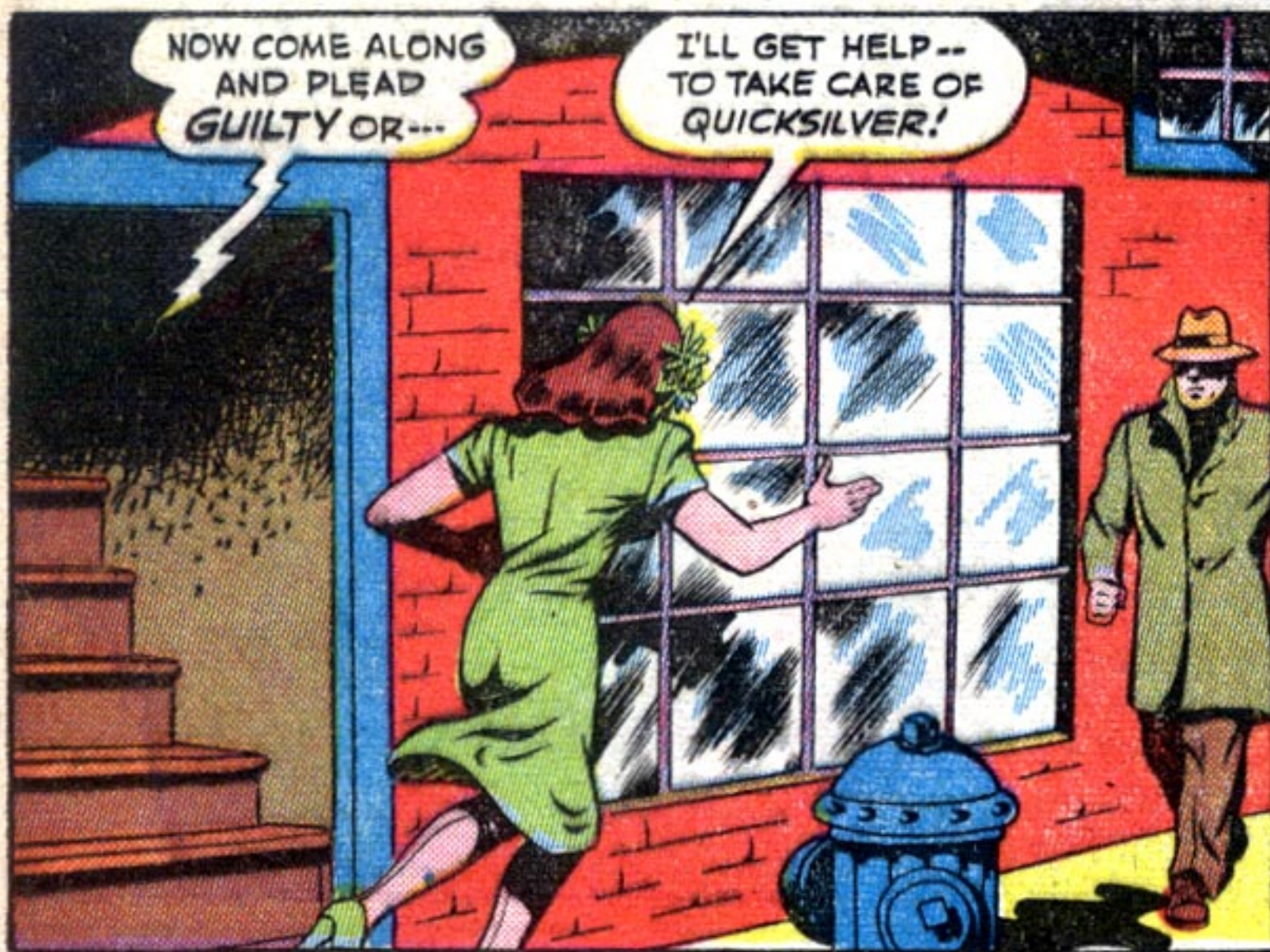
HE WAS TRAPPED BY QUICKSILVER!— HIS OWN CRIME LIEUTENANTS WERE READY TO TESTIFY AGAINST HIM! CONVICTED HIM OF ROBBERY AND MURDER!

BUT HE WAS CERTIFIED INSANE AND SENT HERE INSTEAD OF TO THE CHAIR! NOW THAT HE'S WELL --- COME IN, BUMBLE!



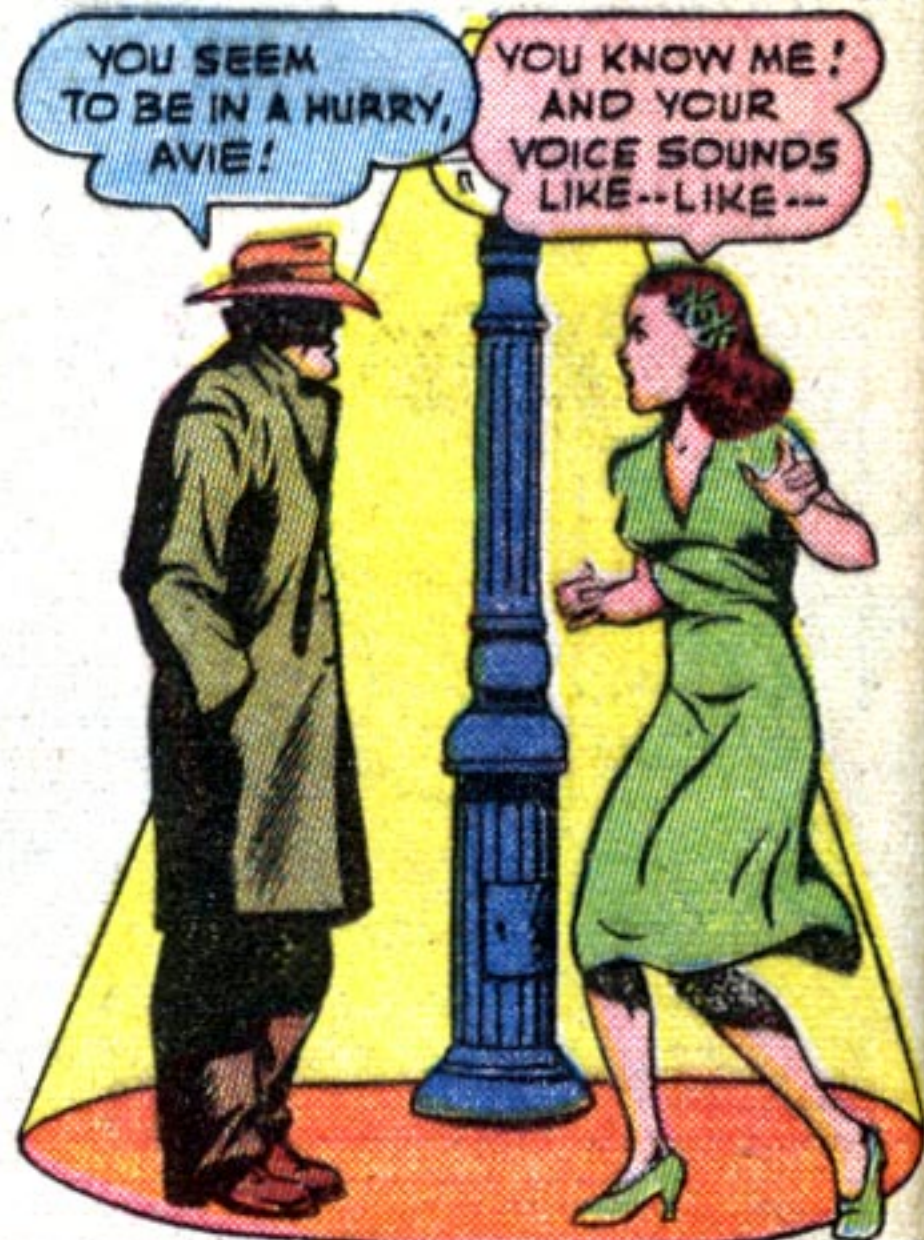






NOW COME ALONG
AND PLEAD
GUILTY OR---

I'LL GET HELP--
TO TAKE CARE OF
QUICKSILVER!

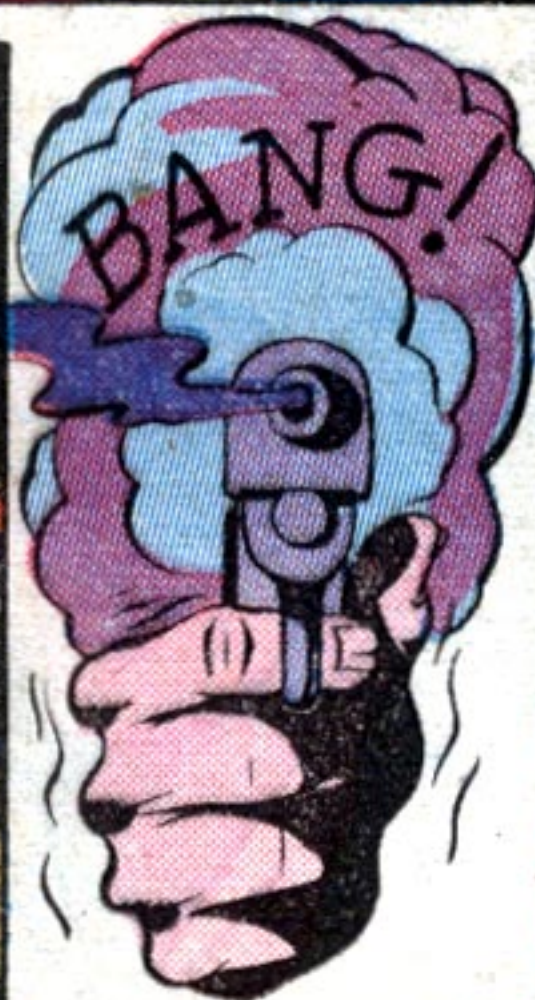


YOU SEEM
TO BE IN A HURRY,
AVIE!

YOU KNOW ME!
AND YOUR
VOICE SOUNDS
LIKE--LIKE---



I THOUGHT YOU WERE MY
MOLL! BUT WHEN QUICK-
SILVER SCARED YOU, YOU
SQUEALED LIKE THE
SHE-RAT YOU ARE!
SO---

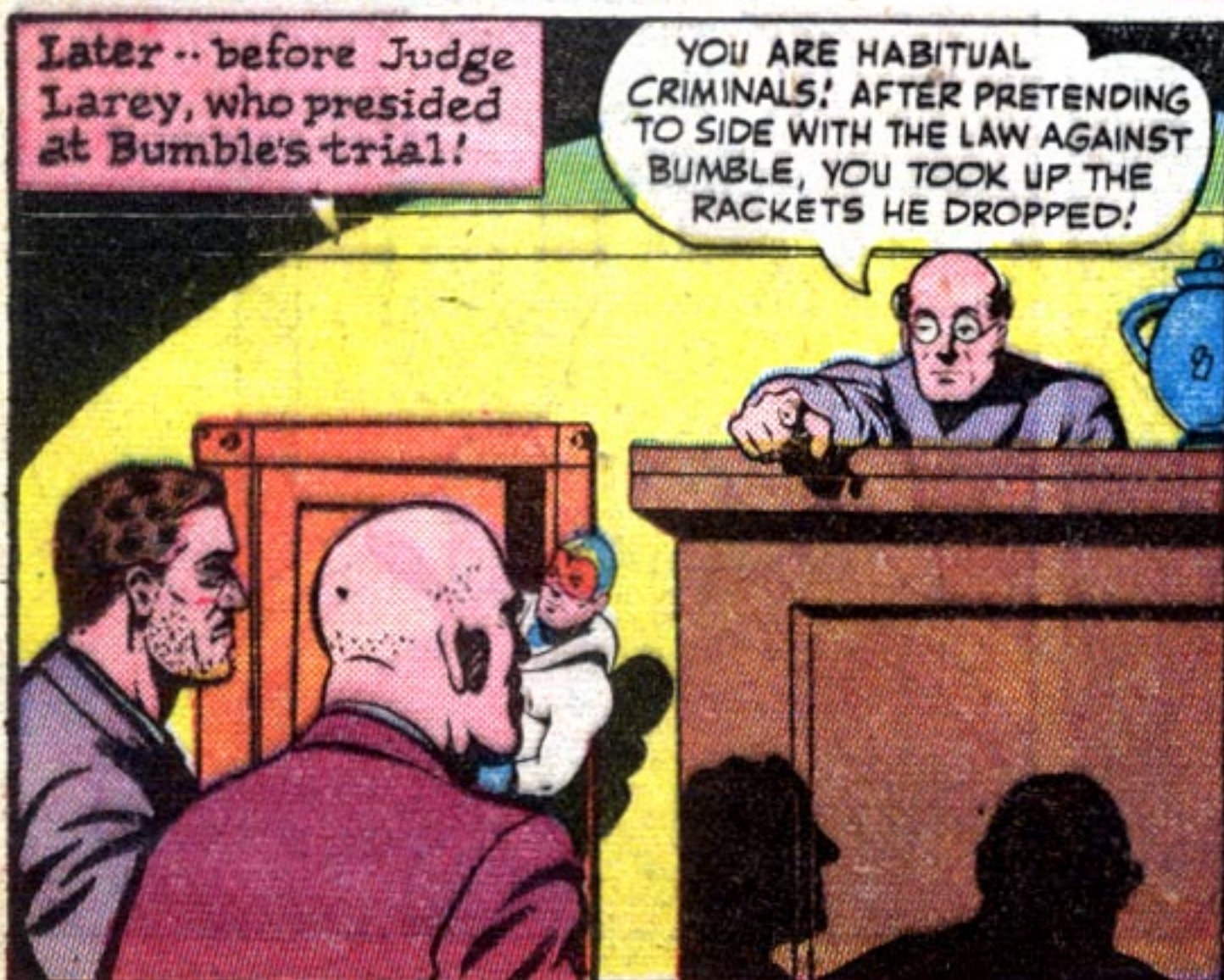


BANG!



HELLO, OFFICER! HERE'S
A COUPLE OF RACKETEERS
READY TO TELL THE TALE!

BUT THIS LADY'S PAST
TALKING, QUICKSILVER!
SOMEBODY SHOT HER
AND RAN!



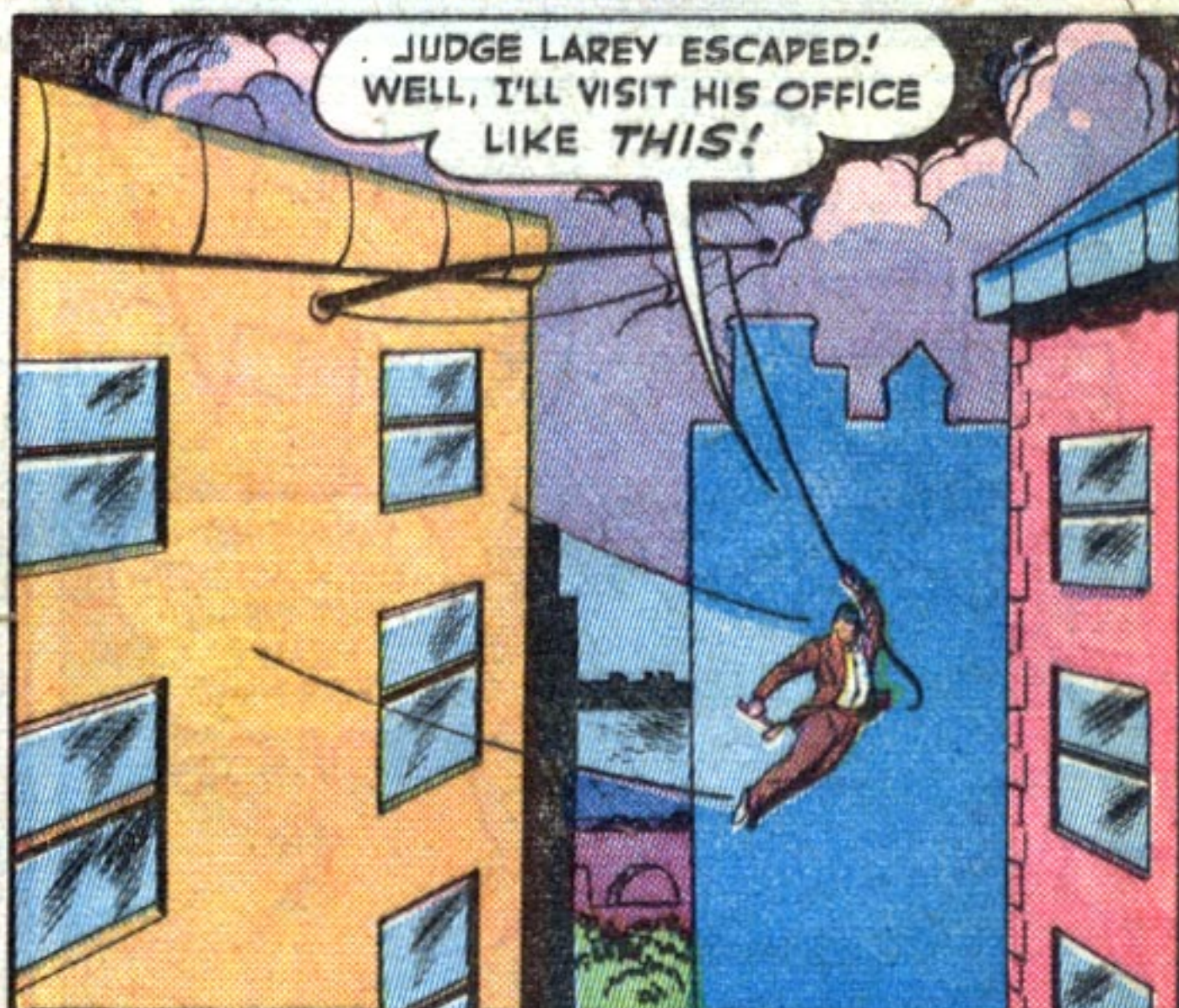
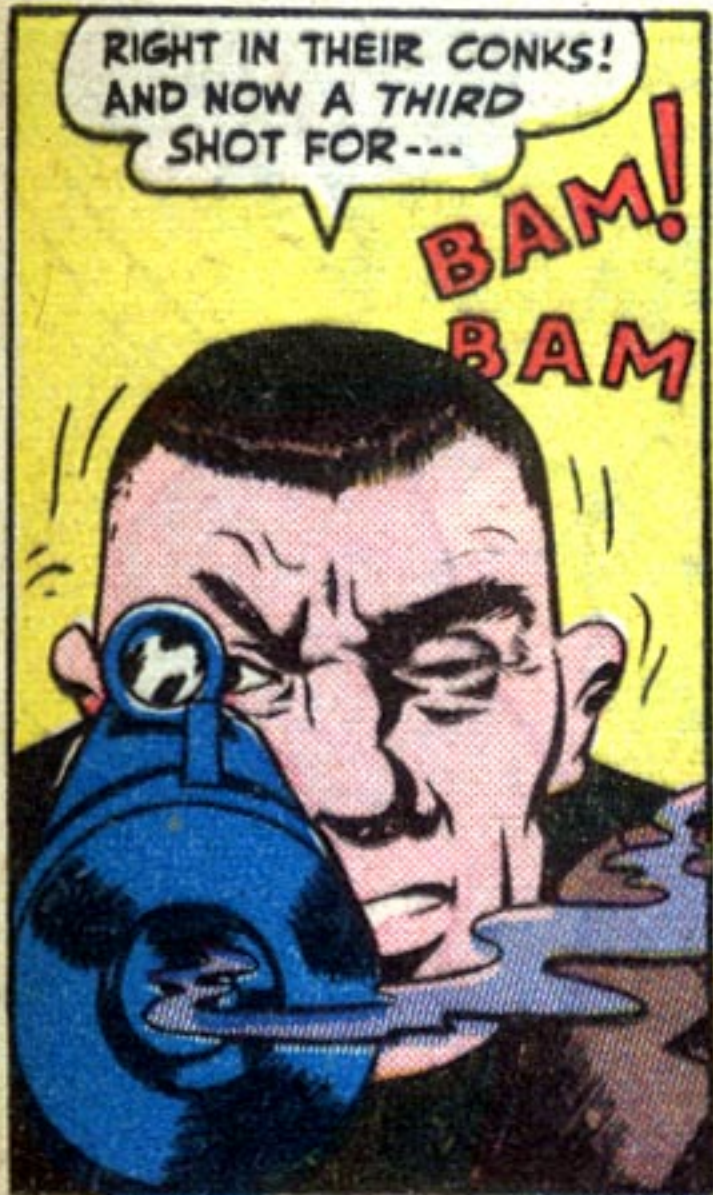
Later--before Judge
Larey, who presided
at Bumble's trial!

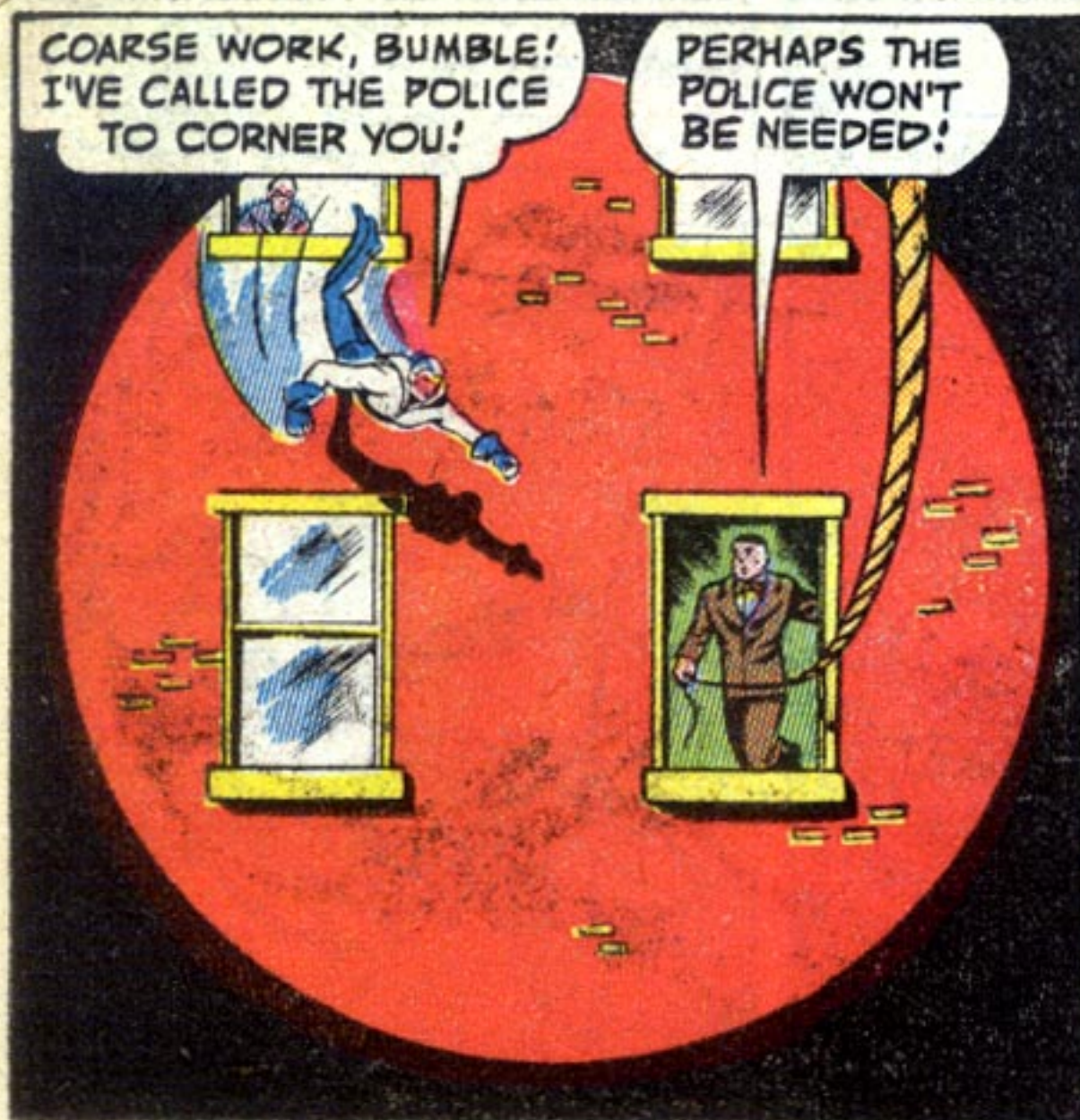
YOU ARE HABITUAL
CRIMINALS! AFTER PRETENDING
TO SIDE WITH THE LAW AGAINST
BUMBLE, YOU TOOK UP THE
RACKETS HE DROPPED!

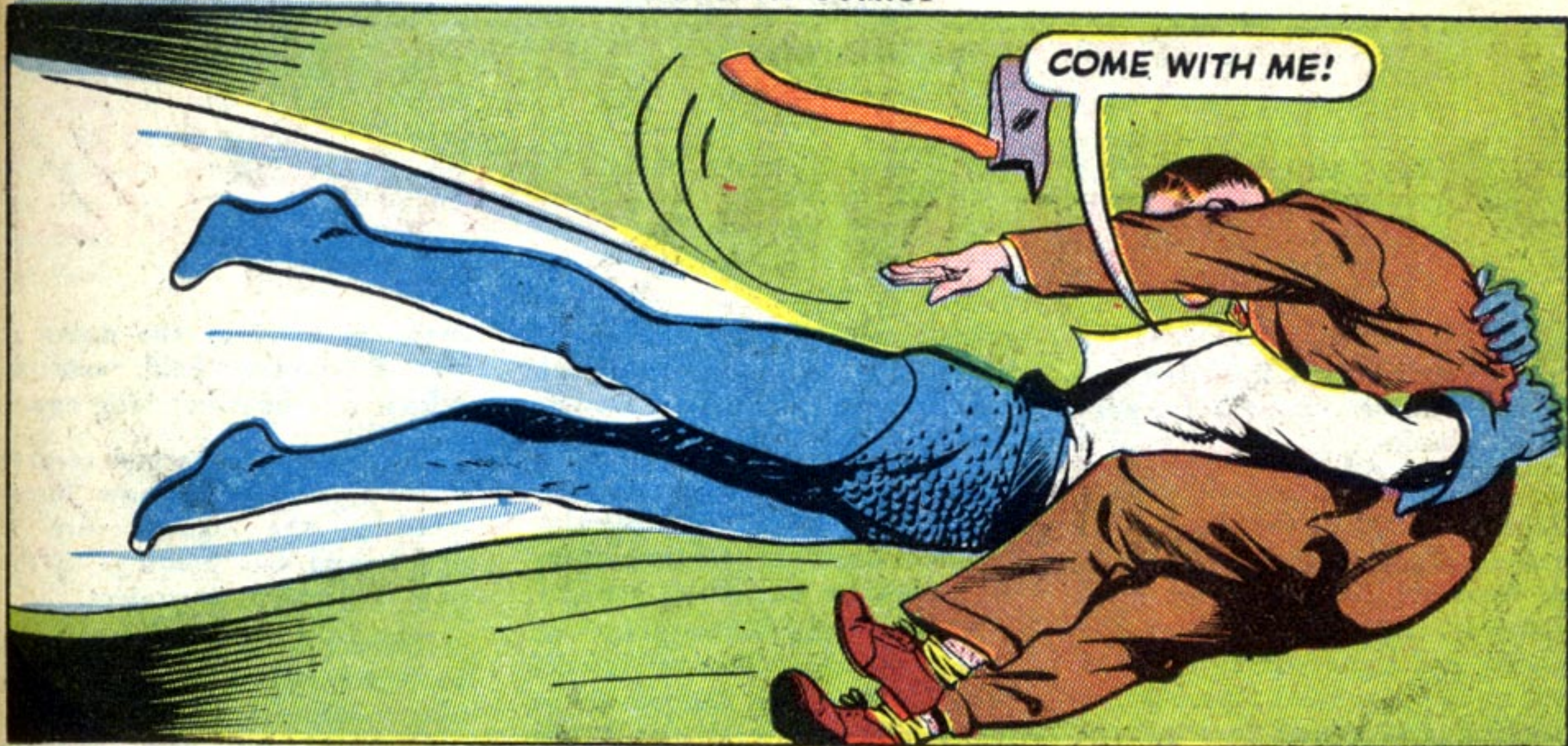


On a roof
opposite--

THIS TELESCOPIC
SIGHT BRINGS 'EM
RIGHT UP AGAINST
MY GUN!







MOTORIZED DRAGONFLIES

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA'S giant aircraft industry has pups—or more accurately, perhaps, chicks.

One of them, painted a brilliant scarlet, five feet long with a seven foot wingspread, landed in a Los Angeles front yard recently. Neatly missing the phone and light wires, it glided in on a beautiful three-point landing and rolled to a graceful stop.

The lady of the house, more or less popeyed, made a cautious approach. She had been hearing plenty about glider bombs and her first thought was that maybe the Japs were up to something.

Johnny next door speedily reassured her.

"Oh, gee, a Class C model!" he shouted, making a dive for the prize. "It musta flew in from the Rosecrans field. That's five miles away. Let's see whose it is!"

On a small plate behind the engine was a legend:

"Please return to Jimmy Jones, 6611 West Atlanta Blvd., or notify him where plane can be found. Telephone LI 9450."

Beseeching his neighbor not to molest the plane, Johnny hastened home to phone Jimmy.

It may surprise the average person to learn that there are 10 thousand model plane builders in Southern California alone. The total United States crop runs into the millions.

It may also come as a surprise that the manufacture of model plane engines and kits nationally is considerably more than a million dollar business and that the government considered model plane building such a stimulus to aviation

morale as to justify the recent unfreezing of a sizable stock of critical materials to resume making model motors.

A Los Angeles factory has announced that the popular "Bunch Tiger" 1/4 h. p. motor will soon be available.

This is the powerplant of many of the Class C model planes that have landed in so many yards in and about Los Angeles and, to reveal the whole truth, on a number of roofs, gardens, telephone lines and power wires.

This motor, weighing 7 1/2 ounces, turns up a quarter horsepower at 10 thousand r.p.m. It will run nearly three minutes on an ounce of fuel and can spin 400 hours without needing to be overhauled.

Automotive engineers are not impressed, however. The fuel is expensive, being one part castor oil and a shot of catalytic ether to three parts of high test gas. And an engine speed of 10 thousand r.p.m. is far too fast for full-sized propellers. Besides, a motor weighing 30 ounces, or nearly two pounds per horsepower, is woefully inefficient, by modern automotive standard.

But model plane props are only eight inches long and model engines take only a thimble full of fuel for a flight, so what the heck!

The Tiger is a two-cycle engine, with sleeve valve action and surprisingly few parts. Suspicion is that some of its principles are embodied in German "doodle bombs," the small pilotless projectiles loosed on London, but that is something for jet propulsion wizards to figure out.

Ray Accord, president of the Los Angeles Aero Modelers,

manages most of the meets at the Rosecrans field, one of which was held not long ago.

Holder of numerous records himself, Accord is now interested in the manufacture of props, and has holdings in the new Tiger motor project.

"Model plane building is both nourished by and stimulates interest in, the aviation industry," he said. "Many craft plants learned their trade building models. Many of the hottest test pilots in the air services learned the principles of flight by tossing models into the air, and finding out first-hand about rudder and elevator effects and the angle of attack.

"The fact that kids build their planes from kits, or better, by shaping parts from stock materials assures development of craftsmanship and an intimate knowledge of the principles of flight.

"Our present day models are the result of evolution and have been influenced by modern automotive design.

"We first built planes too light, and they not only flew so far they were seldom recovered, but were apt to shatter on landing. The object now is to make flights which will stay within range of the judges' vision, with planes sturdy enough to withstand anything short of a power dive into the ground.

"A timing mechanism like the switch on an electric toaster limits the power run in a contest flight to 20 seconds. How much longer than that the plane flies depends upon the flatness of its glide, but more on the luck of sailing into a thermal (ascending current

NATIONAL COMICS

of air), such as are made use of by soaring birds."

A good model plane costs about \$50, and usually takes two to three weeks to build, unless the builder spends all his time on the job. Then his progress, of course, depends on his skill.

It requires practice and dexterity to fly a plane, as well as a wholesome gift for caution in handling machinery.

The prop, spinning at 10 thousand revs a minute, is a small but very dangerous gadget, and most model plane makers have scarred hands. Metal or plastic props are prohibited at contests because instead of merely mangling a finger they tend to slice them off!

A plane, weighing eight or nine pounds and flying at 45 or 50 miles an hour, is a formidable missile, and spectators, relentlessly shoved off contest fields, do not strenuously resist being shoved.

A special feature of the last model plane meet near Los Angeles was the rocket plane entered by Duke Fox, of Burbank, California. This was a balsa creation, with elevator in front, wing behind, sustaining the weight of the explosive charge.

Its flights were erratic, two striking the ground, but two others shooting skyward in such swift spirals that Ray Accord believes they may be preliminary to organized contests,

like the boys fly now with gas motor models.

Not that rocket model planes are particularly new; they are not. They are several years old, but never gained much popularity. Jet-propelled model planes, on the other hand, have yet to make their bow. But since they are actually flying in the war, it will not be long until some enterprising youngster will come out with a fully equipped "Squirt."

While working as a technical writer in the Engineering Department of Lockheed Aircraft Company, I had occasion to talk with many of the aeronautic engineers. I remember many of them recalling the days when he used to build and fly models. And a whole lot of them still kept up the hobby of building model planes. Out of some of these designs had come many startling innovations in aircraft design. And that is the reason that the Government is now releasing the embargo on various vital materials so that the kids may resume building and designing their dragonfly models. Today's model may be tomorrow's plane!

They started with rubber band models. Now only "little kids" use rubber powered motors. They have progressed to the real gasoline engine powered craft. It may one day be steam, or jet-propulsion.

Model testing and racing is not confined to airplanes. Re-

cently around Los Angeles there has been a tendency for certain groups of youngsters to race tiny gas-powered boats. Echo Park Lake is one of the testing grounds for these functions, and on any Sunday morning one may see a dozen or more of these snappy little water bugs zipping across the placid waters of the lake.

I know many men who are model train enthusiasts, spending hundreds of dollars and many hours of time building and operating whole railroad systems and seeming to get a great amount of pleasure out of it. In fact, my supervisor at Lockheed—a graduate engineer (Caltech)—was a great model train hobbyist. I recall one time trying to convince him of the advantages of monorail, but he shied off. I still believe that if someone built a model monorail train he would stand a good chance of making considerable money—at least after the war is over.

Ever witness a model auto race? It is one of the most thrilling spectacles anyone could watch. I saw several of these races at Culver City some years ago in which the tiny cars would turn up ninety miles an hour. From many of these models I understand that automotive engineers have gleaned considerable knowledge which was incorporated in large size motorcars.

Yes, models are excellent stimulators.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

AND MARCH 3, 1933 OF NATIONAL COMICS published bi-monthly at Buffalo, New York for October 1, 1944.

State of Connecticut } ss.
County of Fairfield }

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Everett M. Arnold, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of the NATIONAL COMICS and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc. of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Editor, George E. Brenner, 415 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, the name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old

Greenwich, Conn.; Claire C. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Comic Magazines, Inc., 322 Main Street, Stamford, Conn.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

EVERETT M. ARNOLD, Publisher.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of September, 1944.
LOUIS J. KURIANSKY (My commission expires April 1, 1949.)

NATIONAL COMICS

CHIC CARTER

by
VERNON
HENKEL



HERE'S THE STORY ON BIG JOE RYAN! HE'S PRACTICALLY MEASURED FOR CONVICT STRIPES WHEN THIS STORY GOES OUT!

YOU'RE DOING OKAY!



KEEP PUNCHING! AND DON'T FORGET TO WEAR YOUR BULLET-PROOF VEST!

TCH-TCH! YOU DON'T THINK BIG JOE RYAN WOULD BE SO CRUDE AS TO RUB ME OUT? HE'S TOO SMOOTH FOR THAT!







SHORTLY AFTERWARD,
THE POLICE ARRIVE...

YOU'LL PREFER
CHARGES FOR STEALING
YOUR BRACELET?

OF
COURSE! I
WANT THIS
MAN
PUNISHED
AS HE
DESERVES!



I NEVER
THOUGHT YOU
WERE A THIEF,
MR. CARTER!

I'M NOT! BUT
I CAN'T
FIGURE OUT
WHAT
HAPPENED!



BUT THIS FITS IN NICELY WITH
THE PLANS OF BIG JOE RYAN!
I ROT IN A PRISON CELL...AND
HE GOES HIS MERRY WAY! I'LL
SWEAR HE'S MIXED UP IN
THIS SOMEHOW!

TOO BAD
YOU CAN'T
PROVE IT!



LISTEN - GIVE ME
FIVE MINUTES ALONE
WITH BIG JOE RYAN
AND MAYBE I CAN
PROVE IT!

GOSH,
CARTER!
I DON'T
THINK
THAT WOULD
BE LEGAL!



YOU'D LOOK GOOD
IN A SERGEANT'S
UNIFORM! MY
NEWSPAPER WILL
GIVE YOU CREDIT
FOR NAILING BIG
JOE RYAN--AND
YOU'LL GET THAT
PROMOTION!

I'VE
BEEN IN
LINE FOR
PROMOTION
FOR FIVE
YEARS! IF
FIVE
MINUTES
WILL GET IT
FOR ME, IT'S
WORTH A
CHANCE!



ONLY FIVE
MINUTES NOW!
AND NO
SHENANIGANS!

OKAY! YOU CAN
WATCH THE
DOOR TO BE
SURE I DON'T
RUN OUT ON
YOU!



THIS IS BIG
JOE RYAN'S
PLACE!

HE AIN'T SEEIN'
NOBODY!



OUT OF MY
WAY, BLACKIE!

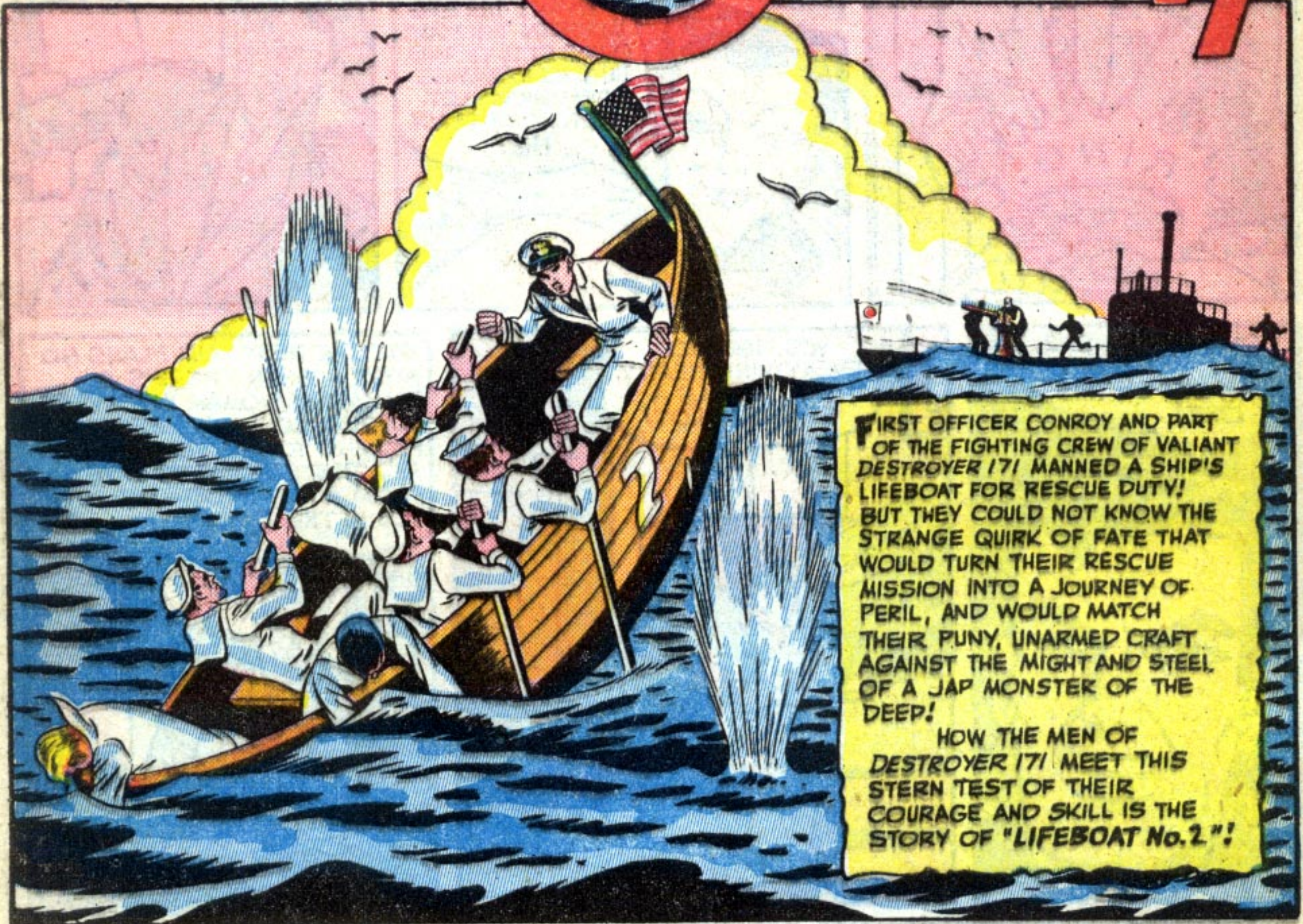
YOU'RE ASKING
FOR TROUBLE!



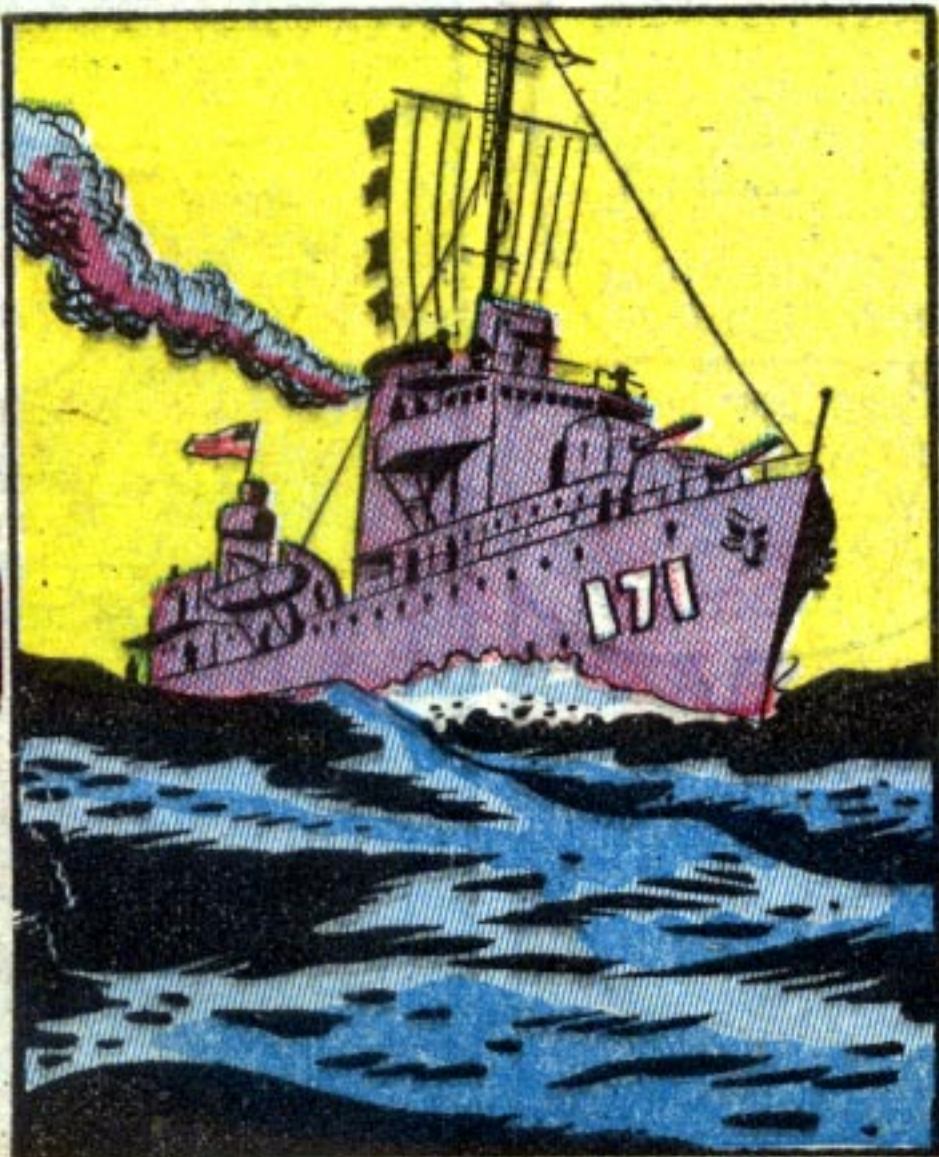




DESTROYER 171

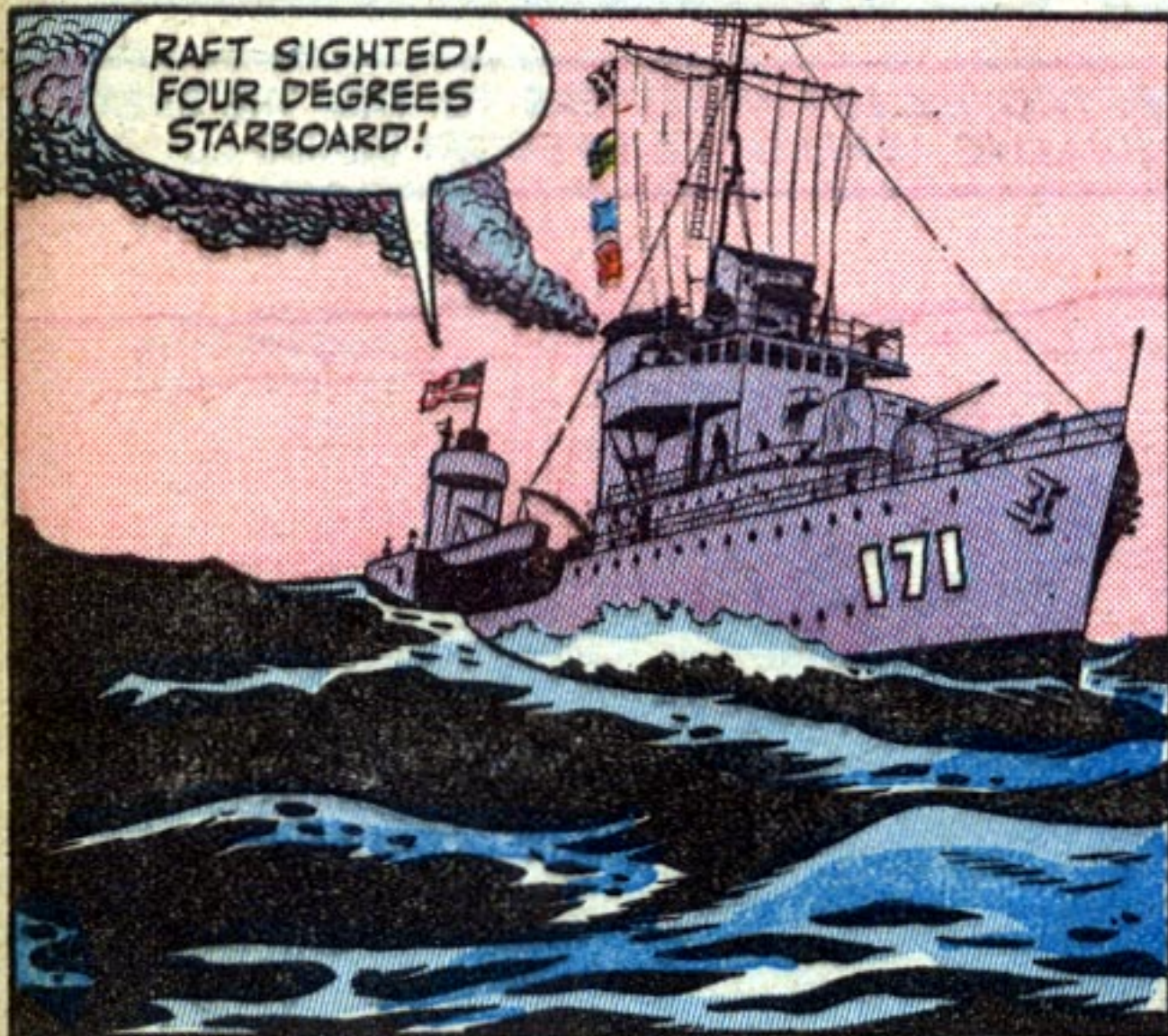


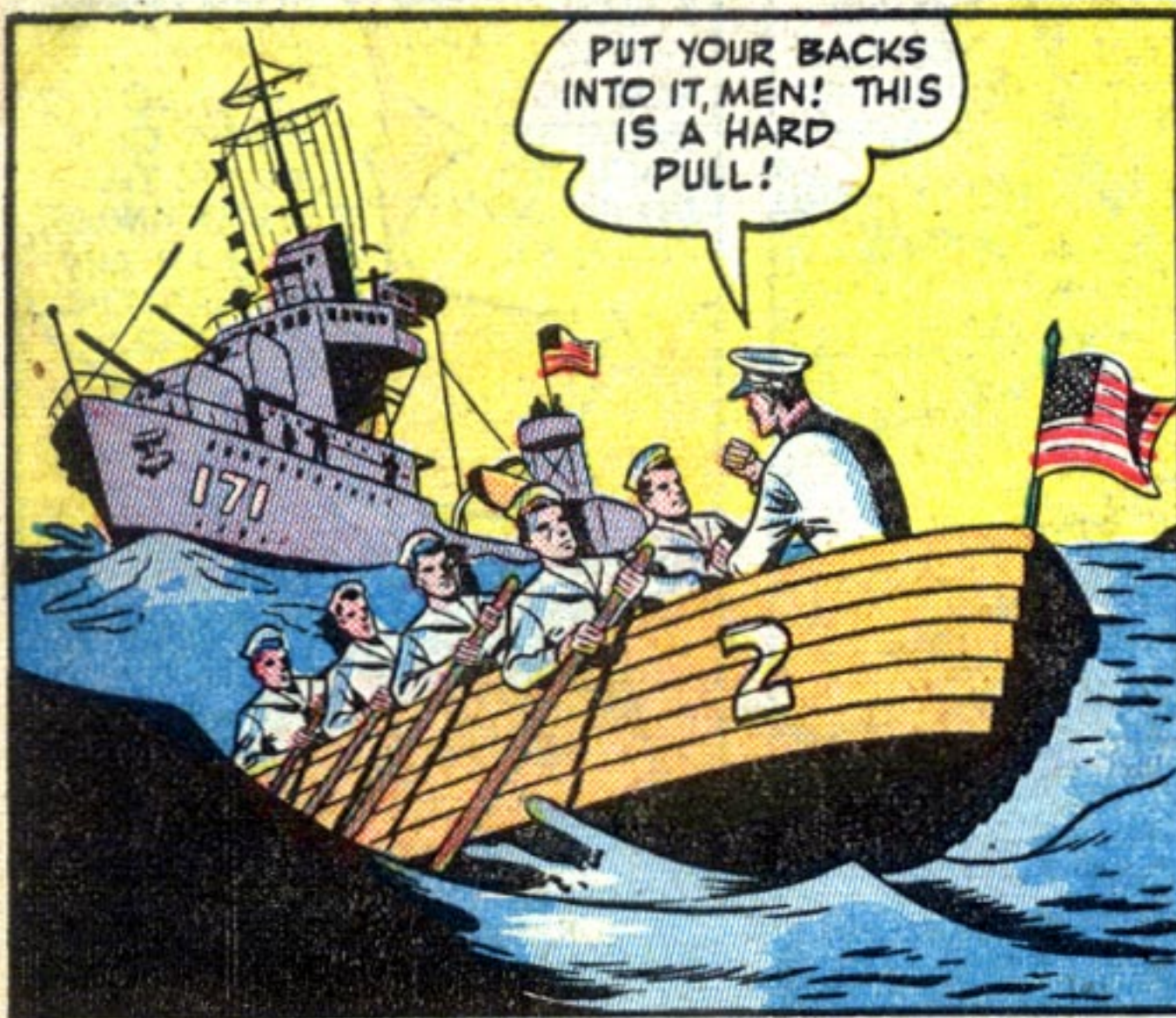
UP FROM THE WINDSWEEP COASTS OF SOUTH CHINA CAME THE STORM THAT TOSSED DESTROYER 171 LIKE A CHIP IN A GALE...

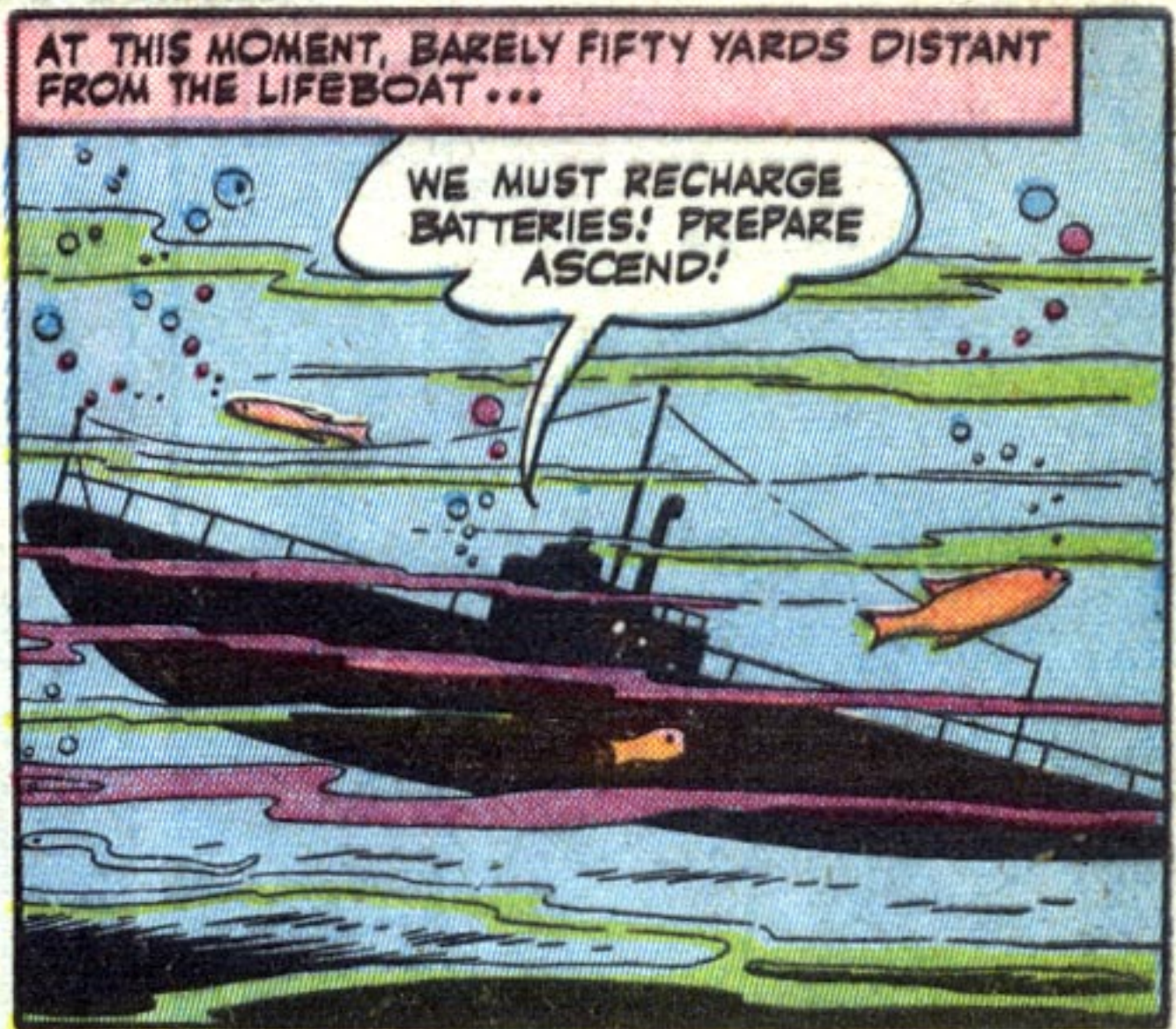


BATTEN DOWN FOR'ARD!









A MOMENT LATER THE DECK GUN ON THE
ENEMY SUB OPENS FIRE ...



WOW! A
NEAR HIT!



THEY'VE GOT THE
RANGE! IF A SHELL
HITS, WE'LL BE
SPLINTERED!



I WISH COMMANDER BLAKE WAS
HERE! HE'D KNOW WHAT TO
DO! ... ALL I KNOW IS THAT
I WON'T STAY TO BE
SLAUGHTERED!



TURN THIS BOAT
AROUND! WE'RE
GOING TO
TACKLE
THAT SUB!

AYE, AYE,
SIR!

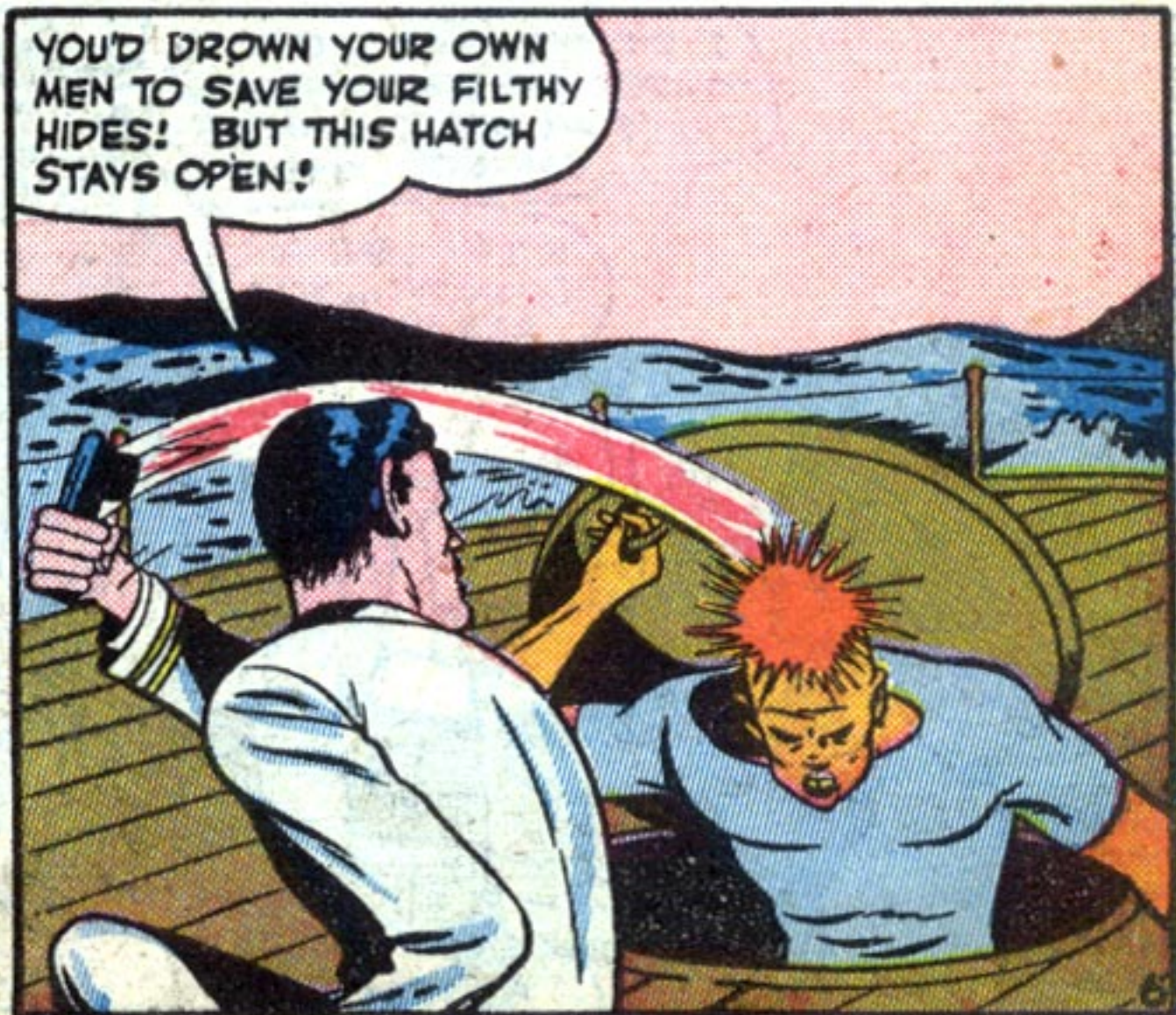


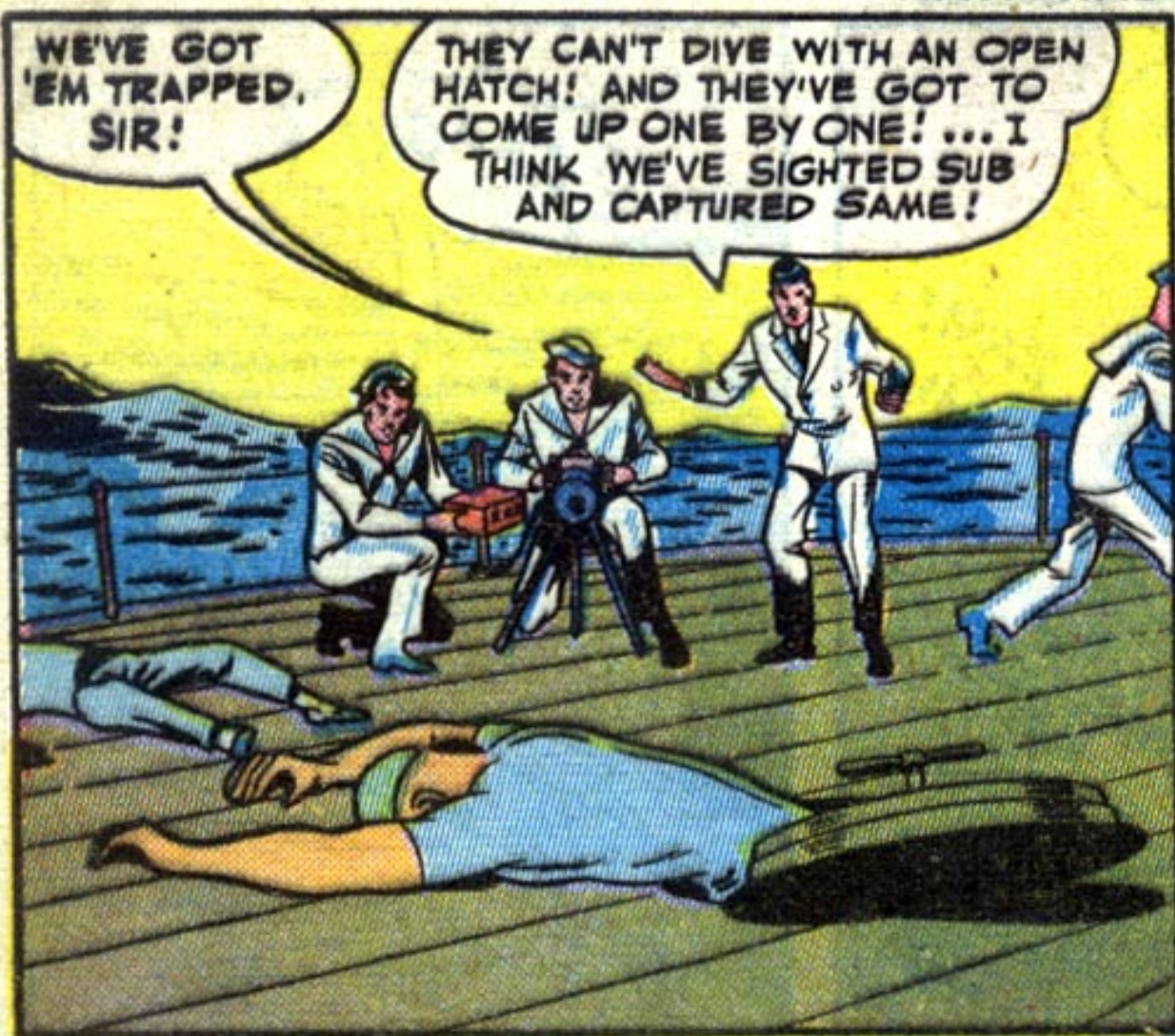
AMERICANS GO
CRAZY! THEY ARE
COMING THIS
WAY!



DECK GUN CANNOT FIND
NEW RANGE! OPEN FIRE
WITH MACHINE GUN!







Be a RADIO Technician



J. E. SMITH, President, National Radio Institute

You Build These and Other Radio Circuits With 6 Big Kits I Send

By the time you've conducted 60 sets of Experiments with Radio Parts I supply, made hundreds of measurements and tests, you'll have PRACTICAL Radio experience valuable in a good full or part-time Radio job!



Superheterodyne Circuit. Preselector, oscillator-mixer first detector, i.f. stage, diode detector-a. v. c. stage, audio stage. Bring in local and distant stations on this circuit which you build!

Measuring Instrument you build in Course. Use it in practical Radio work to make EXTRA money. Vacuum tube multimeter, measures A.C., D.C. and R.F. volts, D.C. currents, resistance, receiver output.



A. M. Signal-Generator. Build it yourself! Provides amplitude-modulated signals for test and experimental purposes. Gives valuable practice!

I Trained These Men



\$10 a Week in Spare Time—"I repaired some Radios when I was on my tenth lesson. I made \$600 in a year and a half, and have made an average of \$10 a week—just spare time." JOHN JERRY, 300 South H St., Exeter, Calif.

\$200 a Month in Own Business—"For several years I have been in business for myself making around \$200 a month. I have N.R.I. to thank for my start." A. J. FROEHNER, 300 W. Texas Ave., Goose Creek, Texas.



Get Into a Busy Field with a Bright Peacetime Future

I Train Beginners at Home for Good Spare Time and Full Time Radio Jobs

Here's your opportunity to get started in a busy field with a bright peacetime future! There is a shortage today of trained Radio Technicians and Operators. So mail the Coupon for my FREE, 64-page, illustrated book, "Win Rich Rewards in Radio." It describes many fascinating types of Radio jobs, tells how N.R.I. trains you at home in spare time—how you get practical experience building Radio Circuits with SIX BIG KITS OF RADIO PARTS I send!

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Fixing Radios pays many N.R.I. trained Radio Technicians well. Many others hold their regular jobs and make \$5 to \$10 a week EXTRA fixing Radios in spare time.



Radio Operators find good jobs with Shipping Companies, Police Departments, in commercial Aviation. Opportunities are increasing in these fields.

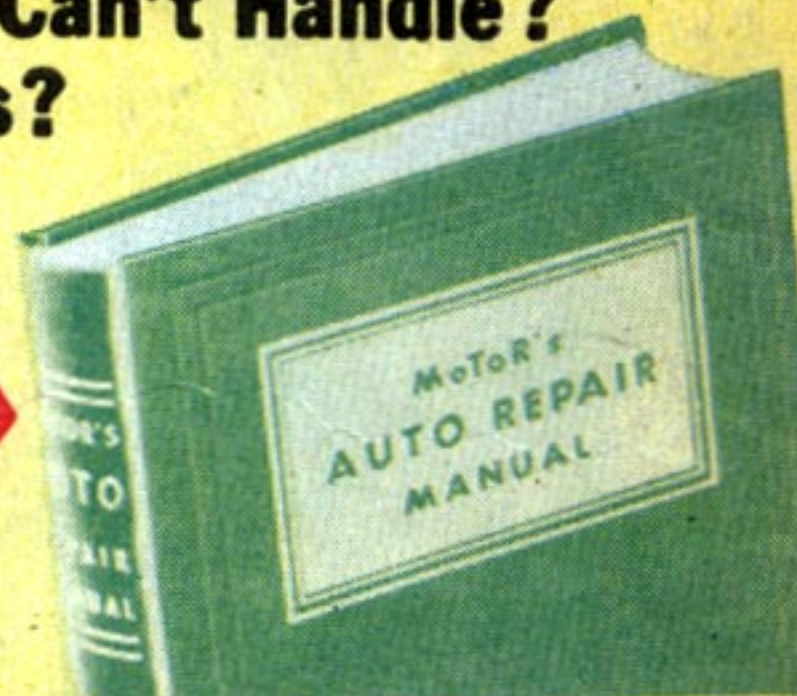


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